

**COMMENT OF
THE DAY**

Crisis Resolved

SIR Robert Black's generous assurance that he will accept the Chief Minister's advice on all constitutional matters, save his right to dissolve the Assembly and to suspend the constitution, should be sufficient to resolve Singapore's political crisis, Mr David Marshall, the Chief Minister, is obviously gratified with the turn of events, but Singaporeans, like others elsewhere, will be puzzled by the ungracious reception which the Opposition has given to the Governor's concession.

The Opposition has had the effrontery to question the good faith behind Sir Robert Black's promise. Mr Marshall, appreciating that he and the Assembly had obtained a vitally important concession, very rightly condemned the Opposition's decision to vote against a motion thanking the British Government for concessions on constitutional issues.

The fact that the Chief Minister engaged in friendly talks with the Secretary of State for the Colonies during this last week appears to have angered the Opposition parties. They, it seems, would have preferred to brow-beat Mr Lennox-Boyd—an exercise which, even if attempted, would have been utterly futile.

Mr Marshall and the Secretary of State searched for conciliation and found it. Their discussions produced positive results favourable to the ultimate realisation of popular demand for full self-government. The Assembly as a whole should feel grateful to Mr Lennox-Boyd and the Chief Minister, for the outcome of their meetings has been firstly, to clear up a delicate misunderstanding over interpretation of the constitution, and secondly, to win the approval of the United Kingdom government for a Singapore delegation to visit London next year to discuss possible revision of the constitution.

Neither of these concessions could have been won if Mr Marshall or Mr Lennox-Boyd had approached the subjects in an embittered frame of mind. The constitutional issue created by the Governor's refusal to increase ministerial offices required a thoughtful and calm approach if differences were to be satisfactorily composed, and quite clearly this was the atmosphere in which the subject was treated this week.

RIOTERS STORM PRISON

5 States Flooded: 56 Deaths

New York, Aug. 19. A state of emergency was proclaimed in parts of New York, New Jersey and three other states today as the worst floods in their history poured millions of muddy water into city streets and claimed at least 56 lives.

Property damage estimated in millions of dollars was reported.

Widespread flooding followed as much as nine inches of rain in 24 hours in some places. The downpour came in the wake of hurricane Diane, fourth hurricane of the year, which has now petered out farther north.

HELICOPTER RESCUES

Helicopters lifted child campers and adult holiday-makers from islands and isolated spots in many parts of New England. An army helicopter was called out to take passengers from one stranded train.

Many trains were cancelled because of flooded lines, and the truck express from Montreal to Washington was halted in Massachusetts, about half way. Two trains with 333 passengers were stranded overnight in the Pocono mountains of Pennsylvania.

In Pennsylvania's anthracite coal region every mine was flooded.

The rainstorm spread north-east in the wake of hurricane Diane. New Yorkers were warned to expect a weekend heat wave to follow the rain.—Reuter.

Import Quotas Demand

Washington, Aug. 19. Mr A. K. Winget, President of the American Cotton Manufacturers' Institute, demanded today a "positive programme of textile import quotas" by the United States Government to meet foreign competition.

His statement followed reports from Tokyo that the Japanese government and textile industry leaders were seeking what they termed "indiscriminate" exports of textiles by the United States and Canada. Canada is the No. 1 market for US textiles.

Mr Winget said it was "ironical to us that the Japanese realise the perilous nature of the current situation while our own State Department fails completely to recognise its tragic realities."—Reuter.

Beaten Back By Tear Gas NANTES SCENE OF VIOLENCE

Nantes, Aug. 19. Rioting French shipyard workers, tonight attempted to storm the city gaol at Nantes on the French Atlantic seaboard, where arrested workers have been incarcerated.

They burst through the main gates of the prison, but were stopped by a heavy iron grille in the inner court.

French Republican Guards launched a counter-attack with tear gas grenades. Other workers hurled stones through the windows of the Nantes law courts shouting: "Free the men in gaol."

Police riot squads went into action to clear the square in front of the prison and law courts.

Industrial unrest at the seaport of Nantes came to a head earlier this week, when workers invaded a building where wage negotiations were proceeding and forced the employers' delegates to agree to their wage demands.

Subsequently, the employers announced they would not accept an agreement signed under

duress and locked the workers out of the shipyards and factories.

About 60 Republican Guards and demonstrators were injured yesterday, when the workers tried to fight their way into the factories.

Later in the evening, events took an even graver turn when about a thousand workers attempted to storm the heavily guarded police headquarters.

Strikers tore up paving stones from the "Street of Fifty Hostages" and bombarded the policemen with the projectiles.

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China Mail Feature Highlights

Here are some of the highlights in today's feature section:

P. 5: Russell Spurr, Daily Express Correspondent, begins his impressions of his recent trip to Communist China.

P. 6: The Wingate story (continued).

P. 7: Are Maclean and Burgess responsible for the Russian "de-freeze"? Princess Margaret celebrates her 25th birthday on Sunday.

P. 8: Gordon Hux, China Mail feature writer, tells you of the Triad societies in Hongkong.

P. 13: Beverly Baxter deals with the case of Ruth Ellis and discusses the question of capital punishment.

P. 16 & 17: Local and overseas sports news.

Prison Experiment Succeeds

London, Aug. 19. Warders at Dartmoor, Britain's toughest gaol, have put away their guns—the last prison in this country to stop using firearms.

The commissioners who run the nation's prisons revealed this today in their report for last year. The prison governor said the change meant an increase of "respect and trust" between gaolers and convicts.

For many years, gun guards have accompanied many of the parties of prisoners who go to work outside Dartmoor, the grim prison for Britain's worst criminals amid the swirling mists of the Devon moors.

Their purpose was "to act as a deterrent against escaping," the report said.

NOT EVEN NOTICED

Gun guards were withdrawn in March last year and the prison governor had reported that he believed even the prisoners did not notice they had gone "for close on a week."

The governor added: "The change had been accepted by the prisoners and staff as a token of the times and has, in an rare, contributed to an increase in respect and trust."

The commissioners' report showed that Britain's prison population dropped to 21,200 at the end of last year—the lowest figure for five years.

The report said there were fewer escapes from prisons last year—but no figures of break-outs were given.—China Mail Special.

Heavy Casualties

Casablanca, Aug. 19. Police reported tonight that 24 people were killed and 70 wounded in Kenitra and the middle Atlas plateau region. Four Moroccans were killed and seven injured when a mob of Moroccan youths ran amok in the town's European quarters this morning.—France-Press.

GALLAGHER IS GIVEN MAXIMUM SENTENCE

New York, Aug. 19. Sergeant James Gallagher was sentenced to life imprisonment with hard labour here today by a court martial which found him guilty of killing two fellow American servicemen in a Communist Chinese prison camp.

The eight-man court took almost five hours to reach the verdict, but only 20 minutes to fix the sentence, which is the maximum penalty for unpremeditated murder.

Colonel Harmon Broyles, the court president, announced that Gallagher would be dishonourably discharged from the Army and would forfeit all pay and allowances.

Gallagher, 23, of Brooklyn was found guilty on four charges involving the unpremeditated murder, mistreatment and informing on fellow prisoners of war in North Korea in 1951, and collaborating with his Communist captors. He was accused of throwing fellow prisoners out into the freezing cold and leaving them to die.

THE FIRST

Gallagher was the first American to be accused of the murder of comrades in a prison camp in the Korean war.

The court found Gallagher not guilty of the death of a third soldier, and of a charge that he had told his captors, in connection with another sergeant, that "if I was in your place, I would shoot him."

The trial was at Fort Jay on Governors Island in New York harbour. Three colonels, four lieutenant-colonels and a major formed the court.—Reuter.

Emergency In Sudan Declared

London, Aug. 19. A state of emergency in the southern provinces of the Sudan was proclaimed today following the mutiny of three companies of the Sudan Defence Force yesterday, the Sudan agency in London stated.

The Governor-General, Sir Knox Helm, who is on holiday in Scotland, issued the proclamation today.

He is returning immediately to London.—Reuter.

Police Officers Wounded

Rabat, Aug. 19. Two French police inspectors were seriously wounded when they were ambushed this evening at Kenitra where rioting occurred earlier today. It was officially stated here. The names of the men have not yet been revealed.

Kenitra is a small town about 83 miles from Meknes in the middle Atlas plateau region. Four Moroccans were killed and seven injured when a mob of Moroccan youths ran amok in the town's European quarters this morning.—France-Press.

UN Tackles The Problem Of Juvenile Delinquency

Geneva, Aug. 19. A United Nations report published today stressed a strengthening of family life and morality as the greatest single factor in the prevention of juvenile delinquency.

It related the question of horror "comics" to family sense of responsibility and said that the prohibition of comics would not solve the problem. Neither would the "punishment of the parents."

The 184-page report on juvenile delinquency will be discussed by the first world congress on the prevention of crime and treatment of offenders which opens here on Monday under United Nations auspices. The congress will concentrate on problems of juvenile delinquency, and will be attended by about 500 delegates from 59 countries, mostly workers in fields of crime prevention.

The report indicated that, generally speaking, juvenile delinquency was virtually nonexistent in tribal communities and increased with the rate of a country's economic development.

It said: "In a society where stress on competition and economic success are considered as having paramount social importance, it would seem that measures intended to strengthen the family should have as a counter-balancing device, a moral rather than an economic character."

It appeared that the number of delinquent boys was almost always higher than the number of girls, often by as much as five to one.—Reuter.

FIRE CAUSED BY SABOTAGE

Singapore, Aug. 19. Fire Chief Mr J. Ayer said today that a fire in a workshop of the strike-bound gas works manned by British troops was "undoubtedly sabotage."

He added that he had evidence the firebugs had complete knowledge of the layout of the gas station.

Police said that either petrol or paraffin was used to start the blaze which was brought under control in 30 minutes before doing extensive damage.

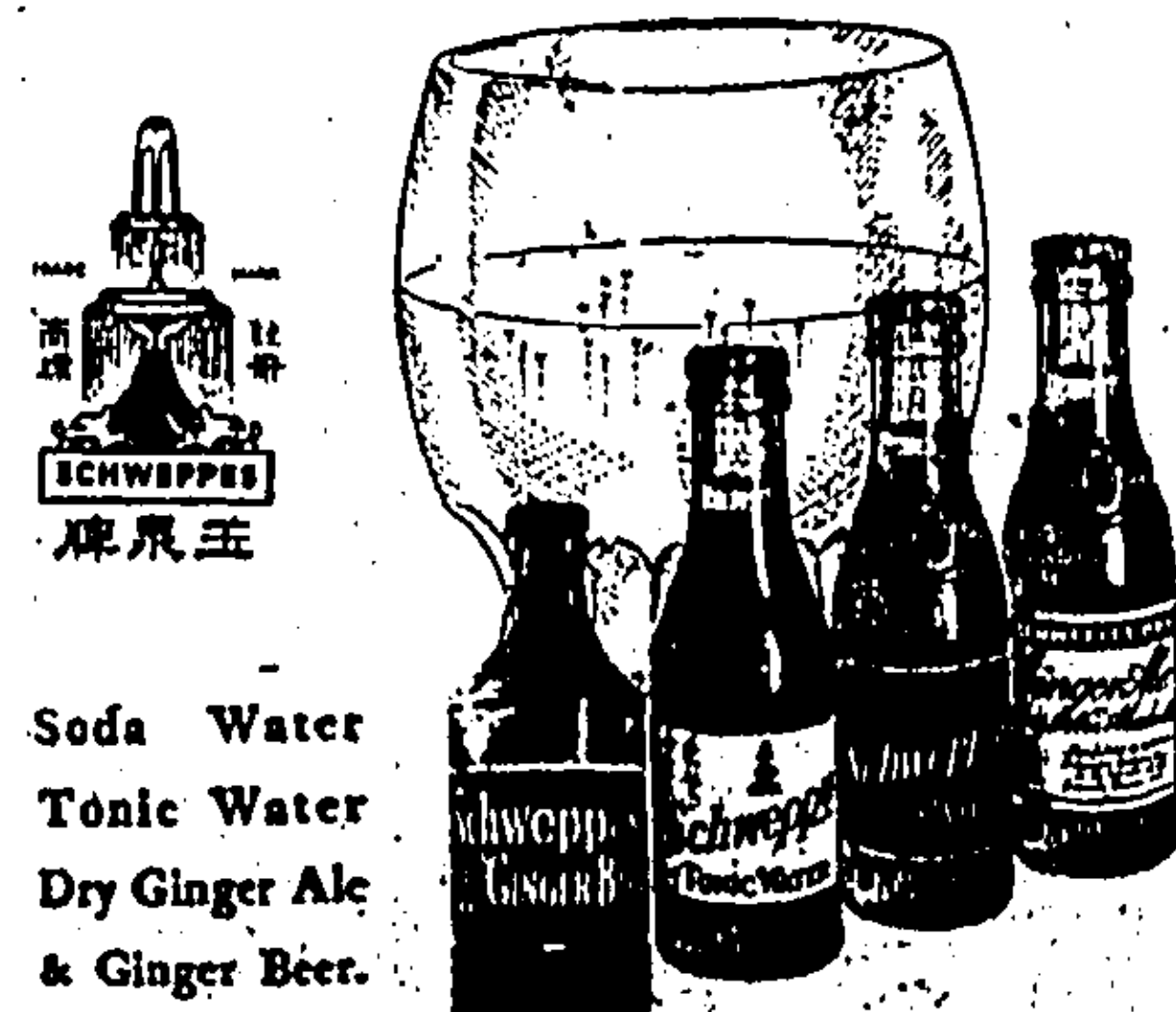
Meanwhile, the strike by more than 8,000 City Council workers passed its third day quietly except for the fire.—United Press.

PLANE CRASHES INTO MOUNTAIN

Hawthorne, Nevada, Aug. 19. A twin-engined C-47 Air Force transport engaged on a secret air rescue training mission slammed into a mountain top today and burst into flames, killing all seven crew members aboard.

The plane crashed into a 6,000-foot rock-studded peak in the Little Mountain range and virtually disintegrated.—United Press.

*Four of the Best
...and all Good Mixers*



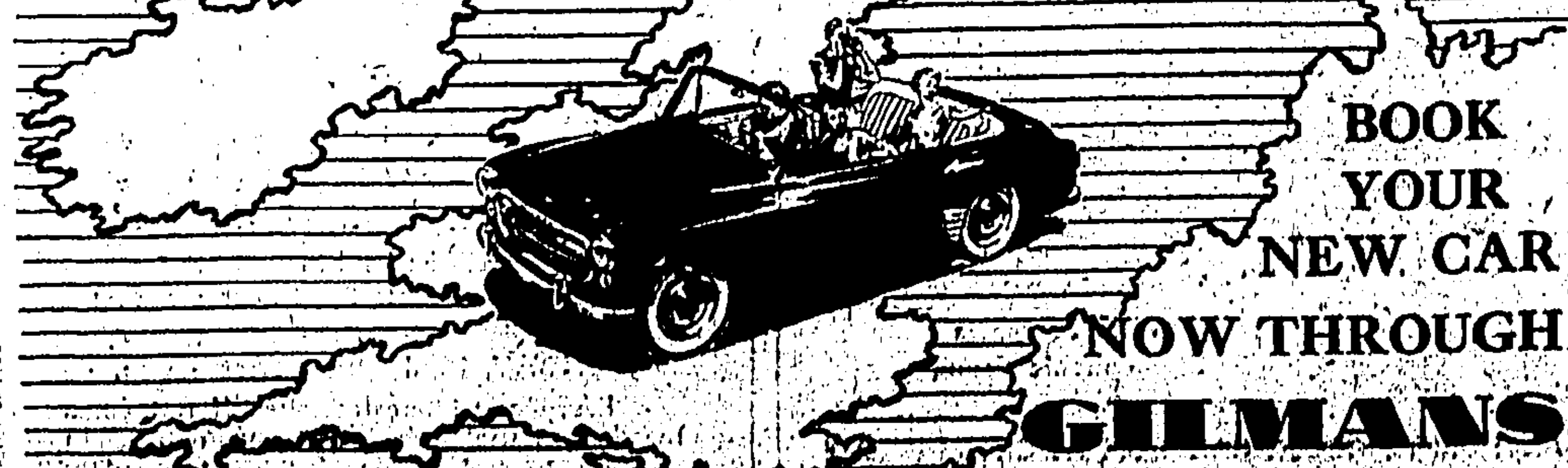
Soda Water
Tonic Water
Dry Ginger Ale
& Ginger Beer.

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SCHWEPPESSCENCE LASTS THE WHOLE DRINK THROUGH

**FOR THE BEST HOME LEAVE
YOU'VE EVER HAD**



HILLMAN, HUMBER HAWK, SUPER SNIPER, SUNBEAM.
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132 NATHAN ROAD.
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Dual in the Sun.

The seasoned sun-dweller never allows a thirst to take him unawares. He lies in wait for it. Emancipated in a long, low chair in a not too shady spot, he loads his glass with Rose's Lime Juice and holds it at the ready. The sun moves round. Its savage rays beat down upon him. And then the kill! Down his grateful throat he pours the green-gold liquid to its last delicious ice-cold drop. Phew! Another man-tormenting thirst has been destroyed.



KING'S * PRINCESS

At 2.30, 5.15, 7.20 & 9.30 p.m. | At 2.30, 5.30, 7.30 & 9.30 p.m.

TO-DAY



ALSO — ON THE STAGE
4 SHOWS DAILY

MISS MARGO
THE Z-BOMB

Performing Mambo, Samba,
Rhumba Etc.

USUAL PRICES.

EXTRA MORNING SHOW TO-MORROW

KING'S at 11.30 a.m.
RKO-DISNEY present
Full-length Technicolor
Cartoon

"SNOW WHITE & THE
SEVEN DWARFS"

PRINCESS at 11.00 a.m.

M-G-M presents

"TOM & JERRY"

Technicolor Cartoons in
CINEMASCOPE

Reduced Admission: \$1.00, \$1.50

COMING ATTRACTION



ROXY & BROADWAY

Final Showing Today At 2.30, 5.30, 7.30 & 9.30 p.m.



TO-MORROW MORNING SHOW
At 12.00 Noon

ROXY: A SELECTED PROGRAMME
OF TECHNICOLOR
CARTOONS
Presented by
20th Century-Fox

BROADWAY:
Walt Disney's
Full Length Feature
Technicolor Cartoon
"PETER PAN"
Presented by RKO Radio

Roxy: \$1.50, \$1.00 & 70 Cts. Broadway: \$1.20 & 70 Cts.

★ OPENS TO-MORROW ★



Presented by 20th Century-Fox

EMPIRE

SHOWING TO-DAY

AT 2.30, 5.30, 7.30 & 9.30 P.M.

YOU MAY MISS THE BOAT,
BUT NOT THIS PICTURE!!!



FILMS

Current & Coming
BY JANE ROBERTS

Competing for your attention at the King's and Princess this week are the "unclaimed lips" of Mala Powers on the screen and the "swivel hips" of Miss Margo, the Z-Bomb on the stage — the words in parenthesis owe their originality to the respective advertising representatives of the ladies in question.

My charter limits me to describing the charms of the celluloid lady alone, unfortunately, as perhaps Miss Margo will forgive me if I concentrate on Miss Powers. She has the unenviable role in "The Yellow Mountain" of the daughter of a father who gambles. As compensation she has two young men fighting for her favours — Lex Barker, a hefty burk of not very bright manhood and Howard Duff who is smoothness personified. These two, on and off, are friends, except for the times when Mala Powers intervenes her fair self between them. With true feminine imperceptiveness she falls for the snappy talker who is about to diddle Dad out of his supposedly worthless mine.

There is a lot of technical jargon about the right of the owner of the gold mine nearest to the summit of the Yellow Mountain automatically being able to claim the apex, which I'm ashamed to admit, went over my head.

As it formed the basis of the plot, I had to fall back on admiring the crisp direction of this better than average western and its well staged fights.

Fisticuffs And Feuds

As long as you disregard one or two improbabilities in the plot — and what film doesn't possess its fair share of them — "Timberjack" is a satisfactory outdoor picture with the emphasis on feuds and fisticuffs.

Whenever Hollywood is looking for a smooth-looking customer with the suspicion of a sneer to rule a western town until the hero arrives to rock his throne, either Lyle Bettger or David Brian seem automatically to be chosen. As "Timberjack" is a Republic picture and Bettger works for Universal the selection was easy this time. In contrast to his backwoods background as usual, David Brian snarls and snaps his way through to his inevitable last reel bullet.

It's a story of rival timber firms, one broke but honest — that's Hayden's gang — the other flourishing, and as straight as the proverbial carter's wheel.

Adolphe Menjou is quite funny as Vera Ralston's father, alternately lamenting his wasted opportunities and indulging his taste for strong drink and Miss Ralston herself, though a little on the large side for a film heroine, is a handsome addition

The New Films At A Glance

SHOWING

EMPIRE: "Belle of the Yukon". Songs and dances warm up the frozen north. Randolph Scott, Dinah Shore and Gypsy Rose Lee.

HOOVER and LIBERTY: "Many Rivers to Cross". A comedy western in which even the proud heroine is made to take a fall. Eleanor Parker and Robert Taylor.

KING'S and PRINCESS: "The Yellow Mountain". A western. Lex Barker, Mala Powers and Howard Duff.

NEW YORK and GREAT WORLD: "Timberjack". The heads of two rival timber companies fight for supremacy and the buxom charms of Vera Ralston, Sterling Hayden and David Brian.

QUEEN'S and ALHAMBRA: "Mr. Roberts". Life aboard a ship of the US Navy is scored by the captain and his crew. William Powell and Jack Lemmon.

ROXY and BROADWAY: "On the Riviera". A re-issue of a Danny Kaye film. One of his pre-"Knock on Wood" best.

COMING

HOOVER and LIBERTY: "The Glass Slipper". The Cinderella story with a psychological twist. Leslie Caron and Michael Wilding.

KING'S and PRINCESS: "Woman With No Name". A drama. Richard Burton and Phyllis Calvert.

"The Colditz Story". A POW escape plan and the men who made it work. Eric Portman and John Mills.

"Above Us the Waves". The successful submarine attack crew. The Tipton. John Mills, John Gerson and Donald Sinden.

NEW YORK and GREAT WORLD: "Captain Kidd and the Slave Girl". Whitewash for the blackest pirate of the 17th century. Tony Dexter and Eva Gabor.

"As Long As They're Happy". A better-than-usual British musical. Jack Buchanan, Diana Dors and Brenda de Banzie.

QUEEN'S and ALHAMBRA: "Fall Man Riding". A western. Randolph Scott, Peggie Castle and Dorothy Malone.

"Is Arealist the House". A trip to Reno with robbery as the motive. Guy Madison, Kim Novak and Brian Keith.

ROXY and BROADWAY: "The Wayward Wife". The story behind a lovely woman's struggle to escape from the boredom of a dull marriage. Gina Lollobrigida.

to the ranks of pistol-packing ing: it cut of the wall, and Viedance hall operators. Although a little slow, it is quite an enjoyable outdoor picture and gains by the inclusion of Hoagy Carmichael in the cast.

Almost A Satire

Marriage is an unmentionable word to Robert Taylor in "Many Rivers to Cross" but with Eleanor Parker it's a goal that's never out of her thoughts.

Determined to get her man, she stalks him into fights and even organises a shot-gun wedding in her forthright attempt to make him love her.

Needless to say, all this pursuit has the opposite effect on the reluctant male and there are many amusing situations before she makes him see the futility and even folly of continued fight.

Not quite subtle enough to qualify for the term "satire", this picture is nevertheless a nice breezy laugh at the strong silent heroes who form the stock characters in westerns, and at all the fluffy, dainty little heroines who handle a hot potato.

Alm Hale Jr. is a riot as Eleanor Parker's rejected suitor, so strong that he can never close a door without pull-

ing it out of the wall, and Viedance hall operators. Although a little slow, it is quite an enjoyable outdoor picture and gains by the inclusion of Hoagy Carmichael in the cast.

Perhaps if you take your western seriously, your hackles may rise at this "jazz majest", but if you're looking for something relaxing and aren't bothered by the pseudo Kentuckian accent of the glamorous Eleanor, this one should fit neatly into the week-end schedule.

The Great Lover Turns Buccaneer

Anthony Dexter, the actor who made his name as the Great Lover in the screen version of the life of Rudolph Valentino, is back

with us again as Captain Kidd.

I see that he has dropped the more formal "Anthony" however, and is allowing us to call him familiarly "Tony".

Eva Gabor is his partner in "Captain Kidd and the Slave Girl", which suggests that with the Box Office value attached to her name, he is not going to be allowed to drift into obscurity in spite of the quality of some of his recent pictures.

He has looks, and a certain flair for appearing to believe in the part he is playing, however shallow it may be, so perhaps his studio is using these routine swashbucklers as a training ground for more ambitious roles.

Not Too Cold For Gypsy Rose

Gypsy Rose Lee, the well known strip tease performer won her fame by burlesquing burlesque, and in "Belle of the Yukon" her worldly-wise philosophy helps to brighten up the little town of Malemute way up in the Yukon.

Although the frozen north hardly seems to be the ideal place to get down to the "bare essentials", it's a cheerful picture with Randolph Scott not quite as true blue as usual, Charles Wininger playing one of those delightfully ineffectual parent roles that made his name, and Dinah Shore and the Gypsy providing the songs.

A PoW Escape Story

"The Colditz Story" tells of an escape plan worked out by a Prisoner of War in a German camp during the 1939-45 war, the everyday life of the inmates and of the amazing success of the plan which was able to be used over and over again without the Germans stumbling on its secret.

Some of the scenes are reminiscent of earlier PoW pictures, but there is a strong, controlled and thoughtful performance from Eric Portman as the British Commanding Officer maintaining very necessary discipline in the most trying circumstances.

QUEEN'S & ALHAMBRA

QUEEN'S 2.30, 5.15, 7.20 & 9.30 p.m. ALHAMBRA 2.30, 5.20, 7.30 & 9.40 p.m.

2nd BIG WEEK !!

DON'T MISS THE FINEST COMEDY HIT IN YEARS!



TO-MORROW MORNING SHOWS

QUEEN'S
At 11.30 a.m. only
WB's Cinemascope Hit
"RING OF FEAR"
Clyde Beatty-Mickey Spillane
REDUCED PRICES!

ALHAMBRA
At 11.30 a.m. only
M-G-M's Technicolor
"THE NAKED SPUR"
James Stewart-Janet Leigh
REDUCED PRICES!



TO-DAY at 2.30, 5.30, 7.30 & 9.30 p.m.



MORNING SHOW TO-MORROW AT 12.00 NOON

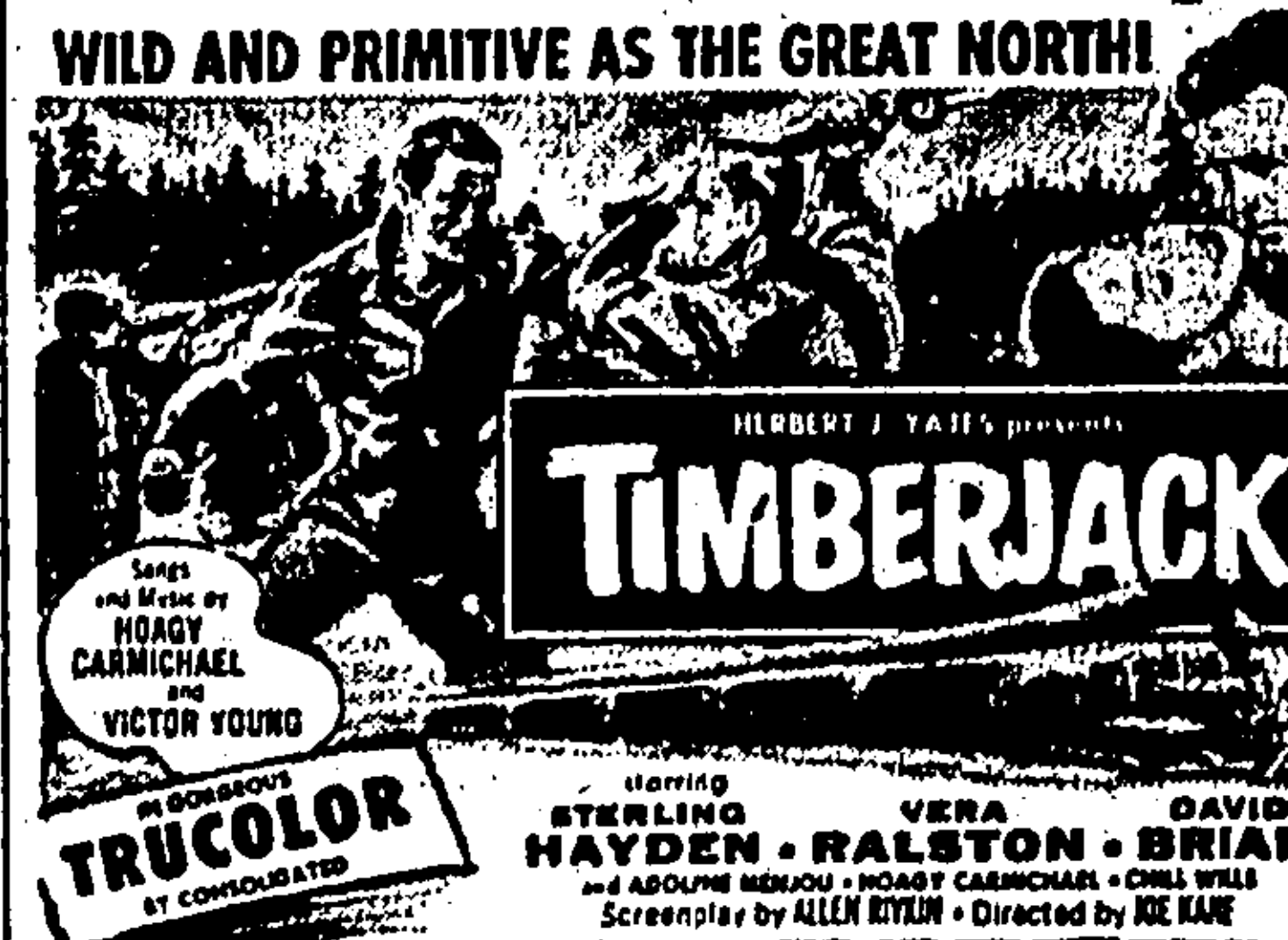
A Chinese Picture
"FATHER MARRIES AGAIN"
DIALOGUE IN MANDARIN
At Reduced Prices: \$1.00 & 70 Cts.

NEW YORK - GREAT WORLD

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COMMENCING TO-DAY

AT 2.30, 5.30, 7.30 & 9.30 P.M.



SUNDAY MATINEE AT 12.30 P.M.

NEW YORK: "YUK TONG CHUEN" — A Chinese Picture
GREAT WORLD: Walt Disney Technicolor Cartoons



Final Showing To-day
AT 2.30, 5.30, 7.30
& 9.30 P.M.

Winner of the Grand Prix at the 1954 International Film Festival at Cannes.



"The GATE of HELL"
A JAPANESE PICTURE
WITH ENGLISH SUBTITLES
In Gorgeous EASTMAN Color
COMMENCING TO-MORROW: Chinese film
"CHIN-PING-MUI" in Mandarin Dialogue

SPECIAL MORNING SHOW TO-MORROW AT 12.30 p.m.
AT REDUCED ADMISSION PRICES
A NEW PROGRAMME OF WALT DISNEY'S CARTOONS

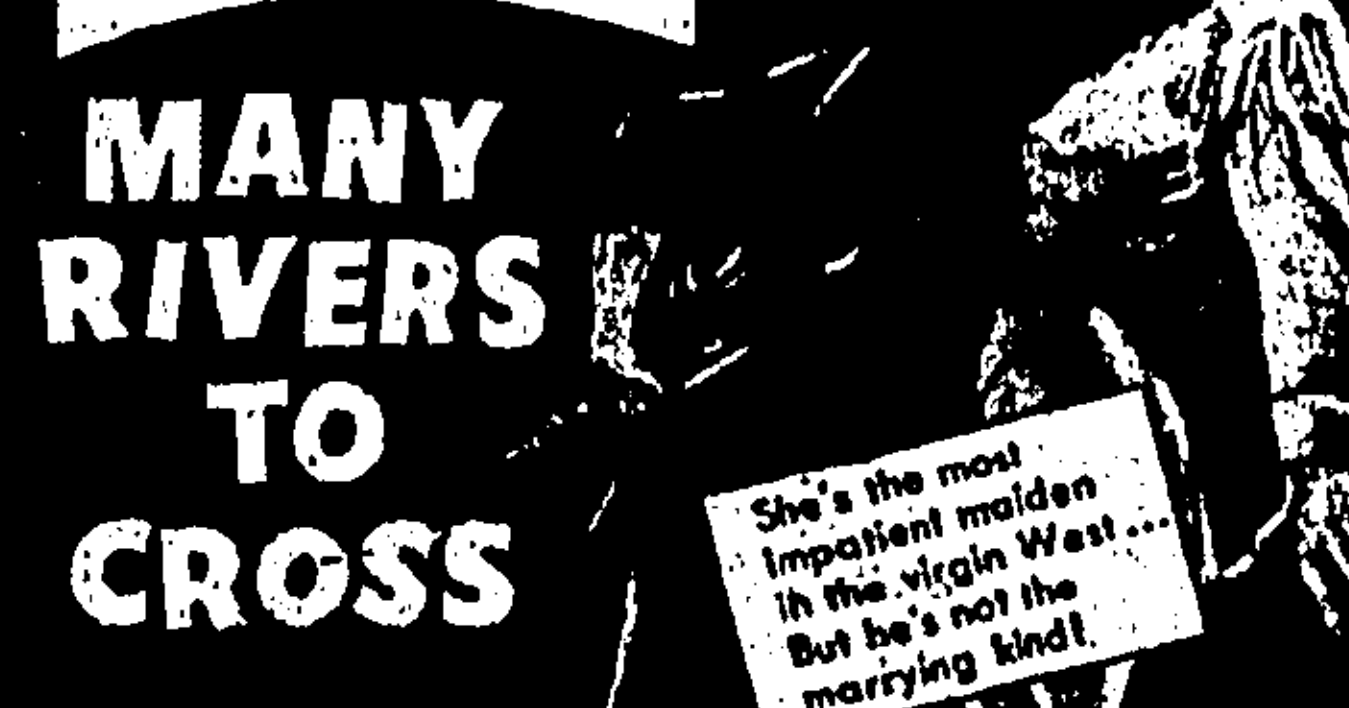
HOOVER - LIBERTY

CAUSEWAY BAY TEL 78721 KOWLOON TEL 50333

NOW SHOWING

2.30, 5.30, 7.30
& 9.30 P.M.

M-G-M's
ROMANTIC ADVENTURE!
in COLOR and
CINEMASCOPE



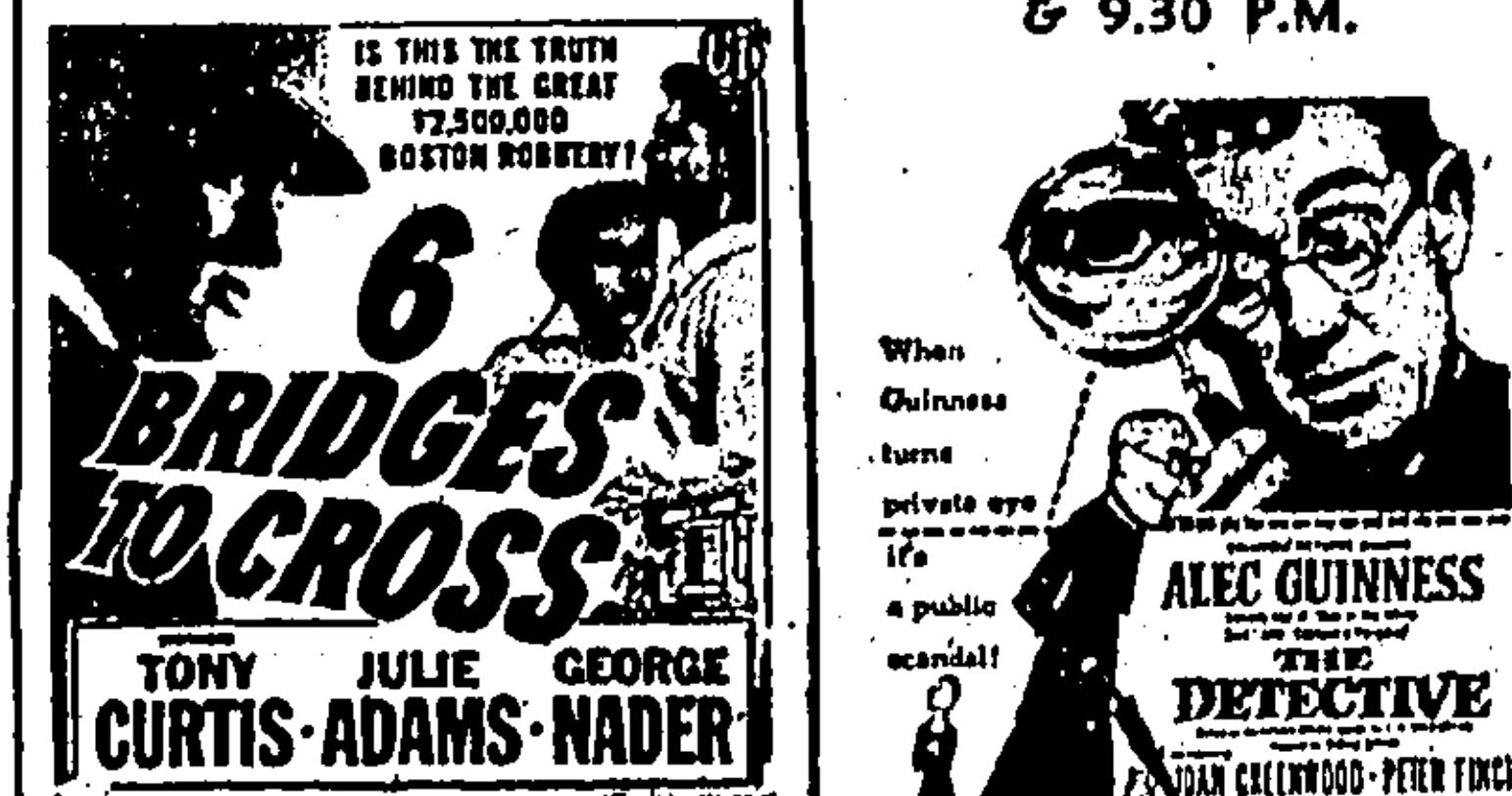
ROBERT TAYLOR - ELEANOR PARKER
VICTOR McLAGLEN - RUSS TAMBLYN - KEF RICHARDS - JAMES ARNESS
With Perspecta
Stereophonic Sound

Also: MCM COLOR CARTOON IN CINEMASCOPE
5 SHOWS TO-MORROW

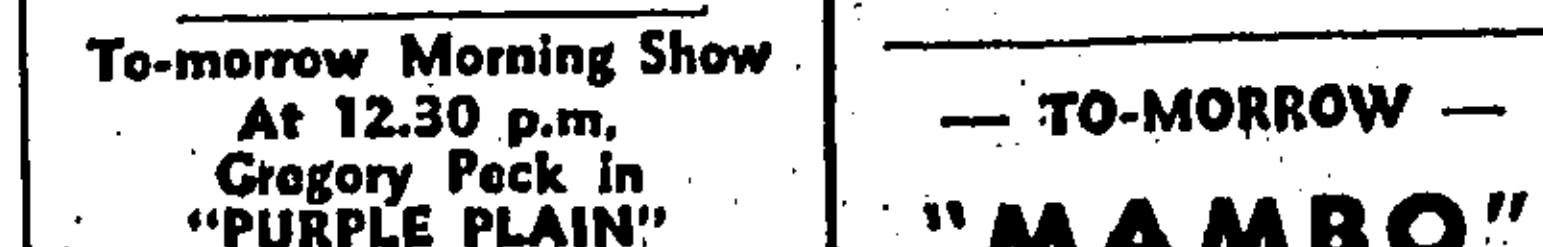
First Matinee at Hoover: 12.00 noon
First Matinee at Liberty: 12.30 p.m.

CAPITOL RITZ

AT 2.30, 5.30, 7.30
& 9.30 P.M.



Added Attraction
"A WORLD OF BEAUTY"
To-morrow Morning Show
At 12.30 p.m.
Gregory Peck in
"PURPLE PLAIN"
in Technicolor



TO-MORROW
"MAMBO"

HONG KONG STAGE CLUB

A CASTING MEETING
for
the first play of the season
"DIAL M FOR MURDER"

will be held in the
BRITISH COUNCIL, Gloucester Building
on
MONDAY, 22nd AUGUST, at 8 p.m.

Everybody interested, even if not yet a member of the Club, is heartily invited. In addition to casting the play, it is hoped to fill vacancies in the back-stage team.

"The GATE of HELL"

A JAPANESE PICTURE
WITH ENGLISH SUBTITLES
In Gorgeous EASTMAN Color

COMMENCING TO-MORROW: Chinese film
"CHIN-PING-MUI" in Mandarin Dialogue

SPECIAL MORNING SHOW TO-MORROW AT 12.30 p.m.
AT REDUCED ADMISSION PRICES
A NEW PROGRAMME OF WALT DISNEY'S CARTOONS

Interesting News Stories From All Parts Of The World

ONE CITY
HAS
TWO ZOOS

Berlin. Split Berlin, which has two of everything, now has two zoos. The old Berlin zoo is in the British sector of the city and the Communists evidently decided they did not want their school children and other East Berliners feeding Western elephants.

So they opened one of their own in the Soviet sector of the city. Two zoos is no surprise in a city that has two city governments, two police and fire departments and two of almost everything you can name.

But the phone lines between East and West Berlin, cut by the Russians three years ago, are still severed. The Communists rejected a West Berlin City Government offer to discuss resumption of an inter-city telephone service.—United Press.

Population
Growth Poses
Big Problems

Munich. German population expert Herr Otto Von Swideneck-Suedenhurst predicted that the world would become hopelessly overcrowded within the next 100 years.

Population is increasing so rapidly, he said, that it would reach 5,000,000,000 within 70 years. And there would be 13,000,000,000 people by the year 2015.

In a speech before the Bavarian Academy of Science, Herr Swideneck-Suedenhurst said: "All nations must begin now seriously to conserve natural resources to enable the earth to support its rising population at today's living standards."

He said the world's population had increased fivefold in the past 300 years, from 403,000,000 to 2,469,000,000 and that the rate of increase was rapidly expanding. He said daily births now exceeded deaths by 78,000.—United Press.

From Cairo:

Egyptians Enjoy A Little Fun At The Expense Of A Fallen King.

From Spain:

How Six Brave Bulls Disrupted An Afternoon's Bullfighting.

From London:

Professor Low Tells How The Guided Missile Was Born.

From Berlin:

West Berliners Crowd On To A Little Strip Of Beach To Keep Cool.

NOW IT'S 781 YEARS OLD....

When Will The Leaning Tower Of Pisa Fall?

Pisa. The leaning tower of Pisa, which celebrated its 781st birthday last week, may not survive the 20th Century. That is the opinion of some architectural experts.

But others think it may go on leaning for at least another 300 years.

The fate of the 179-foot high white marble tower was a subject of general scientific concern on the anniversary of the laying of its cornerstone.

Then The Tilt

It was on August 10, 1174, that construction of the tower began. A Guard of Honour of crossbowmen stood straight as ramrods at the site and the architect, Bonnaus of Pisa, proudly gave directions.

The tower was one-third up when it began to tilt. Bonnaus washed his hands off the affair and the tower stood uncompleted for 90 years.

Then Pisans decided to finish it, building the upper portion heavier on one side to allow for the lean. The bells, weighing 22,000 pounds, were placed in a spot where they would not aggravate the lean.

Since then, the tower has survived hurricanes, earthquakes and war-time

bombing raids. And the problings of scientists and the footfalls of panting tourists.

The lean from the perpendicular is now 17ft 2½ins and it is increasing at a rate of about .027 inch a

year. Bell Tower of Pisa," who measure it faithfully once a year.

In 1907, the tower leaned over a whole 2.75 inches further, and the Ministerial Commission shot thousands of tons of concrete into its base to forestall what seemed to be an imminent collapse. Similar injections of concrete continued through 1949.

A Diabolical Plot?

Although some historians claim the architect Bonnaus devilishly plotted the tower's caprice to confound future generations, it is generally believed the tower leans because of shifty subsoil and underground streams feeding the Arno River.

Eight people have jumped to their deaths from the upper reaches of the tower and one woman charged with a local murder contended that the daily sight of the tower had driven her mind off centre.

Footnote: In the accompanying picture you see "Two Ton" Tessie O'Shea, famous American comedienne doing her best to correct the lean.—United Press & Reuter.



What bothers engineers is that the tower leans a little more every year. How long can this go on?

year. This is perceptible only to members of the Ministerial Commission of Vigilance for the

Dr Low Dropped
His Pencil...AND THE
GUIDED
MISSILE
WAS BORN

London. Some day you may be terribly sorry, or terribly glad, that Professor A. M. Low sat down on the elderdown covering his bed.

Even though that historic day was way back in 1912... for in that moment the age of the guided missile was born.

In his little laboratory, Dr Low recalled the day.

"I always used to carry a pencil and notebook with me," he recalled, "and one day—I don't remember the exact day or month—I dropped the pencil and notebook on the elderdown covering my bed and sat down to think."

"As I did so I noticed that the pencil moved. My weight had pushed down the elderdown, setting up a sort of wave which moved the pencil. Now, if a wave of the elderdown could move a pencil, I thought, why not a wave of radio? Quite simple, you see."

"So I wired the pencil and pretty soon I had come upon a way of reproducing handwriting by radio."

Lethal?

This experiment became rather well known and one day Dr Low had callers—gentlemen from the Royal Flying Corps who wanted to know if it might have lethal applications. Under rigid secrecy, Dr Low set to work and in 1917 the War Office was able to patent his "drillable rocket".

One of the patent claims was that it could be used "to pursue enemy airmen" but, they had already foreseen all its possible uses.

The Low rocket was never used in the First World War despite successful tests from ground to plane and from plane to plane. Because there was great difficulty in keeping the missile stable. As a result, the Admiralty in 1917 asked Dr Low to apply his principles to submarine torpedoes instead.

Dr Low believes the rocket of the future—20 or 30 years—will carry mail or passengers from London to New York in two hours. He believes the "heat barrier" which turns objects white hot at 1,500 miles an hour will not apply because the rockets will travel high in space where the atmosphere is very thin.

He is sure the United States is "far in advance" of Russia on guided weapons but this is, of course, only an opinion.—United Press.

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Lane Crawford's

Satire (In Celluloid)
On A Dethroned King

Cairo. Three years after the fall of King Farouk, Egyptians are enjoying a cinema treat on a royal character seeped in orgies of the harem.

Egyptian movie-goers are rolling with laughter over "Abdulla the Great," a film about a despotic and buffoonish monarch who reigns over the fictitious Eastern kingdom of Banderia.

The fun and follies of Abdulla recall the hushed-up scandals of the past.

It is as if old times are lived again with Abdulla's harem life, his sea-borne high links with a beautiful model who spurs his love, and the Army-led revolution of the oppressed people who overthrow the once-mighty Abdulla.

In Technicolour

The greater part of the film is set in Farouk's former palaces in Cairo and Alexandria.

MAJESTIC

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At 2.30, 5.20, 7.30 & 9.30 p.m.

Alec GUINNESS
Odile VERSOIS
To Paris
with Love
Sunday Morning Show
At 12.30 p.m.
"CHARLIE CHAPLIN
FESTIVAL"

and on the luxurious yacht El Mahrusa which took the king into exile.

The film was produced in technicolour, and first projected here this summer to coincide with the third anniversary of the Egyptian Army revolution which ousted Farouk.

As the autocratic King of Banderia, the caviare-and-champagne-loving Abdulla is used to getting everything he wants. He espies a beautiful model, Ronnie, who is modelling Parisian gowns in a nightclub, and tries to seduce her. Ronnie bucks the King's crude courting, even when he threatens violence or offers her fabulous jewels and the chance to be his Queen.

To Monte Carlo

Abdulla's obsession to possess Ronnie grows so intense that he takes the Royal yacht and chases after her to Monte Carlo. There he has her kidnapped and bundled aboard his ship. Meanwhile, rumblings against the nefarious incidents in the King's life spread throughout the land, aided by scandalous photographs showing Abdulla in a drunken state sprawled on a dance floor in Monte Carlo. Reluctantly heeding his ministers' warning that his throne is in danger, Abdulla attends a religious ceremony of the Great Mosque in token of his regeneration.

As Abdulla passes before the crowds packed outside the mosque, disgruntled Army officer, Captain Farid, fires a pistol shot to assassinate the King. The bullet misses the King by inches, but the ecstatic population takes the shot as a signal to revolt. In the disorders, the capital is set to the torch.

Abdulla now senses impending doom. He dismisses his ministers and frenziedly attempts to retain his absolute power. Abandoned by all, his servants, the clings to Aziza, his only loyal mistress, while gun-

palace. The army carries out its long-planned revolution, invades the palace, and forces the King to abdicate.

The film cost half a million pounds and was financed mostly by the Egypto-Sudanese multimillionaire, Abdel Latif Abu Regella. He is widely known in European business circles as Rody Regella.

English Actress

An international group of film-makers and players turned out "Abdulla the Great." The group was headed by the American producer-director, Gregory Ratoff, who also played the title role.

The principal members of the cast with Ratoff are the British actress Kay Kendall, as the model who frustrates the king, American actor Sydney Chaplin as Captain Farid, whose attempt to assassinate the King sparks off the revolution, and Italian actress Marina Bertl as Aziza, the only woman who loves Abdulla to the last.

The costly costumes for the film were made by the top Paris couturiers Jacques Fath, Jean Desses and Maggie Rouff.

But Not Farouk

Cairo attorney Gamal Oteifi, the legal adviser for the production of the film, denied that the film was on Farouk. He said that despite the resemblance between them, he pointed out that Abdulla was much older than Farouk and wore no dark glasses like the ex-king. Furthermore, he said, no one tried to assassinate Farouk as they did Abdulla.

The London firm of Independent Film Distributors, Ltd., have signed a contract with Regella for world-wide distribution of "Abdulla the Great." 20th Century Fox may release the film in America and other offers are being examined by the producers.—United Press.

SIDE GLANCES By Galbraith



"Smith, I've enjoyed this evening's fun no end! What makes it nicer is I know you're one employee who wouldn't try to polish me up for a raise!"

THE BRAVE BULLS
WERE TOO BRAVE

Alicante, Spain. A bullfight had to be suspended here because the brave bulls were too brave.

Six three-year-old bulls from the famous Miura breeding ground were sent to Alicante by truck for a fight, and as is customary were unloaded in the arena three hours before the fight.

From the ring they should pass through an opening to cages at the rear of the plaza.

As the first two were taken out of their boxes, they decided to fight each other rather than wait for the matadors. In Spain the name Miura is synonymous with bravery and strength. And the joint charge was ferocious. Both bulls were laid flat.

One struggled to its feet and charged its fallen mate again, putting it out cold for the rest of the afternoon. Finally had to be dragged away by attendants.

The other four bulls, on being unloaded, caught the fever and decided all efforts of the attendants to place them in the corral.

After two and a half hours three of the bulls surrendered and were eager to come out and fight.

But the remaining two were not even intimidated by the firing of rockets and at 9 p.m., four hours after being unloaded, were still in the ring. So the bullfight was called off.—United Press.

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A global patented automatic, designed for the pilots of the SAS—the POLAROUTER—is intricately engineered to withstand any climatic changes, any weather conditions in the most inhospitable regions of the world. From the Pole to the Equator, it is laboratory tested throughout. The mechanism must run with perfect precision. The POLAROUTER is a masterpiece of engineering. It is a watch that times the world's most difficult journeys. It is a watch that is a true companion for the adventurer. It is a watch that is a true companion for the explorer. It is a watch that is a true companion for the traveler. It is a watch that is a true companion for the wanderer. It is a watch that is a true companion for the seeker. It is a watch that is a true companion for the finder. It is a watch that is a true companion for the discoverer. It is a watch that is a true companion for the explorer. It is a watch that is a true companion for the traveler. 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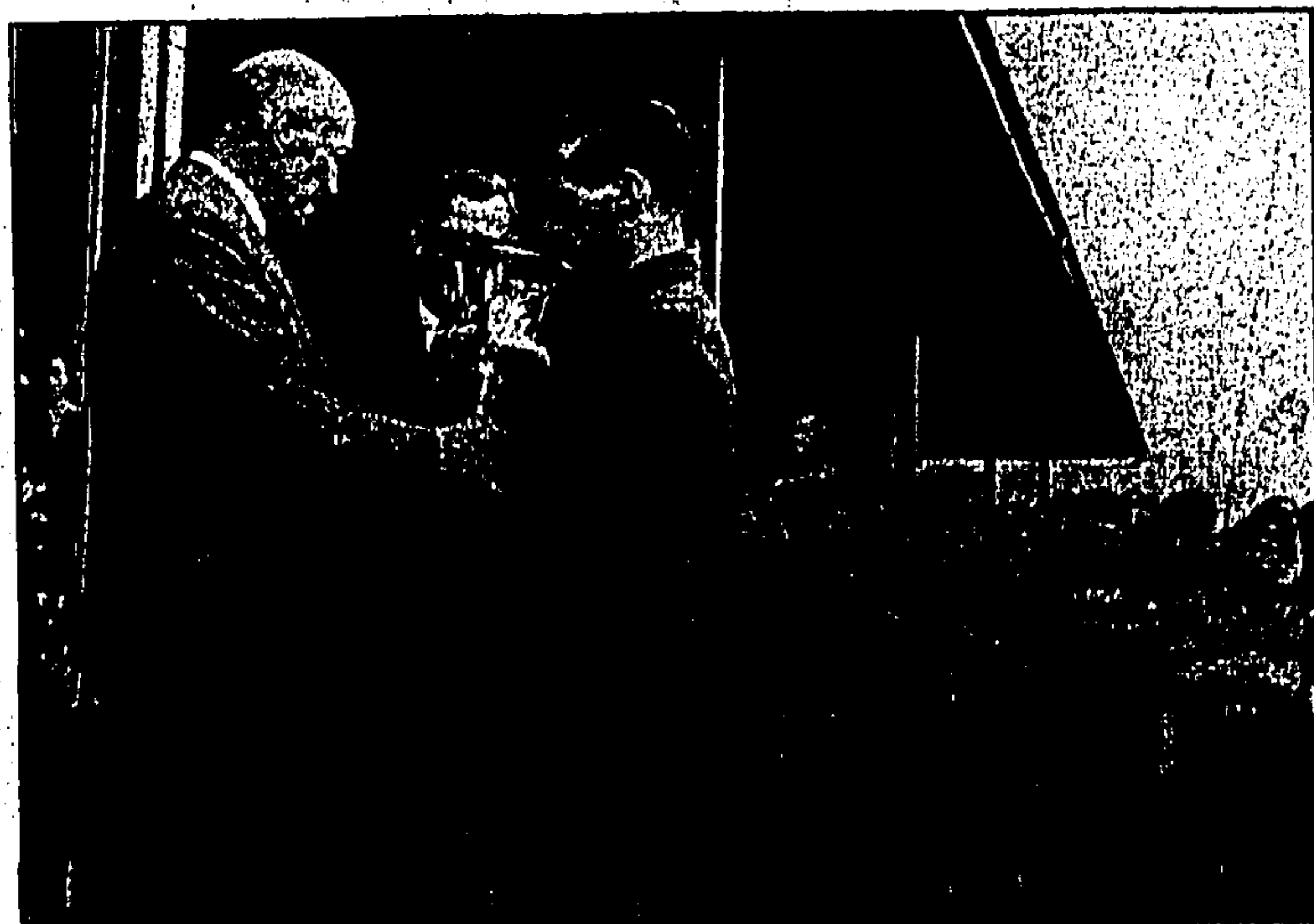
SGT M. Taylor, leader of the Eastern Command WRAC unit competition team who were runners-up at the Army cookery championships at Aldershot. She is putting the finishing touches to a chocolate mould. (Army News)



LEFT: The Russian "New Look" as seen in London. Mr Yacob Malik (centre), Russian Ambassador, is bent nearly double enjoying a joke with the Lord Mayor of London, Sir Seymour Howard (left), and the Chairman of the London County Council, Mr Norman Prichard. (Express)

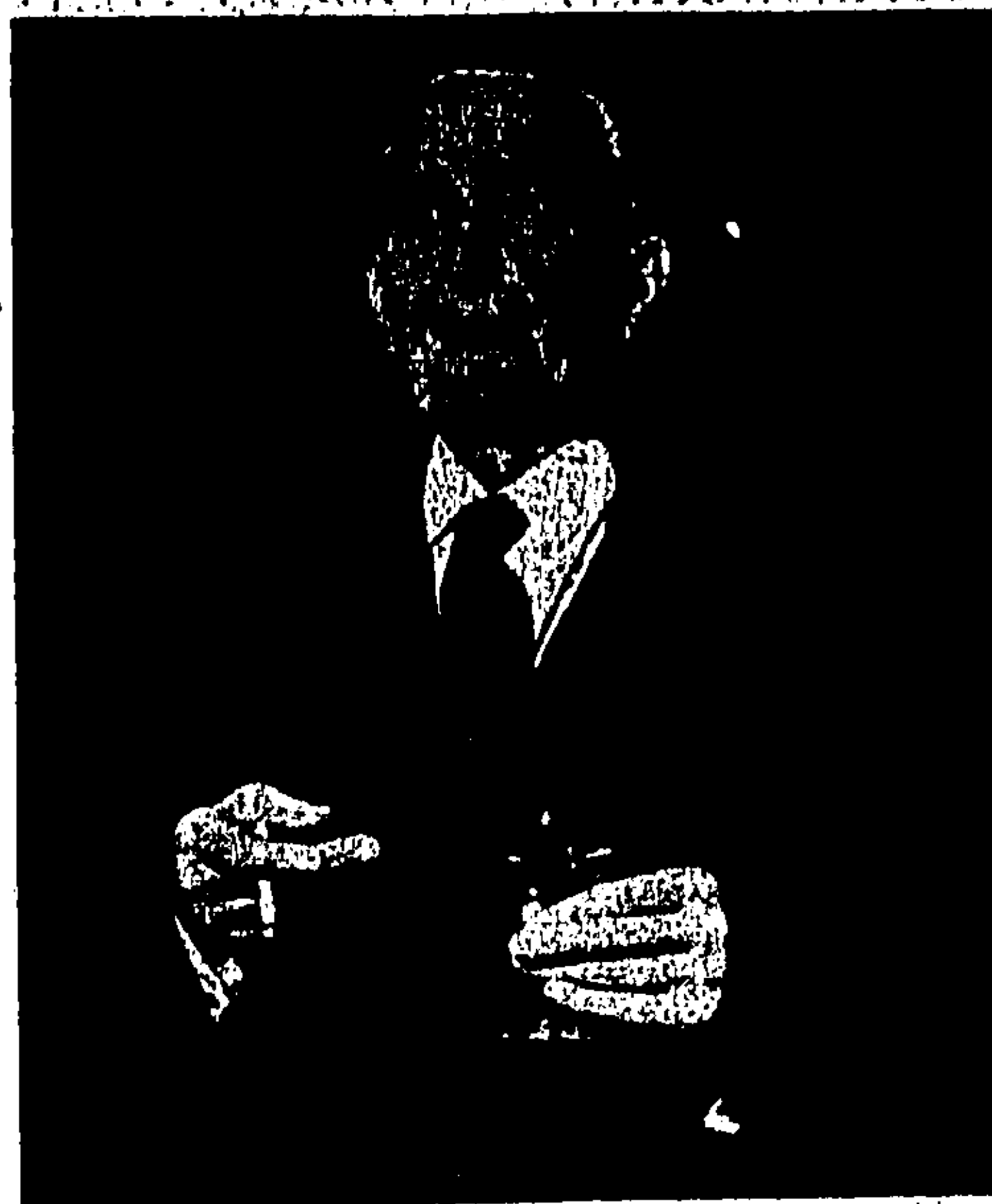


DAVID KWOK, prominent Hongkong artist who has just given a one-man show in London, demonstrates his work to a crowd of absorbed schoolchildren. (Express)



WITH a total of 104 points, the 1st Battalion, The Parachute Regiment, won the Southern Command inter-unit athletic championships. Lt. Gen. Sir E. E. Down presents the challenge cup to Lt. W. J. G. Brown, captain of the Parachute Regiment team. (Army News)

HOMESIDE PICTORIAL



FORMER England cricketer, Charles Fry, now 84 years of age, as he appeared at the recent Sportsmen's Party in London. Fry was one of the greatest of his day, and he had some very disparaging remarks about England's present day cricketers. (Express)



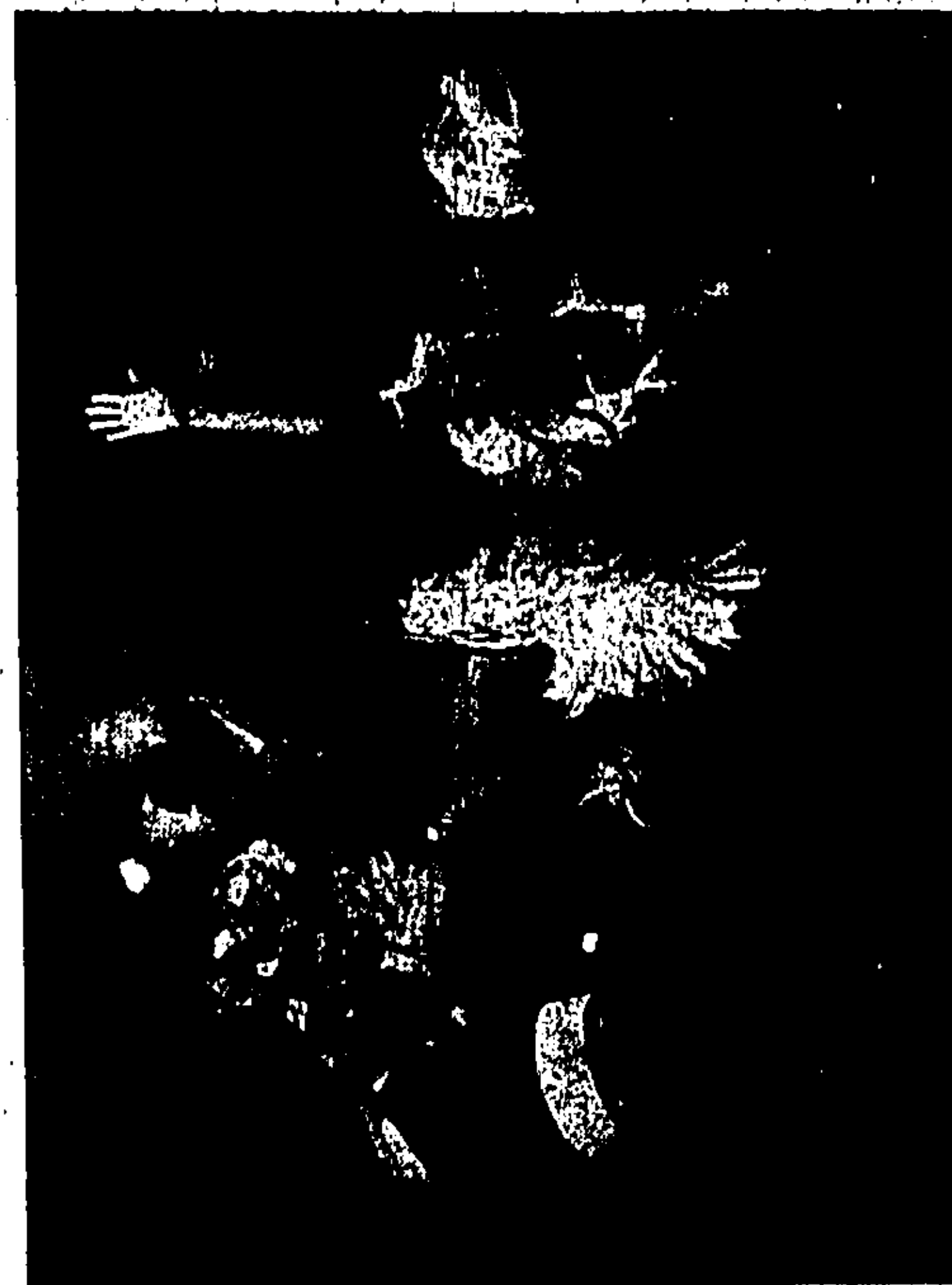
BELOW: The old order changeth and giveth way to new. The old in this case is the heavy blue serge uniform as worn by London postman William Reed (right). Mopping his brow under the summer sun, he admires the new lightweight linen jacket which is now being issued to postmen for summer wear. (Express)



ARTHUR KENDAL, Newcastle coalminer, and his family back from a nine-week holiday in Russia. Mrs Kendal is Russian; she married Kendal in 1945 when he was a prisoner of war in Germany, where she was sent to do forced labour. They spent the holiday with her parents. (Express)

BEFORE the start of their summer holiday, the Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh paid a three-day official visit to Wales. They travelled around the coast in the royal yacht Britannia. Her Majesty is photographed leaving St David's Cathedral wearing a hat trimmed with hydrangea.

LEFT: Actress Chen Yu, appearing in the London play "Teachhouse of the August Moon," invited friends along to a party at her new home — on the condition that they sandpapered the stairs in return for the hospitality. That is she on the right. As Betty Fitzgerald she studied in Hongkong at the Diocesan Girls' School. (Express)



HIGH-JUMPING dancer is Maria Luiza, one of the stars of "Braziliana," the new South American musical show which has just opened at the Piccadilly Theatre in London. (Express)



NANCY



By Ernie Bushmiller

BLACK
MAGIC
ASSORTED
CHOCOLATES

ANOTHER EXCLUSIVE FEATURE, STARTING TODAY

MY SECOND VISIT TO THE PEOPLE'S CHINA

BY
RUSSELL SPURR

The Daily Express roving correspondent first went to Peking last winter. These are his impressions of his second trip, from which he has just returned.

S EVENTY-TWO steps. That's all it takes to walk into another world. Twenty-three from Hong-kong's remotest police post to the barricaded border bridge. Forty-eight to the barbed-wire barrier where the last Hongkong policeman smiles you past.

One last step beyond the young men in jack-boots with polished steel helmets and Russian tommyguns. You are inside Red China.

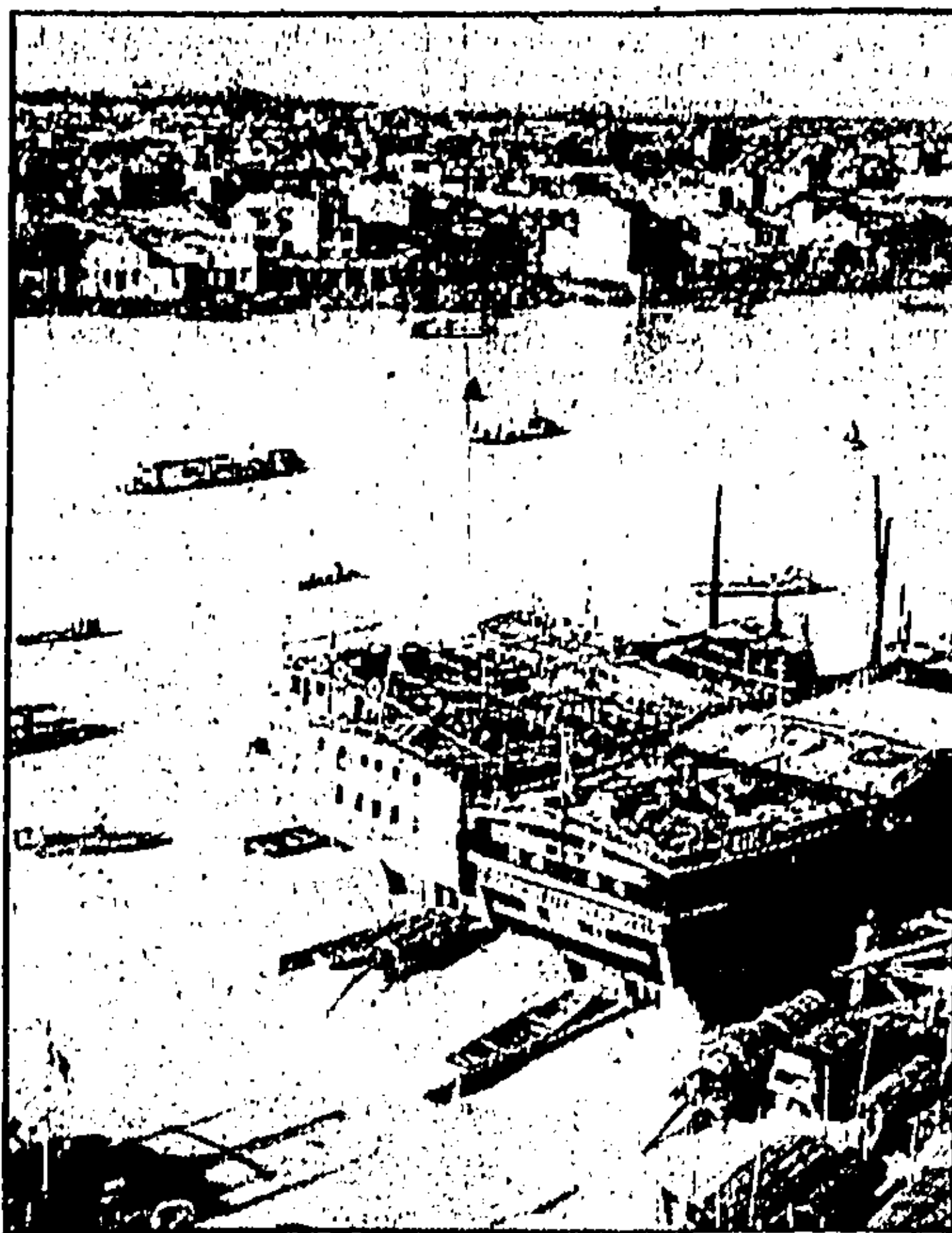
There's a lot more walking once the coolly correct border guard has inspected your passport. A long roofed-in corridor leads through flower-beds to the Chinese station.

The corridor into China is lined with gaudy propaganda posters. Soon, they'll be all too familiar. Smiling soldiers playing the accordion in the approved Russian manner. Glorified girl welders unceasingly balanced on girders. Cheerful bus conductresses (apparently something to be encouraged), children with frightened doves and workmen doing extraordinarily elementary things with nuts and bolts.

The Treatment

At last — into the green dimness of the wooden station beneath a super-scale portrait of Mao Tse-tung. A realistic rather than a flattering likeness, complete with auspicious wart on chin.

That wart, you soon notice, appears on every bust and portrait. Among Chinese, it is the sign of longevity and good luck. Harvester, waist-deep in Mao may be a man of the ripened rice, look up modern ideas. But he knows how to utilize ancient superstitions.



Junks and sampans on the bustling Pearl River at Canton. Russell Spurr was able to sneak this picture from his hotel window.

Shumehun Station is a hint of things to come. Its loudspeakers shrill slogans and cultural music. Officials marshal the milling travellers by whistle blast.

Not the foreigners, of course. They're hustled with VIP smiles into the distinguished visitors' waiting-room. Chicken noodles, bamboo shoots and iced beer come clattering in with a comrade waiter.

"The treatment" has begun.

Soldiers in faded green begin to file across the platform. Sweat-stained pen-sants, laden with bundles, wearily let them past. Girls with ragged bobbed hair and ill-cut coats and slacks cluster round the propaganda bookstall.

A security patrol patters off across the lines into the surrounding ricefields. Their Mauser machine-pistols slap their thighs as they walk. Harvesters, waist-deep in the ripened rice, look up modern ideas. But he knows how to utilize ancient superstitions.

A faint whistle blast, a burst of chatter on the speakers, and the Canton Express comes coughing round the bend. The customs officials hurriedly check my luggage.

"That radio, can it be used for transmission?"

"No."

"Are those your only cameras? Your only telephone lenses?"

They make a quick list and wave me aboard the train. The compartment speaker strikes up "The Railway Workers' Anthem," and with a toot, a hiss and jerk, we are off.

The station staff line up at attention as the train pulls away. Even the man in the signal box stands to attention among his dials and levers.

Thousands of miles of China lie ahead. Dwindling away behind, a sunlit hillside, a flagpole and a Union Jack. But I try not to look back; it doesn't do at this stage.

The Canton Express is efficiently stage-managed. Its efficiency, cleanliness and comfort are all intended to impress the visitor during his first few impressionable hours in China.

The American-built locomotive (a bit of forgotten postwar aid) is brightly polished. An overalled girl in pigtail is installed with the engine driver to demonstrate the new status of women.

The reserved "soft class" coach for foreigners is neat and fly-free. Youths wearing the badge of the state railways run up and down dusting the seats, emptying ashtrays and spittooms.

The spittoons are an invariable feature of Chinese life. They're spaced down the central coach corridor. Notices threaten heavy penalties for indiscriminate spitting. No one dares to disobey.

It's this sudden discipline, this unquestioning obedience of authority, that makes old China hands shake their heads in disbelief.

No More Fun

The Chinese have always been known as a clever, vigorous but highly individualistic people. They got what they wanted by fair means or foul, but always by their own efforts.

Now as the Canton Express races at a wayside station, the Chinese queue neatly up along the platform. The engine driver halts on the fore-most line. The passengers file quietly in through the nearest carriage door. No pushing or shoving; no trying to snatch a seat ahead of your neighbour.

Here, on a sunlit rural platform, is the result of the Chinese revolution.

The platform vendors have also been tamed. At a blast of the whistle, they patrol the carriage windows selling nuts and oranges and sticky ice-creams. Passengers in the old days would haggle with them until the train was starting, then knock down the price as the vendor panicked after them down the platform.

Now a second whistle blast sounds a minute before starting. The vendors fall back from the carriages. No more transactions are allowed.

Anyway, there's no more fun to it, as most Chinese will tell you. The prices are fixed!

The Canton Express has its own staff supplying small eats. There's also a special official who keeps topping up your cup of (free) scented tea. Another rises up and down with a small watering can of disinfectant. Another, with a red armband and an enormous pistol, checks tickets and passports and shoos away the curious villagers who collect at every halt to see the funny-faced foreigners.

Country Scene

This man, a sort of security guard, is quite unlike Hollywood's idea of a Communist official. He is small and thin and more than a little uncertain. He seems too embarrassed even to ask for my ticket.

The Canton Express is now about half-way through its five-hour journey. The surrounding hills have receded into the heat haze, leaving a wide amphitheatre of wind-ruffled rice, broken only by occasional hillocks of red earth.

This countryside looks like a well-tended, prosperous garden. Its little grey villages drowse snugly in the afternoon sun. Swallows dart around the

orchards, to nest in the tall stone watch-towers.

Groups of squatting women are winding up the harvest. They hack into the rice with a sharp, fast rhythm, stacking the sheaves in little knots a foot apart.

Others are threshing the stalks by hand behind curved bamboo windshields. Some are tossing grain and chaff into the air to be winnowed by the wind.

Near Canton, vegetable gardens appear among the rice-fields. It's from here that Hongkong draws much of its fresh food.

The city merges unexpectedly with all this cultivation. A row of red-roofed workers' apartments sprout without warning out of the fields. Next, a tarred motor road.

Clumps of bamboo, little pools with croaking bullfrogs peep right into the suburbs. The farmland only gives up reluctantly.

Then there is a canal, and then rows and rows of shabby shanties and the poster-plastered pillars of Canton station.

Stage One of the journey is ended.

Comrade Boys

There's something furtive about the Love All the Peoples Hotel. The guests avoid each other's eyes.

The moody munchers in the threadbare dining hall seem desperately to be minding their own business. Yet they strain to pick up the whispers from the next table to estimate the business, the nationality of the diners.

A reaction to all the strangeness has set in. The comfortable train ride over, the visitors are thrown into the middle of their first Chinese Communist city.

They see the sweltering streets full of troops. The authoritative armed police. State shops, Red flags, the entire paraphernalia of a People's Democracy.

They sense above all the faintly unreal air of controlled effort and exultation that exists behind the Bamboo Curtain.

The 13-story Love All the Peoples Hotel is part of the peculiar pattern. It is clean but bare.

The comrade room boys—called "Service Men"—are willing and friendly. They speak no English, of course, since Russian is the main foreign language of present day China.

The hotel was built by the British. It was taken over by the Japanese as an officers' mess. They daubed it with black wartime camouflage paint which the Communists haven't bothered to remove.

The Communists only appear to have requisitioned the building as an afterthought. They've taken less care to make it presentable than the coaches on the Canton Express.

The big Japanese clock has been left in the dining hall, though it never keeps time. A



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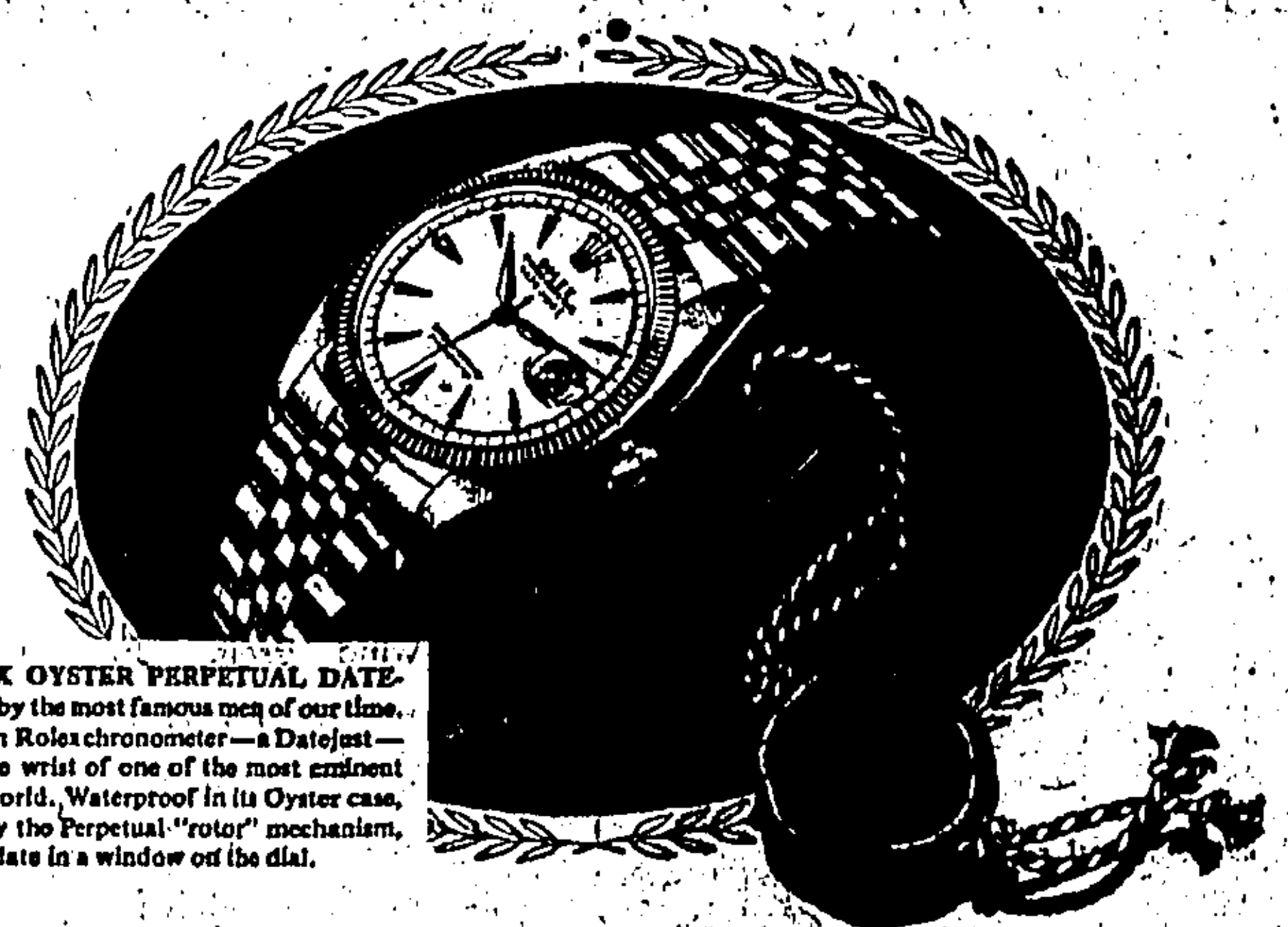
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FOLLOW THEIR HOLIDAY ADVENTURES...

GILES ... TAKES THE FAMILY FISHING



"Good job we left the children at home, or Father would be blaming them because he hasn't caught anything."

Giles, Robert Service

Wingate says: I'll live to 85

GENERAL ORDE WINGATE knew that things had gone catastrophically wrong with the Chindit operation — that the code-word "Soyalink" repeated by Brigadier Calvert's radio meant "Disaster!"

He immediately ordered all further flights of gliders to be halted. But what had happened?

Four hours later the radio from the Broadway landing strip in the jungle began to work again.

Once more it repeated a code-word, but this one brought joy to H.Q. "Porksausage, Porksausage, porksausage," it said, and this was the code-word for "Everything is all right. Carry on with the operation."

Orde Wingate climbed to his feet at headquarters and said: "Thanks be to God," in a small voice. Then he told the operator to contact Calvert. "I want a situation report at once," he said.

Those first few hours had, in effect, been almost unmitigated disaster. The glider carrying the lighting equipment to guide the others into the Broadway clearing had gone astray and crashed in the jungle. The glider of Colonel Allison, commander of the American technicians, hit a ditch. The one carrying Brigadier Calvert leaped over it by a miracle.

Now triumph

THEY got down to the job of lighting petroleum flares to bring the others down, and almost immediately realised that the smooth clearing Broadway had appeared from aerial photographs was a death-trap of buffalo holes, trenches, logs, and underbrush.

They were setting as best they could about the impossible task of clearing it when Allison suddenly screamed out: "My God, here come the other gliders!" And in came wave after wave of heavily loaded craft.

The jungle seemed suddenly to go mad. At one moment the gliders were silent, graceful black shapes sliding so serenely through the night, and then they were clumsy jumbles of shredded woodwork. The wreckage piled up and soon, all over the cleared space, there were collisions — great hallow explosions, like the pop



SO NEAR DEFEAT—UNTIL A YOUNG AMERICAN LANDED WITH A BULLDOZER.

of paper bags as the boxlike structure hit; the rip and tear of trees as bulldozers and graders tore loose and ran amok; and the cries of the trapped and wounded men.

The medical teams did what they could, amputating, stitching, transfusing blood in the light of acetylene flares, trying not to duck their heads as new gliders swooped over them to new disasters.

For Calvert it was the most miserable birthday of his life. And then, just before darkness began to pale into dawn, they heard the sound of an aircraft engine. It was a Dakota, a delayed arrival, obviously.

"He can't possibly land!" cried Allison. "He'll kill himself among that wreckage!" Many of them turned their heads as the glider came down, unwilling to see one more disaster.

But curiously enough it was not only not the end of that glider crew but the salvation of the operation. The glider contained a young American engineer named Lieutenant Brockert, and a bulldozer, together with a crew. This load crashed heavily into the trees with such force that both wings were lopped off. The bulldozer shot like a shell out of the front side of the glider, lodged in the trees and then alighted to the ground.

In its passage it missed Brockert and the crew, because the crash had opened the door

NEXT WEEK

The tragedy in the jungle

Chapter 9 in the story of Britain's Strangest Hero by LEONARD MOSLEY

Commando put its wheels down on the comparatively flat soil of Broadway, and 54 more troop carriers came in that night. In the next few days the Dakotas made 600 sorties and the gliders 78, and they brought in 9,052 troops, 1,360 pack animals, and 250 tons of equipment, at the cost of 121 men.

Death-trap

AS the Japanese reacted to the eruption in their midst, the Chindits moved out into the jungle to set up new centres of inflammation. Their principal forces marched to a new stronghold, 40 miles from Broadway, previously marked by Wingate and Fergusson. Since he had captured it, he wanted to christen it, calling it Elizabeth after the Queen, but he was forestalled by Wingate, who called it

Aberdeen after the birthplace of his wife. And now everything began to go well. From the seeds of disaster, triumph bloomed.

To the Army officers at Imphal and Delhi who met Wingate about this time, he seemed happy and super-confident, serenely absorbed in his campaign and concerned only with its day-to-day operation.

But there must have been moments when his mind left the jungles of Burma and went back to his old love, Palestine and the Jews. For it was about this time that he started writing letters to old friends like Akavia.

He had already written to his wife saying how much he wished the war was over, that he could go back with her to Palestine to continue the work they both loved.

That had been some time ago, in 1943, and he had included a message for his wife in Hebrew: "Im eskhokhech Yerusalem tishka yamini" (And if I forget thee, O Jerusalem, may my right hand forget her cunning), plus a note for his mother: "tell her I am not wholly useless or harmful." Now, in his letters to his Jewish friends, the phrase "Im eskhokhech Yerusalem tishka yamini" kept recurring again. The spelling is Wingate's.

A will? Why?

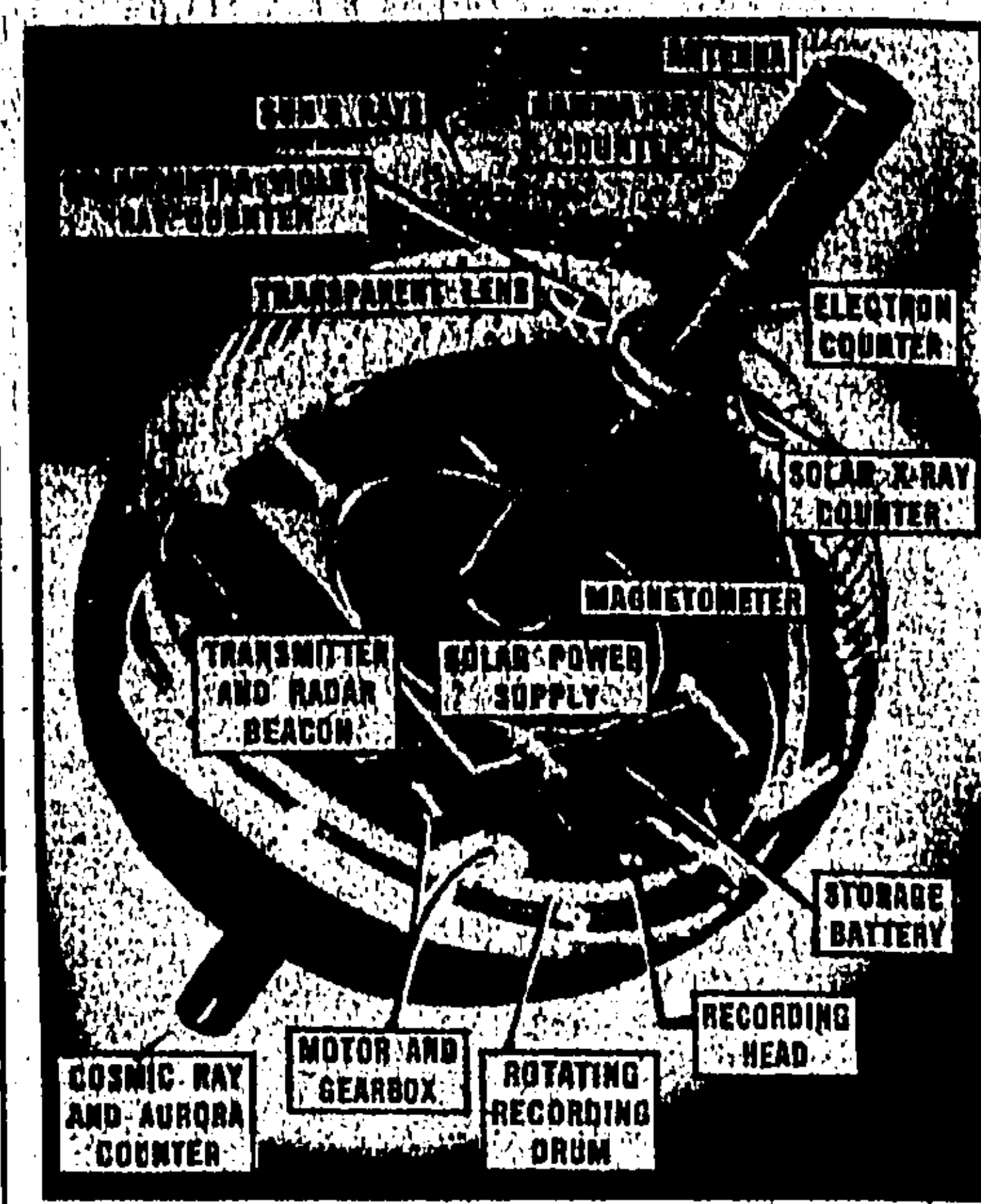
TOWARDS the end of March Orde Wingate set off on another tour of the forward areas.

The night before the fight he got into a conversation about death, and was asked if he had ever made a will.

"I am 41 years old, and I will live until I am 85," he replied. "Why should I make a will? Wills are only for people who are going to die."

(Copyright)

[The Wingate serial is adapted from "GIDEON GOES TO WAR," published by Arthur Barker.]



Is THIS the saucer?

A DRAWING of an "earth satellite" based on the plans of Professor S. F. Singer, U.S. space-ship pioneer.

THE MACKINTOSH



ONE August recently with our respective families, shared a small villa on the north Breton coast. Personally I would have preferred to make the experiment on the Riviera or the Costa Brava, but my friend, whom I shall call Charles, seemed attached to Brittany for some reason—in fact had already spent several holidays there with his family since the war—and we agreed to try it too.

So, from Southampton to St Malo, we passed a wet and stormy night huddled on deck with five hundred other people. I was amazed at Charles's high spirits. Between my own paroxysms of sickness, I watched him enviously as he strode up and down among the prostrate shapes, sniffing the salt air ostentatiously like a retired admiral.

Military cut

I also envied him his coat. It was an incredibly dirty old mackintosh, of a vaguely military cut and lined with black sheepskin. It even had a certain charm, as worn by handsome Charles, and was obviously both water-proof and wind-proof, just the thing for a Breton summer holiday.

For the next fortnight the four grown-ups and ten children shivered round a smoky grate, playing Happy Families. But at length a day came when it was fine enough to go on the beach. Since neither Charles nor I could bear to watch our respective little Russias and Americans squabbling over the possession of sand castles, our wives allowed us the day off. Charles said he would take me to a place he knew. We squeezed into his 1935 Austin 7 and drove westwards along the coast.

"Sorry this is being such a ghastly flop," he said after a while, to get it off his mind. "Oh nonsense," I said kindly. The poor fellow's sense of guilt tacitly switched the conversation to his extraordinary coat. I could see he was grateful to me for that.

In the mist

"I wouldn't part with this coat for the world," he laughed. "There's quite a story. I'll tell it to you as we go." Unfortunately the vivid language in which Charles tells a story would be unprintable, and in any case I lack the skill

to reproduce it. So this, in my more effete style, is briefly the story Charles told me as we chugged along in the misty landscape, through grey Breton villages, with a slate-coloured sea glistening below on our right.

Some years before the war Charles had the idea, he said, of joining the Territorial Army to supplement his income. He held a university degree, so was entitled to a commission, and in due course the War Office sent him a list of the clothing he must buy, together with a cheque for £50, known as a Uniform Grant.

Charles's first impulse was to cash the cheque and clear off. But on second thoughts he saw that such an action would be unpatriotic and, which was worse, unwise. So he bought the prescribed garments and was a further £50 out of pocket by the end.

Among the other purchases was a smart cavalry mackintosh, the sort of thing you see worn in cigarette advertisements by an idealised type of officer and gentleman, with hair greying at the temples and a brushed-up moustache.

"I always feel," I interrupted Charles at this point, "that no



by John Verney

BORN in 1913 and educated at Eton and Oxford, John Verney spent his childhood in India. His father, Lieutenant Colonel Sir Ralph Verney, was Military Secretary to the Viceroy (Lord Chelmsford) from 1918 to 1921. Verney studied architecture and then entered the film industry. His war service included a parachute drop into Sicily as part of an Allied plan to capture the Germans before the Sicily landings. Before his capture by the Germans he was awarded the M.C. A series of escape attempts failed, but finally he made his way through to the British lines. He is the author of *Going to the Wars*, published in April.

one wearing such a mackintosh could possibly harbour an ignoble thought, or indeed any thought at all.

"Nevertheless," he said drily, "I myself wore such a mackintosh once."

During the war Charles and his mackintosh stuck together, so to speak, through two days at Dunkirk, through two years in the desert. Mud, dust and axle grease ruined its surface, and a black sheepskin lining, added in Cairo, spoilt what was left of its cut.

Charles was taken prisoner at Mareth early in 1943, but his coat escaped and was sent back to England with his kit. Charles escaped, too, later on in Italy, and when after various wanderings he returned home early in

1944 there was his mackintosh waiting.

Periodic bouts of malaria unfitted him for active soldiering. He spent D-day in hospital listening to the wireless news and, thinking of his friends sailing across the Channel. While the Normandy invasion progressed slowly he came out of hospital on indefinite sick leave and hung around London feeling miserable and drinking too much.

Then he met a friend in the RNVR. The friend, Charles discovered, worked in some cloak-and-dagger outfit and operated an MTB between Devonshire and the coast of Brittany which, of course, was still occupied. He made the trip once a week carrying passengers to and fro.

His mission

Charles has a persuasive tongue. The very next night he was sailing with his friend across the Channel. As he had been warned to dress warmly he wore his wool-lined mackintosh.

There was a French officer on board, a very big man with dark curly hair, called Gaston. The object of his mission doesn't particularly matter. Charles's personal object was to step ashore in France for a few minutes and so refresh himself, as he put it, with that much-needed civilising contact.

As a start, he spent the journey chatting with Gaston in the cabin over a bottle of whisky. Gaston he learned, was to spend a week in the little fishing village of Ploubecq, and would be taken care of during that time by a reputedly beautiful young resident, who owned a cafe called the *Tout va bien*. Then the MTB would come back to fetch him off again.

The noise of the engines slowing down warned them the journey was over. Charles joined his friend the lieutenant on the bridge, and found that the MTB

had anchored quietly in the shadow of dark cliffs. A light flashed on the cliff-side. Two flashes at 10-second intervals for a minute.

"That will be Monique," whispered Charles's RNVR friend, and a few minutes later he was rowing Charles and Gaston ashore in a dinghy.

A shadowy figure ran across the strip of sand to meet them. It was Monique.

"Even in the dark I could see she was the most beautiful girl I had ever seen," Charles said.

The circumstances, Monique herself perhaps, something or other, prompted Charles to make a sudden wild decision.

"You can pick me up in a week," he told the lieutenant, "when you fetch Gaston."

Charles, as we turned off the main road along a smaller one towards the sea, was reticent about the week he had spent in Brittany in 1944 at the cafe *Tout va bien*.

"I wasn't married until after the war, you know," he said. "I'll leave the rest to your lurid imagination. But I will admit that Gaston was in the way a great deal."

Goodbye.....

After a week the MTB returned. Monique said goodbye to Charles and Gaston on the beach.

"It was hard to tell which of us she liked best," Charles said. "But she was shivering, so with a romantic flourish I took this coat off and made her keep it. Gaston told me afterwards on the boat that I had been a fool. He said if she was caught wearing it she would be shot, and that gave me a good many sleepless nights I can tell you."

Charles's emotion at this point was so evident that I began to believe the story might actually be true. For Charles, and I respect him for it, is never one to spoil a story by adhering too strictly to factual accuracy.

● FACT or FICTION? Did this story REALLY happen? All the tales in this series COULD be true. The answer will be published on Monday

Nevertheless I was surprised to notice the word *Ploubecq* on a signpost pointing to the next village. Still more surprised was I when we drew up on the outskirts, at a little cafe called *Tout va bien*.

A large man with dark curly hair sat outside. He looked at us casually until Charles put his head out of the car window and said, "Hello, Gaston." Then the Frenchman jumped up with a shout of delight. "Charles! welcome once again."

"Monique!" he called back into the cafe. "Monique! Charles is here..." Well, there it was, altogether a very extraordinary business. The four of us ate and drank and talked through most of the afternoon. Or rather they did.

Married

I just ate and drank, ruminating on Charles's story.

"There's one thing I still don't quite understand," I said to Charles as we drove homewards again, towards another fortnight of Happy Families over smoky fires. "You said you gave your coat to Monique on the beach. When did you get it back?"

"Didn't I tell you? I finished the war on a staff job in Paris. I met my RNVR friend there one day and he told me the news—Gaston had gone back as soon as Brittany was liberated and had married Monique. The first chance I had, I scrounged a car and drove from Paris to Ploubecq. I found Gaston just as he was this morning sitting calmly outside the *Tout va bien*. If you please, he was wearing this mackintosh. I made him take it off pretty quick."

"You've ghined Monique. I said, 'I'm damned if I'll let you pinch this too.'"

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DID IT REALLY HAPPEN?

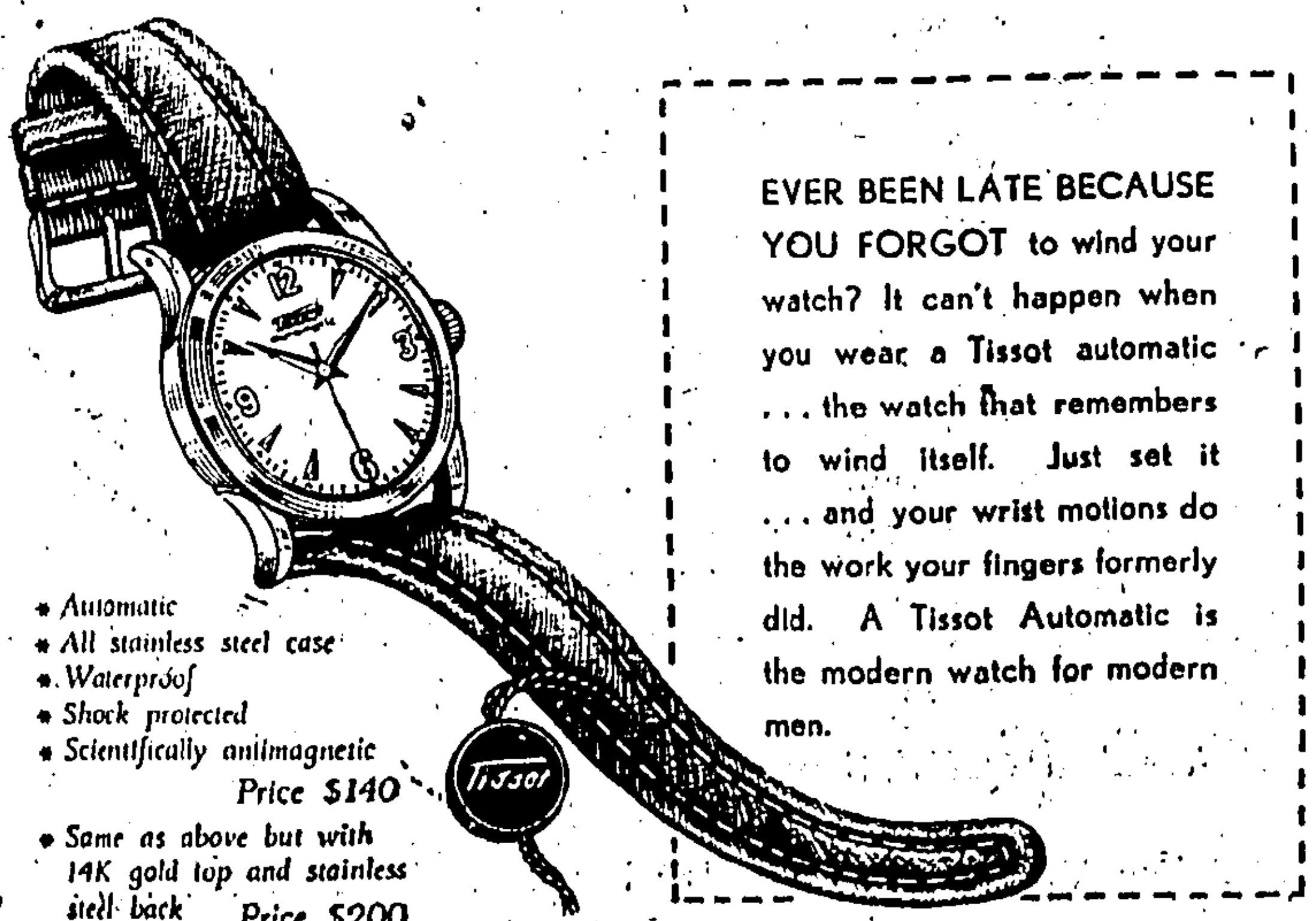
YES NO

● Put your tick in the space above and keep this panel for you until Monday when the answer will be given—with another story in this series by...

Norah's Lofts

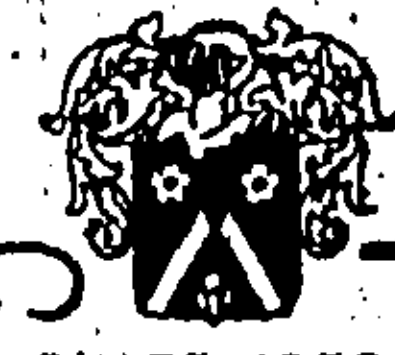
● Did yesterday's story—The Burma Road, by H. L. Davies—actually happen? The answer is: YES.

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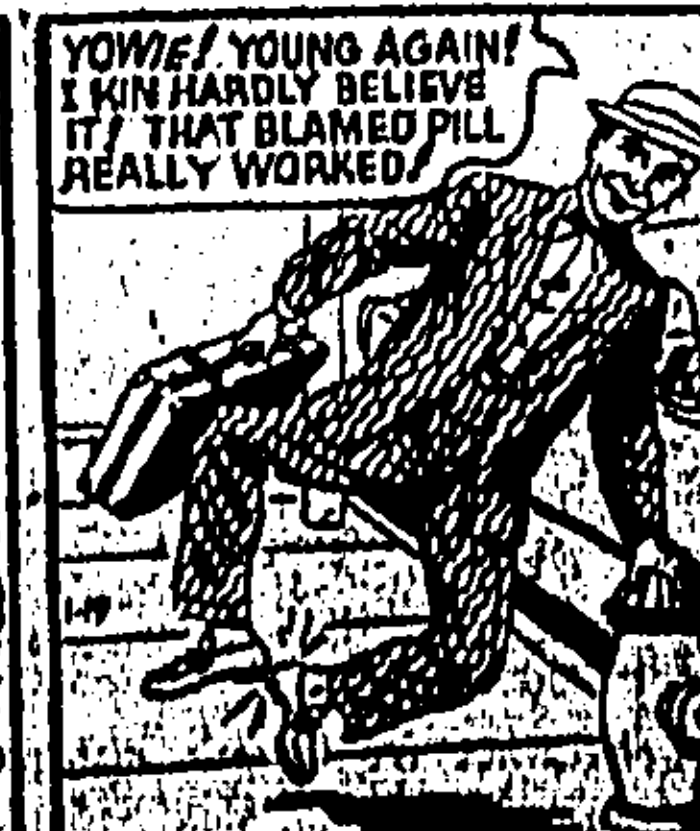
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MANDRAKE THE MAGICIAN



By Lee Falk and Phil Davis



MACLEAN

Are
these
the
men
behind

THE GREAT DE-FREEZE?



BURGESS

I DETECT the hand of two men in Russia's new show of friendship... the hand of the vanished diplomats, Burgess and Maclean

by IAN COLVIN

WHOSE brains are behind the Big De-Freeze with Soviet Russia? The skilful talk and friendly gestures of Soviet statesmen at Geneva, the long series of conciliatory actions that paved their way there, suggest that an expert backroom team is giving close advice to the Kremlin on how to soften the West.

It is certainly not Molotov and Gromyko, whose technique has lagged a little behind the others.

It is improbable that lesser Soviet bureaucrats have produced the master method that transforms Russians we meet from sullen automatons into buddies.

Indeed it cannot be a Russian at all; for some recent Soviet strokes display an uncanny grasp of Western reactions. Whoever it is, he is a demon for psychology. He knows us almost too well.

I BELIEVE IT

FOUR years ago, when two discredited British Foreign Office men decamped behind the Iron Curtain, I strongly resisted the idea that they would play a further role in Soviet policy. Two years ago, when I heard this theory again from a shrewd observer, I was still reluctant to believe it.

But I believe it now. I believe that much of this extraordinary change of face by Russia's leaders that amazes and delights the British and American public is the secret work of Donald Maclean and Guy Burgess.

I do not suggest that Maclean and Burgess have actually changed Soviet policy. What I do suggest is that once Soviet policy was changed, they suddenly became immensely useful. I think they are acting as prompters. They have initiated the Russian mind into the mysteries of the Western mind—an almost interplanetary feat—and taught them how to keep "the ball in play" with a rapidity that is beginning to leave the West rather breathless.

HIS BREAK

CONSIDER the facts of the Maclean and Burgess affair. Donald Maclean, a brilliant if erratic British diplomat of Counselor's rank with special knowledge of American affairs and Anglo-American relations, decided in 1951 to cut and run for Russia.

He was quite a prize; for he knew the secret form in Washington and London almost equally well. He was obviously sincere in his desire to play a part when he arrived; for the Russians found ways of transferring £2,000 to his wife Melinda. She was enticed into Switzerland and thence smuggled into Russia with her children to join her husband. That suggests some long-term employment of a political nature for her husband.

It is my belief that in the course of his embassy duties in Washington Maclean formed the strong impression that America, then sole custodian of the atom bomb, was moving towards a preventive war with Russia. That would explain the passionate outbursts against Americans. It would give a desperate idealist a motive for going East. It may even be that the wildness of British diplomacy has since managed to infect the Russians with his own apprehensions, and bring them to reason.

Of course the death of Stalin in March 1953 made many things possible. But even before that there were signs of an unusual mind at work in the service of the Kremlin.

When the East Coast floods found us, opened in February 1953, Russia sent us £50,000 as a gesture. That would have been neither to Stalin nor Molotov. For our little catastrophe are small compared with the sufferings of Asia. And the Kremlin men without

prompting would hardly give Britain's floods a thought.

WITH bewildering speed the friendship campaign rolled on through the Malenkov interim. It was not left to an exchange of speeches and Notes. Russian newspapers ceased to claim that a Russian had invented the steam engine, that Edison stole the telephone from a Russian professor, and Maclean ditched his wireless ideas from an unrecognized Leningrad genius. This return to sanity was accompanied by a subtle get-together technique.

I ascribe to the Maclean and Burgess brains trust such touches as the evening in a Moscow theatre devoted to British contemporary art, the early 1954 directive to Russian diplo-

omats in Washington and London to go drinking more with Western acquaintances the stopping of dreary Marxist tracts, the sending of ballet companies and singers instead.

I ascribe to them also the dropping of the Red Dean. For someone has insinuated to the Kremlin leaders that there are better ways of getting tension relaxed than parading this ecclesiastical band.

Better facilities for tourists and journalists, a donation to U.N. funds for children, reasoned and prompt Press reaction in Moscow, palatable advertising on British honours, football teams and rowing fours, delegations to the Edinburgh Festival.

Some of these visitors may be Secret Service men, but

nevertheless in the war of gestures Russia has not been left behind. She is actually ahead of us. Someone has taught the Soviet leaders how to use public opinion the Western way.

If Maclean and Burgess were not in a high advisory capacity in Russia they would have been displayed to the world long ago, like the ineffectual Otto John in East Germany. They would have been allowed to broadcast and write articles for the Press. They would have been getting drunk and smashing up cafes in satellite capitals. Instead of that, they have found their life's work.

ON THE SPOT

TO be sure the De-Freeze has many architects at all levels, from Churchill at the Summit to the left wing of the Parliamentary Labour Party. But those deft and rapid touches in Moscow are the work of a team on the spot. What other experts are there who have chosen the East? You could count them on the fingers of one hand.

And none of them seems so well suited to advise on what the West likes as Donald Maclean, ably supported by Guy de Moncy Burgess.

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SHE LOVED ONLY ONE MAN—AND HE DIED

WHY has Greta Garbo never married? What happened to her highly-publicised romances? How does she spend her time? Who are her friends? Questions like these are common whenever Garbo is discussed, and in Hollywood her name is a conversation stopper.

I proved this recently at an enormous supper party after a colossal premiere of a superior motion picture, "Daddy Long Legs."

Champagne flowed like beer. Waiters moved swiftly, serving world-renowned guests with breast of guinea hen under glass, fresh asparagus, green salad, amid talk which buzzed from the semi-circular bar to the periphery of the small dance floor surrounded by a huge crown rampart over a brace of buzzards (the crest, supposedly, of the proprietor of the restaurant).

Names dropped like the petals of the roses blown in from San Francisco, which look better but don't last as long as Hollywood roses.

"Garbo," I said. "Garbo, Garbo." Immediately within my orbit. And the silence spread like the rings in a tranquil pool when a pebble has plopped in.

"Eh, what's that you say about Garbo? What about Garbo? What's that you say?"

I didn't have a chance to finish the sentence.

Actually I was going to say that Garbo was seeing all her old films again at private showings in the Museum Art in New York. No more than that.

But I had firmly said the magic word—Garbo and everything had stopped.

Then, as suddenly, a dozen people began: "Have you seen 'Camille' at the Canyon Theatre? Incredible, isn't it, that one of Garbo's old films should run for ten weeks. But gee, isn't she beautiful? Yeah, have you ever seen such a face as Garbo's? What actress today looks like her?"

ON TO TRIUMPHS

No one mentioned the youthful Robert Taylor in the Garbo classic.

Well, why should they? Garbo's leading men have come and gone, or gone on to triumphs with other stars.

As she stalks from her flat in New York to visit friends or to look at her old films, Garbo might take some consolation in knowing that she continues to live in the cinema world, whereas many who once shared the limelight with her have faded.

I don't think the bohemians to think about that. To her friend Harry Crocker, who with whom she always stays in New York.

THE GARBO STORY PART THREE BY MICHAEL RUDDY

when she visits Southern California, she said: "It is boring to read Garbo still wants to be alone." This I never said. I do want to be left alone! This I never said. I do want to be left alone by people I do not know."

Despite the legend of solitude, Garbo usually sees one or more of her old friends daily. But she does not add to these friends, unless she meets someone new at their homes.

Garbo even came to the parties that she gave. They were regular Sunday "brunches," to which twenty or thirty of her friends came to talk, swim, relax, play tennis, eat and drink.

According to Carey Wilson, John Gilbert asked Garbo to marry him on numerous occasions. Once he almost had her eloping with him. At the last minute, she ran out and he gave up.

Legally, it is as simple as this: Princess Margaret, as great, great, great, great, great granddaughter of George II, has to date been bound by the Royal Marriage Act of 1772.

Garbo smiled when she read about it.

Thus ended the John Gilbert episode. And as for the so-called Garbo 'authorities' who said that the end of it caused her to seek seduction, and to insist she be 'let alone,' I have one terse word: Triple!

The fact is, since the death of Mauritz Suller, Garbo hasn't been the marrying kind. As for her romance with Prince Sigvard of Sweden, it seems to me it was simply a case of two Swedes in propliquity.

HER OWN FOLK

Similarly with Wilhelm Sorensen, son of a rich Stockholm manufacturer. They met while fellow passengers on the Kungsholm, dined together a few times, and the following year he came to Hollywood and saw her.

"It is very pleasant to be with my countryfolk," Garbo often told her friends in Hollywood. "I like to speak Swedish."

This I can confirm. Invited with Mercedes d'Acosta, an old friend, to the home of two writers who had a Swedish cook-housekeeper, Garbo spent an hour in the kitchen talking with the domestic, who had prepared a magnificent smorgasbord in her honour.

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NEXT SATURDAY:

Garbo's Dates With Noel Coward

Princess Margaret's 'Coming Of Age'

(By A SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT)

TOMORROW Princess Margaret will be 25. There will be an informal family party at Balmoral, with the usual cake, candles, and presents, and with Prince Charles and Princess Anne enjoying the fun as much as their vivacious young aunt.

The Queen Mother, who will spend most of the month with Princess Margaret at nearby Birkhall, her Scottish residence, will also be present.

There will be little to show that this is an extra-special birthday and one only significant to descendants of George II.

For at 25 the direct descendants of George II. come fully 'of age.' Then, and not till then, they may choose their own husbands, or wives, without seeking the consent of the reigning Sovereign. Their future thereafter becomes their own.

Wonderful Life

It should be a wonderful life that lies ahead of the Princess—a girl of wit and brains, warm heart, friendly nature, and the kind of beauty that goes hand in hand with happiness.

At the same time she has a basic seriousness that is a good foundation for happiness.

After August 21 she will have complete freedom of choice, and will merely have to notify the Privy Council of her intentions.

In this mid-twentieth century it is likely that Princess Margaret could marry a commoner and retain most of her royal rights and privileges, though she might be asked to renounce for herself and her children all succession rights. This, in itself, would matter less than it might have done, now that the line of succession is established through Prince Charles and Princess Anne.

Princess Margaret will always have lots of friends. She makes them with charming ease—but is very faithful to those she has known for years.

Uprothing has given her that quality. It has also given her a serious side to her nature. At the time of her father's death, Princess Margaret, who missed him terribly, sought comfort in religion and was a frequent visitor to a London church, where she would join in the Communion Service or kneel quietly in silent prayer.

During her West Indian tour last winter she attended mid-morning church services as part of her programme, but they were too public and ceremonial to have any spiritual value.

Mindful of this, she made a point each Sunday of attending, quietly and unobtrusively, a small early Communion Service before most of her party had stirred from their beds.

Loves Children

Princess Margaret loves children, and they, in turn, adore her. The young son (aged six) of Jamaica's Governor made himself almost ill through admiration of her during her week's stay in Government House during her Caribbean tour, and his day was made if he could hold her hand for just a few minutes.

She is very modern in her outlook and is in many ways much a product of her age.

She is intensely musical and a very fine pianist who can appreciate the classics. But she prefers lighter music and is at her happiest when sitting in her flat in Clarence House

listening to records of American song hits or calypsoes. She has a vast collection of such records, and when she and her mother moved into Clarence House she had special wall-cabinets built to take her records.

Princess Margaret has her own little self-contained flat on the second floor of Clarence House, her own lady's-maid (a sister of the Queen's maid), her own Rolls-Royce and chauffeur, and her own front door.

The flat is the nursery wing previously used by Prince Charles and Princess Anne, and consists of a large bedroom, small dining-room, private sitting-room, large reception-room facing the Mall, plus a bathroom and kitchenette.

Duties Increase

There is a private lift to the Princess's front door, so guests feel they are in her home rather than in a suite in her mother's. The Princess herself toured London with the Queen Mother selecting curtains, carpets, and furniture for her flat. Her furniture is a tasteful mixture of new and old, and includes several valuable antiques, such as her Sheraton writing-table inlaid with green leather and many china and glass ornaments.

Invitations pour in to the Princess. She balances them deftly between formal and informal, duty and pleasure. Her mother encourages her to enjoy her leisure hours, with her own friends, and in a way suited to her age.

She fulfils more engagements and does more work than most people realise. Did you know for example that she is President of the N.S.P.C.C.? From dealing with her large letter post each morning, she likes to prepare for engagements by learning as much as she can, so that she can talk readily with the many different people she meets.

She knows that these duties will increase and is prepared for it.

Accordingly she uses her leisure time—she loves the theatre—as fully as possible.

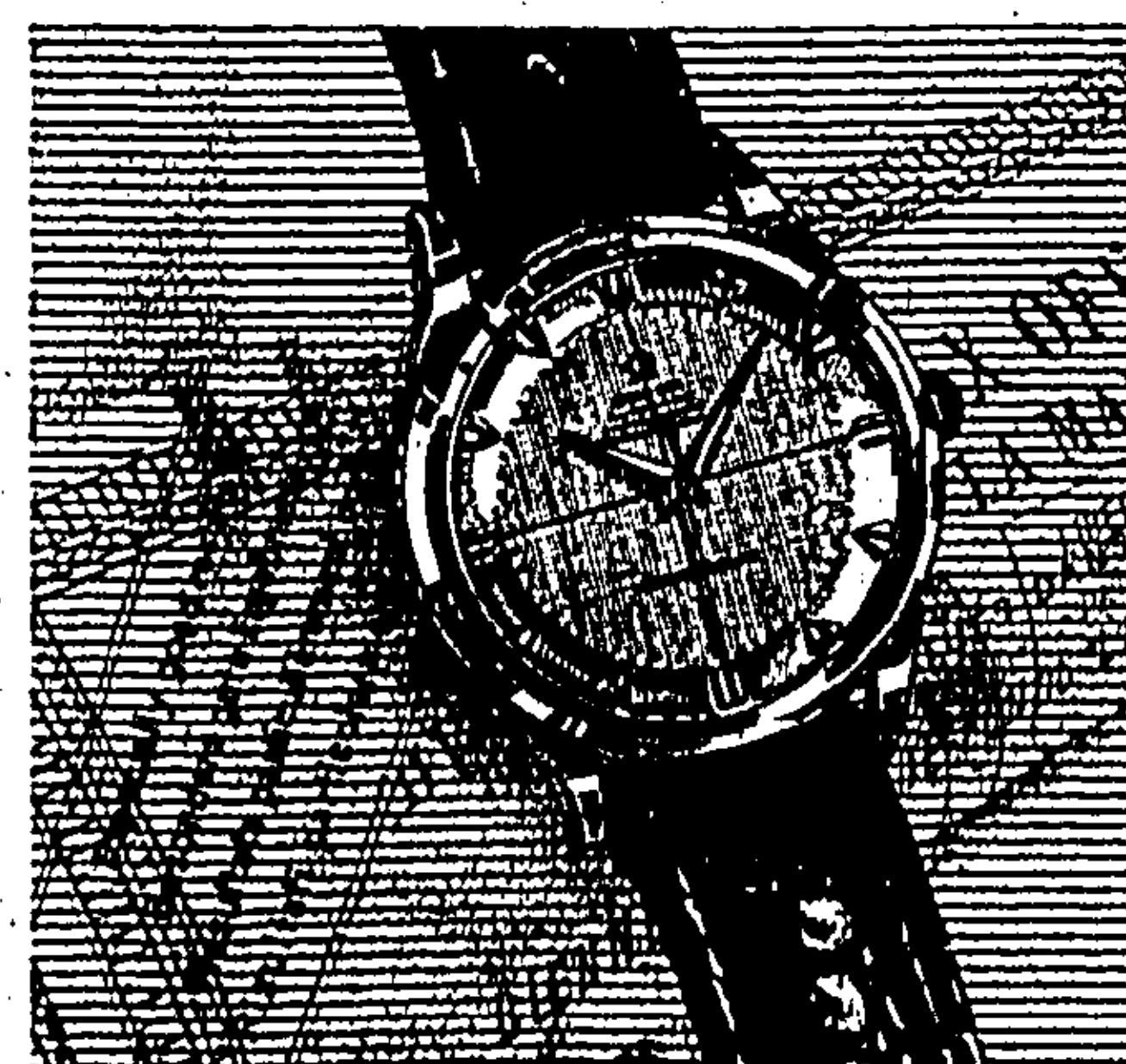
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Triad Societies of the Hongkong Underworld

Their Membership is Placed at 300,000

By Gordon Hung

SCENE: a small, shabby room; a single, dust-covered electric bulb shedding a dim glow in the centre. On the walls are pasted strips of red paper bearing inscriptions in large black characters. Beneath the yellow light, seven serious-faced men are grouped around a wooden table on which stand a glass of wine, a rice bowl, a knife and a live cock with its legs tied together.

With a sudden movement, one of the men seizes the knife and deftly cuts off the head of the bird. Turning to a younger man in the company, who has one hand raised above the table, he hides a presented finger and squeezes a few drops of human blood into the wine. The younger man takes a sip of the mixture, and the other six do likewise in turn.

The first man then brings the knife smartly down on the empty bowl, smashing it into many fragments at one stroke. He then recites a number of phrases, which the one with the pricked finger repeats after him.

ILLEGAL

This is the initiation of a new member into a triad society. You may have read the term "triad society" in newspaper reports of court cases and rightly connected the name with illegal and criminal activities. There are many such societies—brotherhoods of crime which have spread their slimy tentacles over all Hongkong and far cut into other places in the Pacific. Their origin, their organisation, and the extent of their influence are not so widely understood.

The triad societies form the most powerful element in the underworld of Hongkong. Their estimated membership—200,000 to 300,000—is staggering, and sufficiently demonstrates what a

strong hold they have over the Colony's lower classes.

These societies primarily prey upon people who make a living off the streets, or whose livelihood is very near to this level. Apart from actual criminals, their members include labourers, bootblacks, pimps, prostitutes, gaming-house keepers and many other types of shady operators.

Their principal source of income is derived from the organisation and protection of all forms of crime and vice, from racket-picking to drug trafficking.

THREAT

Some societies control the wharves and waterfront coolies; others control different districts and streets in the Colony. Disputes are settled by the society in control of the particular area where the trouble occurs, and its decision is binding upon the disputing parties, backed by the threat of violence from the society's strong-arm boys if it is disregarded.

The majority of triad society members join up because they are intimidated into thinking that they need such a type of protection while earning their living. Others join because of the fear of violence.

Despite the large membership, only about 2,000 are regarded as active, the others being content with the protection they receive from their respective societies. Of the 148 triad societies known to be existing in Hongkong, there are some which have been formed by the womenfolk of male triad members.

Triad societies in Hongkong originated from the Hung Mun Society, formed in China in the 17th century by five monks and others in revolt against the rule of the Manchu Dynasty.

The original objects of the Hung Mun were the overthrow of the Chings, the spreading of the Chinese people. But branch societies were later formed which had only criminal interests. The only connection between these and the real Hung Mun was the similar initiation ceremony.

The word "triad" in Chinese means "three harmonies" (sum hop). Why the words were chosen, and what was the basis for their choice, are things that defeat explanation in the present day, even by people who have studied the subject. The best they can offer is that the term probably refers to the three harmonies of heaven, earth and mankind.

When the Chinese revolutionary movement got under way in 1897 under the leadership of Dr Sun Yat-sen, certain sections of the Hung Mun Society gave it their support. One of the active Hung Mun leaders came to Hongkong and set up the Chung Wo Tong, a society whose aim was to solid support from overseas Chinese for the revolution.

After the success of the revolution, the different societies formed by members of the Hung Mun were infiltrated by criminal elements, who gradually gained control to further their own ends.

POWERFUL

The "Wo" group of triad societies—the oldest and most powerful group of these illegal organisations in Hongkong—was established sometime before the First World War, and it became known in the underworld as the "Moi-tau" (way-mouthed) tong. In time this became split up into many separate triad groups.

The governing body of a triad society is a rather simple

structure, so that at no time mistakes are made in the hierarchy.

In a group society, the ruling body is made up of senior members, with the Main Route Marshal (Tai Lo Yuen Sul) as the head. The Second Route Marshal (Tai Yee Lo Yuen Sul) is the head's assistant.

The various societies within the group have their own officials, of whom the head is called the Chor Kwoon (presiding official), and the second in command—the treasurer—the Chor Tai (chairman) or Chor So (auditor).

The negotiating officials of the societies (or diplomatic officials) are called "White Paper Fans" (Pak Tsze Sin). Their main duty is liaison with other societies. They also act as intermediaries in minor disputes and as revenue collectors.

ALLEGIANCE

The strong-arm section of a society is led by a "Red Rod" (Hung Kwun), who is head of the fighting elements within the society. These are the people who take part in fights with rival societies; more often, they are used to "put the screws on" an outsider who is unwilling to join.

The runners or messengers of the triad societies are called "Straw Stalks" (Cho Hai), and it is their duty to summon the "Red Rods" and as possible fighting members as possible when occasion requires.

All these officials owe their allegiance to the governing body, just as the ordinary members owe their loyalty to their respective leaders or "Chor Kwoon."

Officials of the various societies hold office for one year, and at the society's get-together new officials are elected by the ordinary members. If they find that an official has done his job well throughout the previous year, he may be re-elected.

One thing that counts a great deal towards election to a responsible post is the member's fighting ability, not so much his intelligence.

There was a time when various triad societies were try-

ing to establish a foothold here, and those were the days when triad wars were prevalent. The victors consolidated their positions, and the vanquished crawled back into their dens awaiting better times.

In the present day, triad wars are rare because the Hongkong Police Force has been successful in keeping the peace.

BATTLES

There was a time when triad battles flourished in the streets of the Colony, whenever the "old men" of the societies could not reach agreement in their disputes. And if the Police did not get wind of the fracas, there was a real set-to.

At the appointed time and place, the fighting members would line up on both sides of a street, armed with bicycle chains, choppers, bamboo poles, knives and other weapons.

At an appointed signal, the whole street would be converted into a battlefield. More often than not, the arrival of the Police, duly warned, would drive the triad members into flight and restore peace and quiet.

At one time, the MK triad society, which came from Canton a few years ago, tried to usurp the Wo society's leading position, but with the death of their leader their influence has dissipated.

Triad societies at one time infiltrated even the schools, where youngsters considered it an honour to be accepted into one society or another. But the combined efforts of the Police, parents and teachers have stopped the rot.

MURDER

Numerous crimes with triad connections have come before the Colony's courts on many occasions. One of the most notorious was the murder of a Police constable in Hunghom last December, when the man died of knife wounds and a beating with a bicycle chain. A triad society member was sentenced to death for this murder.

The power of the triad societies lies in their numbers and the threat of violence. But the Hongkong Police Force has been taking energetic action against these law violators. The campaign has been successful, and it is going on relentlessly.

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ONE OF THE WORLD'S STRANGEST STORIES WITCHCRAFT IN THE 20TH CENTURY?

By C. Baker-Carr

WITCHES belong to-day in the nursery. Pagan rites, sorcery and incantations are medieval subjects to be looked up in dusty encyclopaedias. Adults give a polite, indulgent laugh and pass on to more important problems.

But the foul, vicious murder of an old man in Warwickshire ten years ago brought these same dusty volumes down from their shelves. The police were baffled, the villagers terrified and the man-in-the-street left wondering what unseen powers remained to threaten his day-to-day life.

What traces of witchcraft were still left in our sombre twentieth century that a ritualistic old hedge-cutter could be struck down with all the ferocity of a ritual sacrifice?

Charles Walton was the victim, and his killer is still a free man—free for the moment, anyway. Charles Walton was found in a field on the slopes of Meon Hill, a quarter of a mile from the village of Lower Quinton, itself some eight miles from Stratford-on-Avon, at 7 p.m. on St Valentine's Day, 1945. The 74-year-old hedge-cutter should have been in by four o'clock and he was always on time.

Lying On Side

They found him lying on his left side, near to a ditch and the hedge he had been trimming that warm February day. His pitchfork pinned him down by the neck and his long-handled billhook was thrust savagely into his chest. Walton's neck had been slashed in the shape of a cross; the handle of the hayfork was thrust over and wedged under the hedge, forcing his head back and letting the blood seep into the earth where it left a brown stain.

Superintendent Alec W. Spooner, head of Warwickshire Police C.I.D., arrived that evening and he it once called in Scotland Yard. Chief Inspector Bob Fabian (later promoted to superintendent and now retired) came with his assistant, Det. Sgt. Albert Webb, a chief inspector himself now. Motives seemed to be non-existent, for Charles Walton never carried any money and it was never established that his old tin watch had been stolen. Mine detectors were used in searching for it, but the police could not be certain that the old man was, in fact, wearing it that fatal day.

It was then that the chain of mysterious and macabre coincidences began. Charles Walton was often "talked to" by the old man on Meon Hill, of how he stayed indoors unless the weather was fine, and when he did hobble out it was with the aid of two sticks. But the routine police work went on. Over 4,000 statements were taken from nearby soldiers, airman and Italians, Germans and Slavs in a neighbouring prisoner-of-war camp. R.A.F. planes took aerial photographs of the scene and plaster casts were made of each footprint in the murder field.

The timing had been perfect. Prof. Webster found that Walton had been killed at noon when the villagers were starting their mid-day meals. Even though Walton had been a quarter of a mile away he was still in full view of the village, yet no one saw the killer.

Some days after the murder another strange killing was discovered on Meon Hill. A black dog was hanged by its collar on the branches of a large bush not far from where Walton's body had lain. This cruel and peculiar crime was just as inexplicable.

During the investigation a police patrol-car ran over and killed a black dog in one of the narrow lanes. The next day a heifer calf on a nearby farm died suddenly—and for no apparent reason. The lore of witchcraft states that the death or sight of a black dog spells tragedy.

Good Crop

On another occasion, not many days later, policemen watched a boy chase a large black hound across Meon Hill. A detective called out: "After that dog, lad!" The boy turned. "What dog?" he asked. The officer began to explain, but the lad's face had gone a deathly white. "I saw no dog, mister." There was fear in his eyes as he turned and ran for home.

The death of a dog and killing by pitchforking are linked in at least one ancient Roman rite of "Lupercalia." This festival began on February 14 and continued through the following day. Goats and a dog were sacrificed. The victims' blood had to drip into the earth, so providing the necessary life-blood to ensure a good summer crop.

The Druids, too, sacrificed human beings every February 14. One again the blood was supposed to revitalize the soil for the coming year. Was that why Charles Walton's head had been forced back by his own pitchfork—to allow his blood to drain into the earth? (COPYRIGHT)

Old Discoveries

Fabian and his murder team made other odd discoveries. They met with stubbornness when questioning the 493 inhabitants of Lower Quinton; many of the country-folk spoke

The Lure Of The Middle-Aged Englishman—Even The Americans Are Trying To Copy Him

AMERICANS in this country, so I hear, are joining local sports clubs for the purpose of being able to wear the club tie. Also highly favoured are English tweed jackets; probably, soon, even bowler hats will be adopted.

This complimentary burst of Anglophilia—or at least, this unspoken admiration for the Englishman—comes at an unexpected moment. Just precisely when America has given us all a new popular hero-type: the crazy-mixed-up-kid, the Brando-James Dean figure with a set of drums, a motorcycle, a T-shirt and jeans and a personal rebellion against society. A wild, smouldering creature, very far removed from the British ideal of understatement, correct behaviour in the club, and conservative, quiet tailoring.

But all the time the unchanging English dream-boat, the hero unsung by his own countrymen but envied by the rest of the world, presses the elegantly on. Among the things that this country is

really good at—like leather, cars, tweed, tailoring, horses and cricket—the Middle-aged Man comes very high on the list.

The vintage Englishman, together with port, Stilton and a well-kept lawn, matures exquisitely. He just keeps quietly getting better and better. The lines in his face and the wrinkles in his tweeds deepen. Both are built to last, and to be seen at their very finest.

And if charm is a certain bloom on a woman, on the Middle-aged Englishman it positively runs riot like moss on the best kind of stone wall. Indeed the obvious reason why the Englishman is so sadly inclined at an early age to give up worrying about clothes, facials and sex-appeal, is that competing with her husband is simply not worth the struggle. As she ages, so he blossoms. From his prep school days, it has been made clear to him that the world is his oyster, and England in particular is by nature a man's country. That's what God and Nannie said in the beginning.

The prevalent type is tall, lean, greying at the temples, at his breath-taking best when dressed to sit on a horse or attend a white-tie-and-tails dinner. He has the far-away, cold, blue-eyed gaze of a white hunter on the lookout for an other piece of Empire, or at least another set of antlers for the hall.

A military man, you might think by his tailoring, though

by AMANDA MARSHALL

his hair, un-oiled and revealing the contours of a beautifully modelled head, is perhaps a trifle longer than the army might allow. He is a casual-seeming dandy, and conceals an unexpected fondness for after-shave lotions, colognes and expensive toilet preparations done in severe but glittering bottles.

The oldest and most carefully preserved things about him are his shoes and his beliefs. He gives off an intoxicating aroma of good tobacco, whisky, linseed oil, tweed, ozone and gun-powder. He knows his power over dowager duchesses, charladies, children and dogs. No

matter how long and faithfully he has been married, his wife leaves him quite unscarred. He never loses the wistful, Peter-Panish, yet slightly buccaneering appeal of the eternal dedicated bachelor. Women recognise at once that they have been born only to dam his socks.

And always there is about him an unproved but utterly irresistible hint of the rake. He is to be found in all professions—even among dons. In yesterday's films, C. Aubrey Smith and Ronald Colman represented the romantic essence of the breed blossoming under the Californian sun. Today's best exports are Michael Wilding and Stewart Granger, a little wickeder, romantic in a trifle more daring, worldly manner.

Film directors David Lean and Jack Lee are both splendid, slim, fine-boned vintage specimens. Rex Harrison, smooth as the contours of a Rolls Bentley, spruce and sprightly as a bachelor's buttonhole, really just about says it all. Archaeology has the fascinating, cruel, mustachioed Sir Mortimer Wheeler, a Cavalier Colonel disguised as an intellectual. Art has Sir Philip

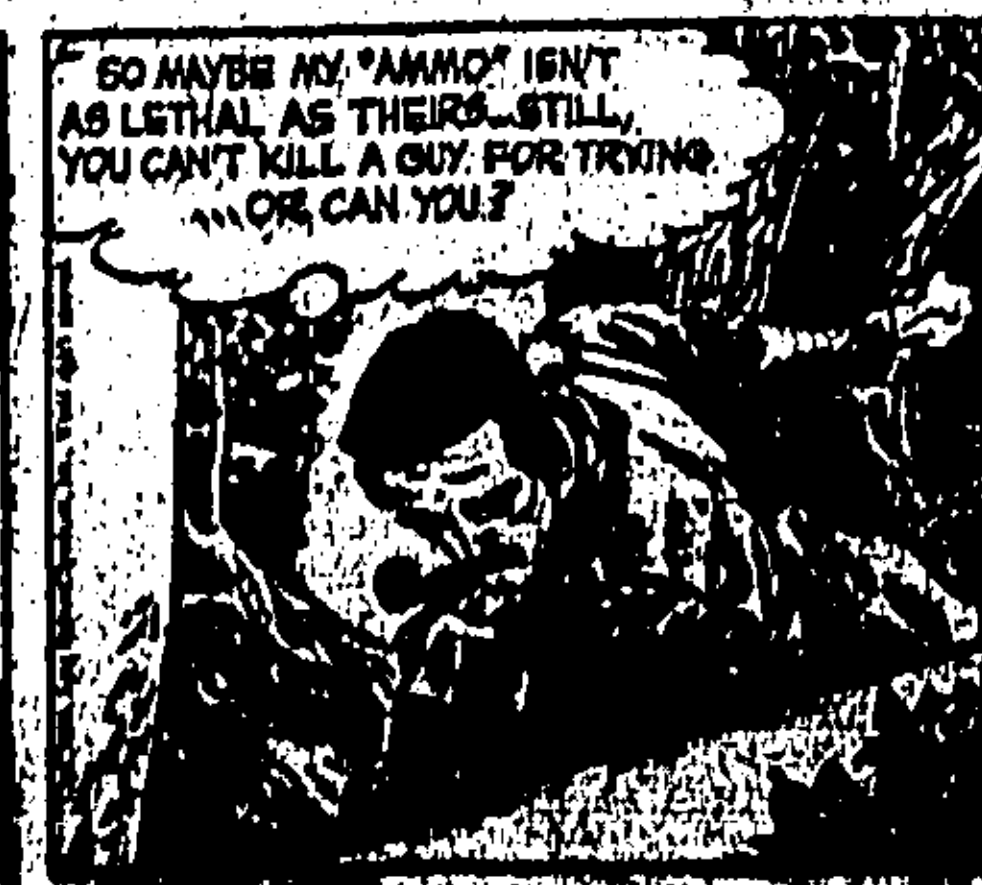
Hendy, who has the lean, brooding handsomeness of a Renaissance prince—poet, and also happens to be Director of the National Gallery. Even the scientific world, where hair is traditionally unkempt and collars are grubby, boasts that glamorous Professor Blackett. And in politics, Sir Anthony Eden has been almost personally responsible for popularising the British Type abroad.

None of them, you notice, is exactly young. Goodness knows or cares how they looked in their twenties. Age cannot wither them; they are just coming up to their prime.

Footnote for those who do not happen to be ravishingly tall, lean, greying Englishmen of around 5ft 10 in: nearly always, the international type of small, roly-poly, dynamic man like Napoleon, Churchill and Picasso, who has actually made mountains move and rivers run backwards. But don't let it get around. (COPYRIGHT)



JOHNNY HAZARD



By Frank Robbins

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An All-Purpose Ensemble

Variations on the dress-and-jacket theme are proving unusually popular in Germany just now. They can be adapted for use in the morning, afternoon and even cocktail time.

FOR late summer and early autumn wear, German women are finding the matching dress and jacket ensemble a most useful addition to their wardrobe. Introduced by the couturiers several seasons ago, this is a fashion which has met with universal approval and is obviously here to stay.

Fine lightweight wool fabrics are a popular choice for these, for their weight and loose weave make them particularly suitable for late summer wear and yet they are warm enough for cooler days.

For day wear, this type of ensemble is designed to look like a suit when worn in its entirety, but there are many with different types of jacket which can be worn for afternoon and even for cocktail wear.

While the day dress-suit is often very youthful in character, because it usually has a very full, pleated skirt, models for the latter part of the day have much slimmer skirts and are more sophisticated and elegant in appearance.

COLOUR EMPHASIS

As regards jackets, those which are lengthened and dip at the back in a slight curve are much favoured. Also gaining in popularity are tunic-style jackets reaching away from the waistline. This line, incidentally, was very prominently featured in the recent German autumn-winter collections.

A clear distinction between models for morning and afternoon wear is emphasised effectively by the choice of materials and colours. Light coloured fabrics are used for street ensembles. There are many fabrics with fine stripes on a white ground, soft melanges, lightweight wool satins, tulle and panamas.

For afternoon wear darker colours—and even black—are the order of the day. Here again, various airy wool materials are to the fore. Particularly suitable for present styles are the soft, flowing wool gorges and almost "weightless" worsteds.

With no very great changes

in the German autumn-winter fashion, although from that shown in the last collections, great attention is being focussed on fabrics.

In the current fabric range there are two parallel trends. On the one hand, there are the smooth, finely woven wool materials and on the other there are the soft, deep-piled wool fabrics which, even to look at, give an impression of warmth.

Shetland tweed is a great favourite. This is shown not only in plain colours, but also patterned—particularly with diagonal stripes. Other patterned fabrics, such as those with a Glen check design, give great scope as regards styling.

NEW TWEEDS

Deep strong colours—for instance, ruby red, sapphire blue and amethyst—are new, but black and white still abound. Particularly interesting are the wool materials with a surface liberally dotted with multi-coloured, raised flecks. These may be either clearly visible, or partially obscured by the fluffy surface of the cloth. An even gayer effect is obtained when threads flecked with grey or white are introduced into the weave. Then the fabric appears to be covered with hoar frost.

Tweeds, in general, have taken on a new appearance. Most of them look like typical examples of handspun and handwoven products from Scotland, whether they are pale or quite dark in colour. There are also tweed-type fabrics which look like Scottish plaids. Jacquard tweeds in a large variety of patterns, and almost-smooth tweeds in small quiet designs. Herringbone pattern tweeds are enjoying a return to favour. In tweeds with a black and white colour combination, the black predominates and the fabrics are close-cropped.

Very new are the nubby boucle tweeds which look like astrakhan. The thick, deep-piled type is used for coats, but there are also lighter weights for suits and ensembles.

Flannel is one of the foremost dress fabrics at the moment. This, however, has taken a new look by the introduction of a



Left: A smart tailored suit worn under a checked boxy jacket.

Below: A cocktail ensemble in fine black worsted. It has a softly-curved decollete neckline. Note the belt, resting on the hips and the way the lower part of the jacket stands away from the skirt, tunic-fashion.

Above: An elegant costume in black wool for afternoon wear. The neckline of the collarless jacket is pointed in front and edged with a white satin band.

Left: A youthful outfit in white wool serge with grey stripes. The skirt is full and pleated. The jacket fastens high with an Eton collar.

Cool Illusion Helps To Beat Heat

New York. BEATING the heat is a matter of what you wear, what you eat and drink, and how you look at the thermometer.

So say such beauty authorities as Helena Rubin-

stein, Dorothy Gray and Lilly Dache. They offer these tips to keep you cool as a rule.

Store your stick, aerosol or liquid colognes in the refrigerator. Their cooling touch then is even cooler. Apply cologne occasionally to temples and wrists. And frequently, soak a wad of cotton in cologne and wipe around the hair-line.

The rule for summer is: everything lighter. Lighter weight clothes, lighter makeup and lighter perfume or cologne scents.

Heavy foundations, powders and mascaras just feel warmer. Wear paler shades of rouge and lipstick; they help create the illusion of coolness. Concentrate on the floral scents of perfume and cologne.

Dust freely with bath or talcum powder after a tepid—not a cold—bath or shower. Keep feet more comfortable, not only by wearing well-ventilated shoes, but by an occasional alcohol rub and dusting with powder.

Shed stockings and girdle if you can do either or both without looking sloppy. But wear leg makeup if you don't have a deep tan. Or select one of the lighter-weight filmer girdles.

Miss Rubinstein suggests warm tea as a beverage—says it has a cooling effect.

Drink plenty of vitamin-filled fruit juices. Summer meals should be varied and hearty enough to meet nutritional needs, you will be cooler if you skip the heavy desserts and concentrate on fresh fruits and ices.

And above all, approach a heat wave with the correct mental attitude. Don't talk about the heat—well, not if you can help it anyway. Don't rush about at the same pace you would on a winter day.

And "think cool." These beauty experts declare that if you follow these rules, you'll stay cool even if you don't have a deep tan. You'll be in a cool room, a cool car, a cool house, a cool day in a cool season. — Dorothy Barkley

A 1940 model—English style—appears in

A Russian Fashion Show

By Shelley Rohde

Moscow. "A NGLISKI MODEL" shrilled a high-pitched female voice—and on to the rostrum marched a stout woman clad in a 1940 style costume.

A commentator at Moscow's great House of Fashion—"Dom Modeli"—was telling a rapt audience—including me, not so rapt—that there was a sample of English fashions.

The creation was a straight, shapeless skirt, a semi-fitted hip-length jacket with large padded shoulders.

I shuddered, and a young woman sitting next to me turned a puzzled face and asked: "You don't really wear clothes like that in England, do you?" I hurriedly assured her: "No, not these days"—and got black looks from my friend with the high-pitched voice.

FROM BELGRADE

"Now this model," she resumed, determinedly pitching her voice one tone higher, "comes from Belgrade." It was a coat of oatmeal colour. It went slop from shoulder to knee. But there was no one there from Belgrade to say yes or no.

All around sat sturdy Russian women, with their shopping baskets, making copious notes of every line, curve, and bobble. For the creations themselves were not for sale. You pick your style. You note its number. Then you rush downstairs and buy the pattern.

I call them creations because they are thought up on Creative Day. That is the day when the team of artists at Dom Modeli are let loose in the streets, the parks, the restaurants to look for their new ideas.

AH, VALYA

The latest ligne de couture? I will give it to you straight from the mouth of the 13th, 5th, directrice, Madam Nadyesha Tretyak.

"Coats are padded at the shoulders, but go straight and narrowing a little at the knees. Dresses have tiny sleeves, semi-fitted waists, and full skirts. Or then there is our new line—a drop waist almost on the hips. (Anybody mention the H-line?) I found one bright feature of the parade: among the plump, middle-aged mannequins—they are chosen for their stock-size measurements—was a blond-haired slip of a girl who wore her plain black beret with a perky air, whose solid button leather shoes did not squeak quite as much as the others, whose hips were under 40.

Ah, I thought, this girl, Valya Zamova, must be a real model and the others only holiday relics. I asked her, "I am not really in this department at all," she said. "Actually I am in the workshop, but one of the models is away today."

So that's where the fashion personality hides—in the workshop.



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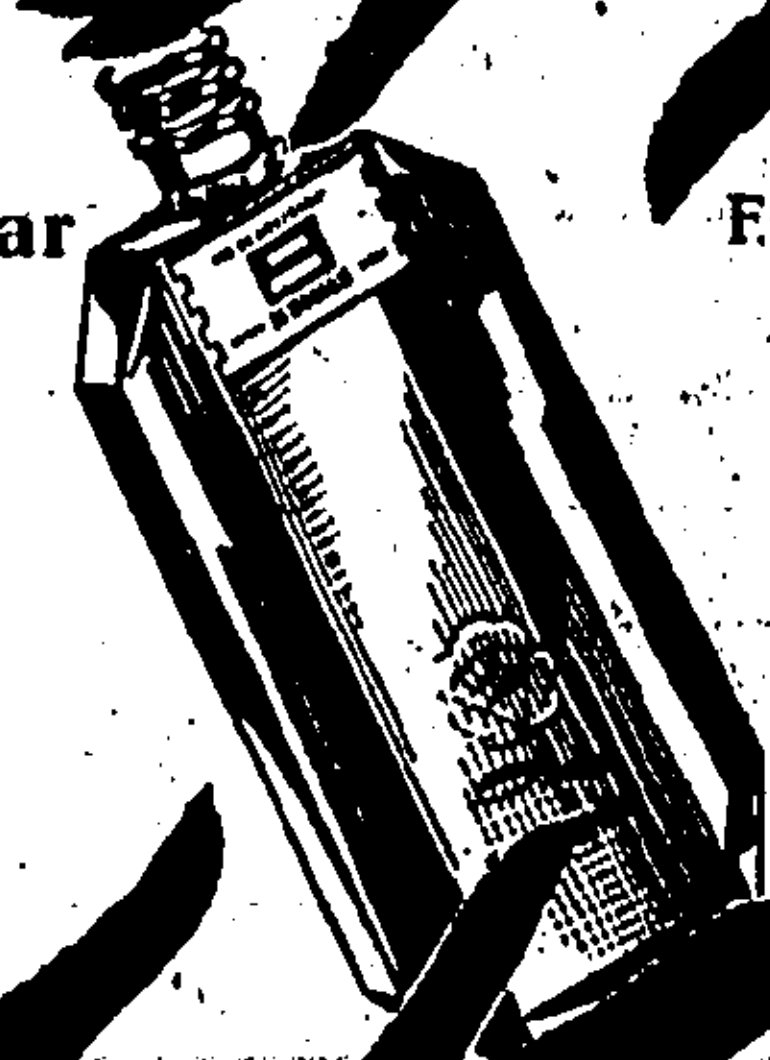
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Lurex, the non-tarnish metallic yarn, is revolutionising the fashion trade

THE GLITTER LOOK BRINGS GLAMOUR

London. THE glitter look has arrived in London. Materials with a cloth-of-gold gleam, metallic fabrics with the Midas touch..... these make news here now.

Metallic thread in itself is, of course, not new. In some form or other cloth woven with metals has existed for centuries. But a metallic thread that will not tarnish, can be washed

and dry cleaned—that is something new. And these are just the qualities claimed for Lurex, the new metallic yarn, which is hitting the jackpot here just now.

Although first produced in the United States eight years ago, it is only this year being produced in quantity in this country.

A few technical details explain the way in which it differs from its predecessors.

Basically, Lurex is sheet aluminium sandwiched between colourless plastic film. This plastic film seals the aluminium, prevents air from reaching it and so protects it from tarnishing and from chemicals in dry-cleaning. The plastic film is fixed to the aluminium by an adhesive to which the colour pigment is added, and the aluminium then cut into threads of varying thicknesses.

A thirty-man development unit in Windsor Forest handles the production side, turning out literally millions of miles of thread. Over twenty colours are produced, some of them bright glittering colours, others softer pastel shades.

So far sixty countries have booked orders that could not be placed in the States because of dollar restrictions. One of the biggest potential markets is India, where a big demand is expected for saris.

In the fashion trade itself, everyone from top couturiers in London, Paris and Dublin to cottage weavers in Cornwall is interested. Christian Dior and Hardy Amies, as well as Sybil Connolly, all use it in their current collections.

It brings the full glamour treatment to all kinds of fabrics. At the London showroom, I saw cream brocade embroidered with a pale gleaming rose pattern, silk woven with a multi-coloured thread and gingham lighted with silver thread.

One American firm has produced an ecological gold cloth (with Valisean approval) and another a fine tropical suiting, pale blue, criss-crossed with gold which, they tell me, is a winner there for men's dinner jackets.

First question everyone asks is whether this metallic process adds much to the cost of the garment. It is surprising to find that in fact, it adds very little. On a yard of cotton, for



Gold thread highlights the slate blue brocade which makes this slim sheath party dress.

instance, the additional cost is only sixpence.

The dress houses have taken it up enthusiastically. Evening materials here vary from quietly striped sheers to all-metal surfaced cloths of gold and silver. One of the most unusual fabrics is wool finely woven with metallic thread to scintillate as the light catches it.

For the ball dress illustrated, gold nylon woven with gold thread has been chosen. The close-fitting long-waisted bodice is heavily embroidered with sequins, but the skirt is full and simple to display the richness of the fabric. For the slim sheath party dress, slate blue brocade woven with gold has been selected. The dress has a tunic top, with wide straps buttoning on to the bodice and drapery on the skirt.

Don't imagine, though, that Lurex is seen only on fashion fabrics. Far from it. It can be combined with any fabric and with any type of yarn, either natural or synthetic. Car upholstery, umbrellas, lampshades, linen tablecloths, men's ties and waistcoats, these are some of the things it is used for. It is also on sale by the yard for embroidery.

This metallic thread is certainly a novelty, but its makers are confident that it will still be in demand ever when the novelty has faded. As America's leading textile manufacturer says: "It is a new yarn in a new way."

— Dorothy Barkley



Gold thread adds the shimmer to the blue nylon skirt of this evening dress.



TWO young Asian republics celebrated their Independence Days this week. His Excellency the Governor and Lady Grantham are seen above at the Indonesian reception (left) and at the Korean reception (right). They are shown with the Indonesian Consul-General and Mrs. Iskander Ishak and the Korean Consul-General and Mrs. Chang J. Park. (Staff Photographer)



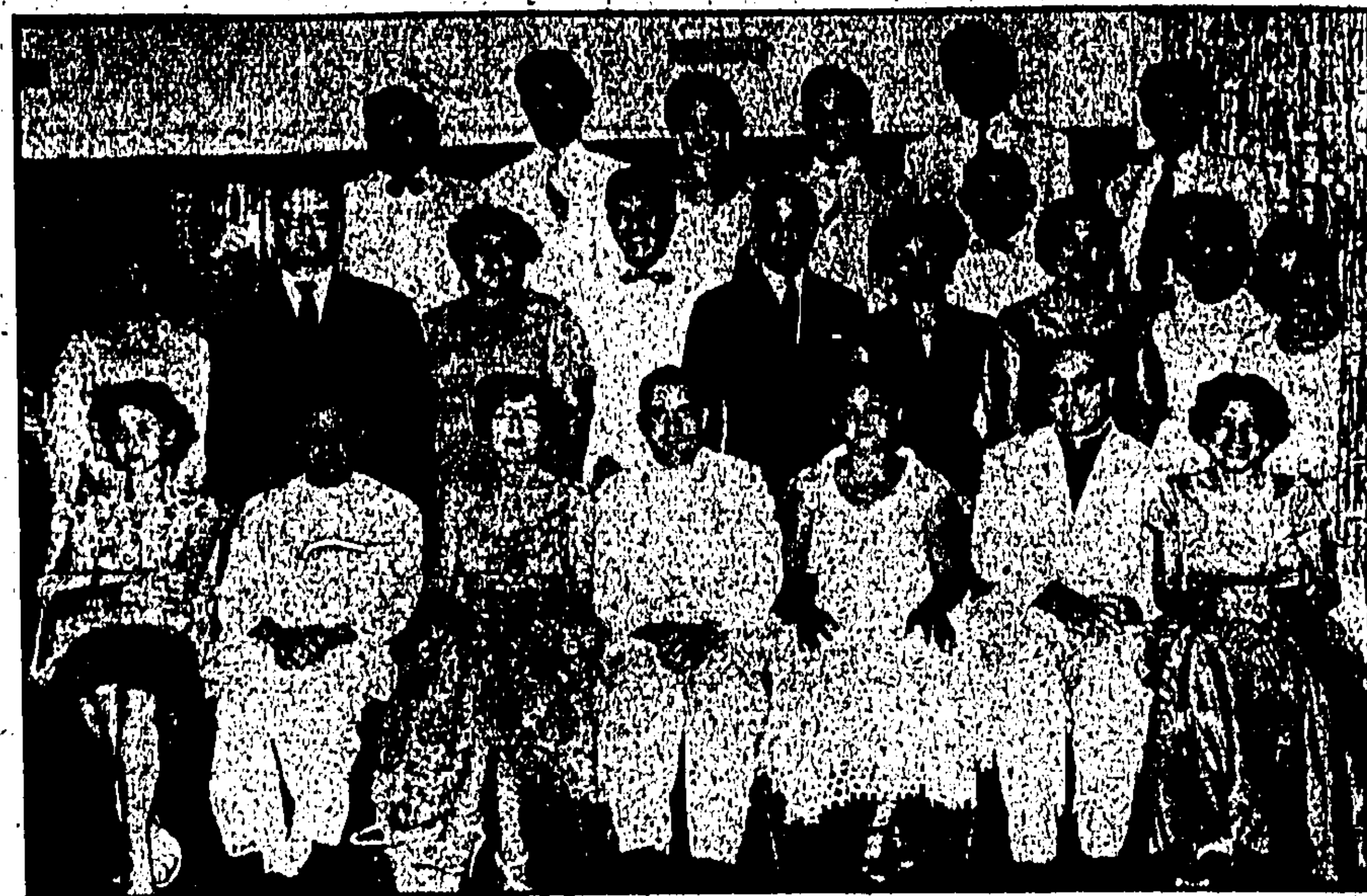
LEFT: Mr. Lau Ping-ming and Miss Tsui Lai-kuen leaving the Kau Yan Church after their wedding last Saturday. The reception was held at the Chinese Chamber of Commerce.



MR William Carnie, director of the Watch Tower Society, speaking at the conference of Jehovah's Witnesses at the New Method College last Sunday. (Staff Photographer)



LEFT: Happy group outside the Marriage Registry after the wedding of Mr. Ronald Geoffrey Blair Wyatt and Mrs. Winifred Price. (Staff Photographer)



PARTY given by the Association of Our Lady of Guadalupe at the Sky Restaurant in honour of the Rev. Fr V. Vicente, O.P., ecclesiastical counsellor of the Association, who has been transferred to Manila. Fr Vicente is seated in the centre. (Willie's)



MR G. M. Hughes cutting the cake at his birthday party given in the offices of the American International Assurance Co., Ltd., of which he is managing director.



SEVERAL nationalities are represented at the International Boys' Camp which is being held at Stanley. Some of them are seen (left) on visitors' day. Above: Knack of balance is needed in this race. (Staff Photographer)

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HONGKONG



THE 7th Hussars team (Sgt. Whittaker and Cpl. Fawcett) who secured the highest points in the 48 Gurkha Infantry Brigade motorcycle trials held in the New Territories. (Staff Photographer)



MR C. E. Morton, acting general manager of Shell Company of Hongkong, Ltd., with eight-year-old Tam Oi-chun, who won a bicycle for coming first in Shell's children's painting competition. (Staff Photographer)

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THE Director of Education, the Hon. D. J. S. Crozier, addressing teachers assembled for their summer conference at St Stephen's College, Stanley. (Staff Photographer)



AFTER the Sheko Country Club annual swimming gala held last Sunday. Master Anthony Brown, winner of the W. A. Stewart Cup for Boys, and Miss Anne Dickson Leach, winner of the W. A. Stewart Cup for Girls. (Ming Yuen)



THE Endeavourers held a dinner at the Happy Valley Welfare Centre last Sunday to thank volunteer actors and actresses who helped in their recent charity play, "Leung Hung Yuk." Mrs Li Sui-keung, one of those who took part, receives a souvenir from Mrs D. R. W. Alexander. (Staff Photographer)



MR Edgar James Fleming and his bride, the former Miss Moira Gemmell Anderson, leaving the Union Church, Kennedy Road, after their wedding last Saturday. (Staff Photographer)

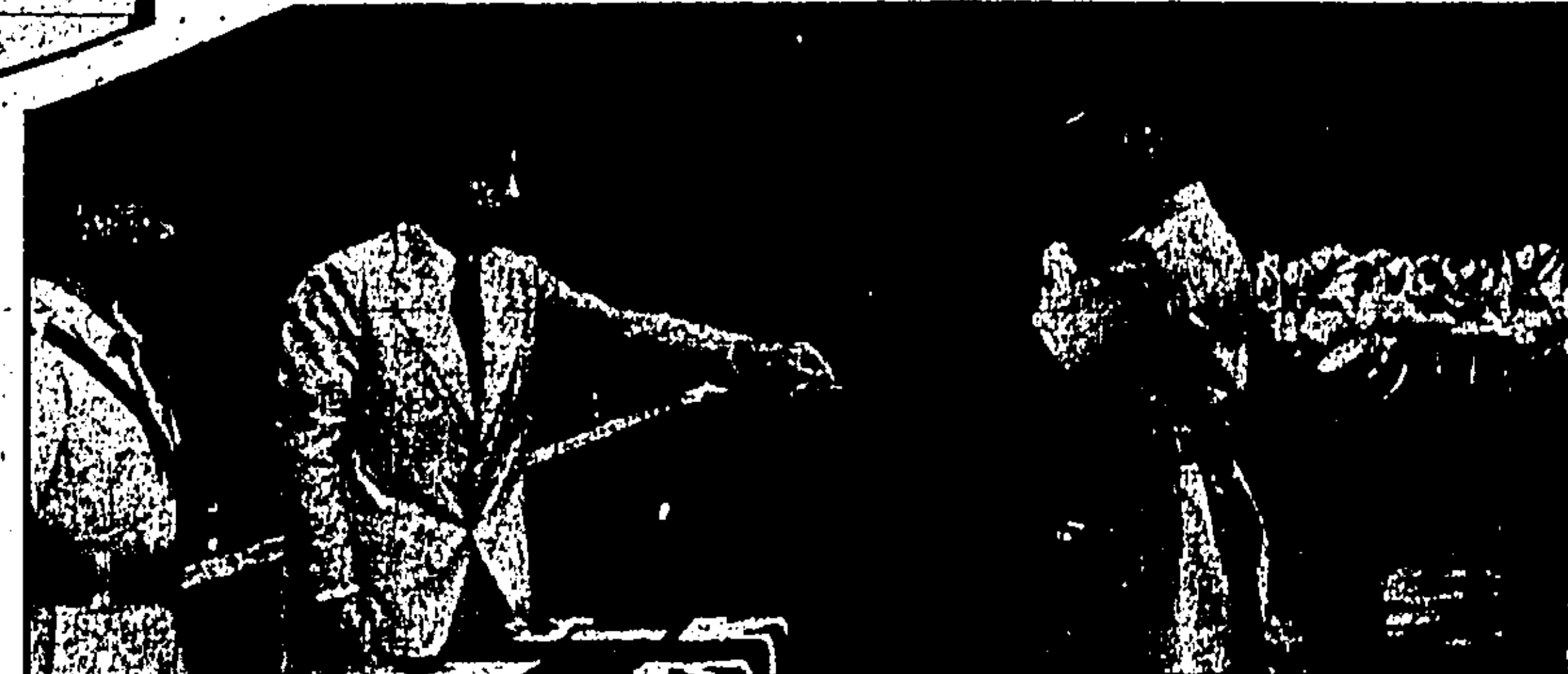


LEFT: Competitors in the Hongkong Small-bore Pistol League taking aim at the Hongkong Gun Club, Kwai Chung, last Sunday. The Gun Club is leading in the League. (Staff Photographer)

LT-COL O. G. W. White, Commanding Officer of the 1st Battalion, The Dorset Regiment, talking to reporters aboard the troopship Dunera which passed through last week on the way from Korea to the United Kingdom. The Dorsets have completed their duty in Korea and are returning home. On the right is Major K. C. Harvey, Army PRO. (Staff Photographer)

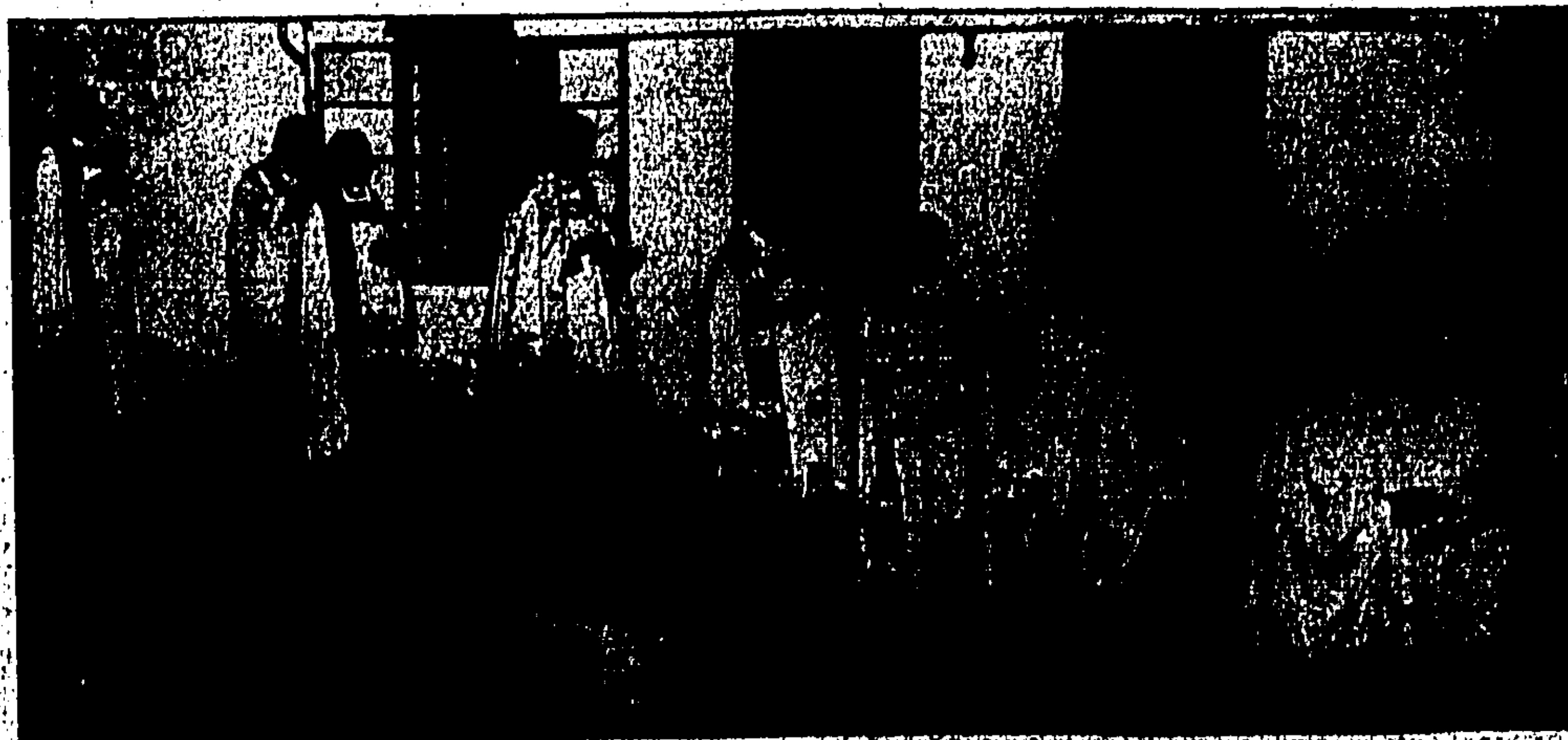


MR Russell Spurr (second from right), Daily Express correspondent, at the Kowloon Rotary Club where he spoke on the situation in Indo-China. He has just returned from a trip to Red China, and his impressions appear on Page 5. Others in picture are Messrs W. J. Blackie, K.M.A. Barnett and R. Shun Wah. (Staff Photographer)



THE Hon. C.E.M. Terry presenting a silver whistle to PC Fung Ping, best recruit, at the Police Training School passing-out parade last Saturday. (Staff Photographer)

LEFT: The flag-raising ceremony at the Hounan Mosque on the occasion of Pakistan National Day. (Staff Photographer)



A thanksgiving service was held at St Stephen's Church, Bonham Road, last Saturday to commemorate its 90th anniversary. Picture shows clergy who took part in the service walking in procession. (Staff Photographer)

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EXCESSIVE REST CAN BE HARMFUL

By W. W. BAUER, M.D.

WHAT'S that? Too much rest the sovereign remedy for all diseases. I could just once get enough rest. . . .

Many persons could indeed do with more rest in the hustle and bustle of their daily lives. But the evil effects of the excessive rest involved in retirement have long been suspected, and are now beginning to be proved. Unless actual disability demands retirement or partial relief from responsibilities, aging persons live longer and enjoy better health if they do not retire, but merely change one occupation for another when forced out of a job by arbitrary age regulations.

TOXIC—EVEN FATAL

Dr. W. Melville Arnott, of the University of Birmingham, England, goes much further. He says, "the truth is that an over-dose rest is very toxic and even lethal, and should be classed as one of the most powerful of the drugs of addiction." That's a strong statement. Toxic means poisonous; lethal means fatal; and addiction is the curse of the narcotic habit. The first reaction is, prove it. And so he does.

It is customary, he argues, for a sick person to spend his time in bed. The medical literature is full of pronouncements proclaim-

ing the capillaries become fragile and, tended to bleed into the skin.

It took these subjects six weeks to return to normal.

Of course, everyone requires normal rest. These evil results came from an overdose, too much of a good thing.

General medical observations bear out Arnott's theory. One of the most distressing occurrences in medicine is the sudden death of a patient apparently recovered from surgery, often when preparing to leave the hospital. This was due to pulmonary (lung) embolism, the plunging of a long blood vessel by a clot formed usually in the veins of the leg because of prolonged rest. With early "mobilization" or moving about, contraction in the veins in which clots form is reduced, and so are these deaths. The arthritis for whom rest is prescribed, is advised to alternate it with moderate exercise plus gentle massage; and he feels better and has less crippling. The polio victim rests only until the acute infection subsides, then he starts on an active round of rehabilitation. Muscles of a limb in a cast used to wither until the need for passive exercise was recognized.

AN ESCAPE

Psychologically, the same principles hold true. Rest in excess is definitely habit-forming, to the extent of making a lazy good-for-nothing of its addict. And the person who retreats into illness as an escape soon becomes unable to meet the normal strains and stresses of life. The normal person needs activity to remain healthy. Except during acute illness, when a doctor judiciously replaces rest in the doctor's programme of treatment.

When your doctor gets you, or a patient in whom you are interested, up and around with surprising promptness, don't be surprised.

Knit While You Relax

Materials: 4 ozs. Munrospun 'Nestledown' wool. Small quantity of contrast wool. 1 pair each Nos. 12 and 14 knitting needles.

Measurements: 1st size 2nd size
Bust 34 ins. 36 ins.
Length 18 ins. 18½ ins.
Sleeve seam 3½ ins. 3½ ins.

Tension: 9 sts. to 1 in.
Abbreviations: K, knit; p, purl; st. or st., stitch or stitches; in. or ins., inch or inches; st. st., stocking stitch; inc., increase or increases; dec., decrease or decreases; cont., continue; rep., repeat; alt., alternate; foll., following; tog., together; sl., slip; p.s.s.o., pass slipped stitch over.

N.B. Instructions are given for 1st size. Follow figures in brackets for 2nd size. When only one set of figures is given this refers to both sizes.

Front

Using No. 14 needles, cast on 120 (134) sts. and work in k. 1, p. 1 rib for 3¼ ins. Change to No. 12 needles and cont. in st. st. inc. at both ends of the 7th st. and every foll. 8th row until there are 148 (158) sts.

Cont. without further shaping until work measures 11 (11½) ins. from beg. measured at side edge and ending with a p. row.

Shape Armholes

Cast off 3 sts. at beg. of next 2 rows.

Next row: K. 3, k. 2 tog., k. to last 5 sts., sl. 1, k. 1, p.s.s.o., k. 3.

Next row: P.
Rep. last 2 rows until 112 (122) sts. remain.

Cont. in st. st. until work measures 16 (16½) ins. from beg. ending with a p. row.

Next row: K. 45 (50), cast off 22, k. 45 (50).

Work on last set of 45 (50) sts. and dec. at neck edge on every row until work measures 18 (18½) ins. and 24 sts. remain. Cast off remaining sts. (45) and (50) and work to match opposite side.

Back

Follow instructions as given for Front until armhole shaping.

has been completed and work measures 10 (10½) ins. from beg.

Cont. without further shaping until work measures 17 (17½) ins. ending with p. row.

Next row: K. 30 (40), cast off 42, k. 35 (40).

Work on last set of 35 (40) sts. and dec. at neck edge on every row until 24 sts. remain and work measures 18 (18½) ins. Cast off. Return to remaining 35 (40) sts. and work to match opposite side.

Sleeves

Using No. 14 needles cast on 104 sts. and work in k. 1, p. 1 rib for 1 in.

Change to No. 12 needles and work in st. st. inc. at both ends of the 3rd and every foll. 4th row until there are 116 sts. Cont. without further shaping until work measures 3¼ ins. from beg.

Shape Top

Cast off 3 sts. at beg. of next 2 rows.

Next row: K. 3, k. 2 tog., k. to last 5 sts., sl. 1, k. 1, p.s.s.o., k. 3.

Next row: P.
Rep. to last 2 rows until 80 sts. remain. Cast off.

Cuff Top

Using No. 14 needles, cast on 260 sts. and proceed as follows:—

Work 6 rows in k. 1, p. 1 rib, then work 2 rows st. st.

Change to contrast wool.

Next row: K. 1, x wool forward to make 1 k. 2 tog. Rep. from x to last st. k. 1.

Next row: P.
Change again to main colour and work 4 rows st. st. Change to contrast.

Next row: K.
Next row: K.
Change to main colour and k. next row. Then cont. to work in k. 1, p. 1 rib for a further 1½ ins. Cast off in rib.

To Make Up

Press all pieces to correct measurements with a hot iron over a damp cloth. Join shoulder seams and set in sleeves. Press armhole seams flat. Join side seam on cuff top so that contrast points form splotch edge and stitch on inside. Sew cuff top to neck edge making seams on inside and turn over on to right side of work. Join ends of top. Press very lightly in position. Press seams.

Knitting Pattern Error

A reader has kindly drawn attention to an error in last week's knitting pattern as published in the China Mail.

"The Back, 7th row of pattern, should have read: St. 1, x k. 1, w. or m., sl. 1, k. 1, p.s.s.o. etc."

Omitted last week was the third symbol in the row, p. 1.

Add A New Sparkle To Old Things

UNFINISHED wood in drawers has a way of absorbing moisture, causing it to swell and stick.

Before she started to sand the surface, one smart housewife left a lighted bulb in the drawer for a minute or two. Reported that it did a good wood-shrinking job.

Another small but annoying problem is the wooden drawer pull that keeps coming off because the screws will no longer hold in the wood. Just fill the hole in the drawer pull with plastic wood, and screw or push the drawer back to place immediately. Let the plastic harden overnight before using the pull again.

We've been admiring the plant holders on our neighbour's terrace.

Original Plant Holders

Well, what were they originally but old metal pails!

Clean white rope was coiled neatly around the outside of the pail, then given a coat of fresh white shellac.

A second coating was applied. Big glass pitchers placed in the buckets held handsome foliage and branches that rustle nicely whenever a vagrant breeze comes along.

An effective way to combat dirt that settles in the narrow dividing line around each tile of tiled floors and walls is to wet an old toothbrush, coat the brushes with soap, and then scrub away along the tile lines. Be careful not to scratch the tiles.

Crushing small bits of the tiles has been worked over. Then wipe them off with a sponge rinsed in clean water—and see the bright new sparkle!

A FRENCH DINNER menu: roast lamb, with potatoes, baby zucchini, grilled mushrooms and asparagus with Hollandaise sauce.

—ELANOR ROSE

Succulent Roast Lamb Is A Favourite French Dish

By Ida Bailey Allen

"La selle d'agneau Per-sille de France Chate-laine is a favourite French main dish, Madame," remarked the Chef.

"That means 'saddle of lamb with parsley in the style of a grand homemaker,'" I remarked, proudly.

"Out, Madame, my compliments on your fine understanding! This dish is also a speciality of the chef of the French Liner. I had dinner recently on the Liberte, one of their liners, and this is how it was prepared:

Roast Lamb Chate-laine
Roast a saddle of lamb as usual. Then stuff thickly with chopped parsley and coarse bread crumbs, lightly browned in butter with a little garlic.

"This treatment makes an elegant saddle of lamb even more appetising and transforms a plain roast lamb shoulder into elegance."

"On the French Liner the accompanying vegetables were zucchini, asparagus, mushrooms, hearts of artichokes and pommes noisettes, thumb-sized pieces of potato fried brown, which are like nuts."

"One-half cup of dry white wine was poured over the lamb just before serving. Our home-makers may prefer to use ¼ cup fresh lemon juice instead. The flavour is very refreshing."

Dinner

Tomato Aspic Saladettes
Roast Lamb, Chate-laine
Potato "Noisettes"
Braised Zucchini
French Bread - Camembert
Asparagus Hollandaise

Serve cooked asparagus spread out like a fan on a napkin, with the Hollandaise in a sauce-boat. Très elegante.

Suggestion of the Chef
Serve cooked asparagus spread out like a fan on a napkin, with the Hollandaise in a sauce-boat. Très elegante.

Transfer to a 3 qt. casserole. Cover the top with ¼ c. enriched bread crumbs mixed with 3 tsp. melted butter and ½ c. grated sharp cheese. Brown in a hot oven, 400° F., or refrigerate and brown at serving time.

Big Macaroni - and - Cheese
Casserole: Add 4 c. high-protein macaroni to 8 c. rapidly boiling water containing 2 tsp. salt. Boil rapidly until the macaroni is barely bite-tender, about 12 min.

Add 3 c. milk, 1½ c. grated cheese, ¼ tsp. pepper, ½ tsp. monosodium glutamate, 3 tsp. flour dissolved in 3 tsp. milk, and 1½ tsp. butter or margarine. Cook and stir until boiling.

Transfer to a 3 qt. casserole. Cover the top with ¼ c. enriched bread crumbs mixed with 3 tsp. melted butter and ½ c. grated sharp cheese. Brown in a hot oven, 400° F., or refrigerate and brown at serving time.

Tomorrow's Dinner
Turn-Olive Saladettes
Big Macaroni-and-Cheese
Casserole
Garlic Bread Stewed Tomatoes
Ice Cream Peach Sundae
Hot or Iced Coffee or Tea Milk

All Measurements Are Level
Recipes Proportioned to Serve 4 to 6

Big Macaroni - and - Cheese
Casserole: Add 4 c. high-protein macaroni to 8 c. rapidly boiling water containing 2 tsp. salt. Boil rapidly until the macaroni is barely bite-tender, about 12 min.

Add 3 c. milk, 1½ c. grated cheese, ¼ tsp. pepper, ½ tsp. monosodium glutamate, 3 tsp. flour dissolved in 3 tsp. milk, and 1½ tsp. butter or margarine. Cook and stir until boiling.

Transfer to a 3 qt. casserole. Cover the top with ¼ c. enriched bread crumbs mixed with 3 tsp. melted butter and ½ c. grated sharp cheese. Brown in a hot oven, 400° F., or refrigerate and brown at serving time.

Tomorrow's Dinner
Turn-Olive Saladettes
Big Macaroni-and-Cheese
Casserole
Garlic Bread Stewed Tomatoes
Ice Cream Peach Sundae
Hot or Iced Coffee or Tea Milk

Paper Dolls Make Money For Housewife, Artist

White Plains, N.Y. SMALL girls have been cutting out paper dolls since scissors were invented. But it has taken a 40-year-old grandmother and a young New York advertising agency artist to turn this child's play into adult income.

Mrs. Louis Tiernan, wife of an insurance executive and grandmother of three, and Miss Carol Ann McKenna, the artist, make three-dimensional paper dolls and wardrobes, and package them in assemble-it-yourself kits for the kiddies. With each doll goes a story the child can read.

Their first doll came out last year and was an immediate hit. It sold through toy shops and department stores. This year, their second doll—they plan one design each year—is a bride with paper hair, satin paper dress, but real tulle veil and real ribbon sash. She will be sold by mail order only.

"We just decided the only way we can keep this business from getting too big is to keep it direct mail," said Mrs. Tiernan.

Mrs. Tiernan, who does all her own housework, cuts and assembles the doll parts and wardrobes in "my studio"—one room of her house. Miss McKenna works either at her

office after hours or her home in Bronxville, N. Y., giving the professional touch to drawings and painting the dresses and doll features.

Mrs. Tiernan, a native of Omaha, Neb., said that, "Eighteen or 20 years ago, I studied puppetry and modelled paper-mache dolls. I also took costume design. So all my training just fitted this doll business."

She first made doll wardrobes of real fabrics and sold them, to F. A. O. Schwarz, the famous New York toy store.

Eventually she opened a doll repair shop in White Plains, and specialised in restoration of valuable antique dolls for dealers.

PROFESSIONAL ADVICE
"The shop got to be full-time, so I sold it," she said.

"But I'd had that idea of paper dolls for a long time, now seemed a good time to go to work on it."

The women started with \$500 capital and "made money right from the beginning," said Mrs. Tiernan. But the profit has been ploughed back into production as orders multiplied.

Mrs. Tiernan advised any woman planning to start a project to seek professional advice before spending capital.

"I took a sample of my doll kit to the woman's programme," she said. "They gave me a lot of guidance." She referred to the

woman's programme of the New York State Department of Commerce. The programme, only one of its kind in the nation, specialises in helping women with problems of pricing, expansion and distribution of their products.—United Press.

THE day may come when you'll be able to pick up a telephone and order a den for your house, complete with books, red leather chairs and a mounted head of your mother-in-law.

Or, if the den doesn't appeal to you, how about a house shaped like a star, a crescent, an ice cream cone, or Gina Lollobrigida?

It's all possible in the giddy world of the future, says Jerry Luss, a New York architect, who is convinced the house of say 2000 A.D. will be a real reflection of the owner's personality.

Luss, who works for an organization called Designs for Business, says that "houses, like the human body, will be machines for living. And like the body, they will be built from the inside out."

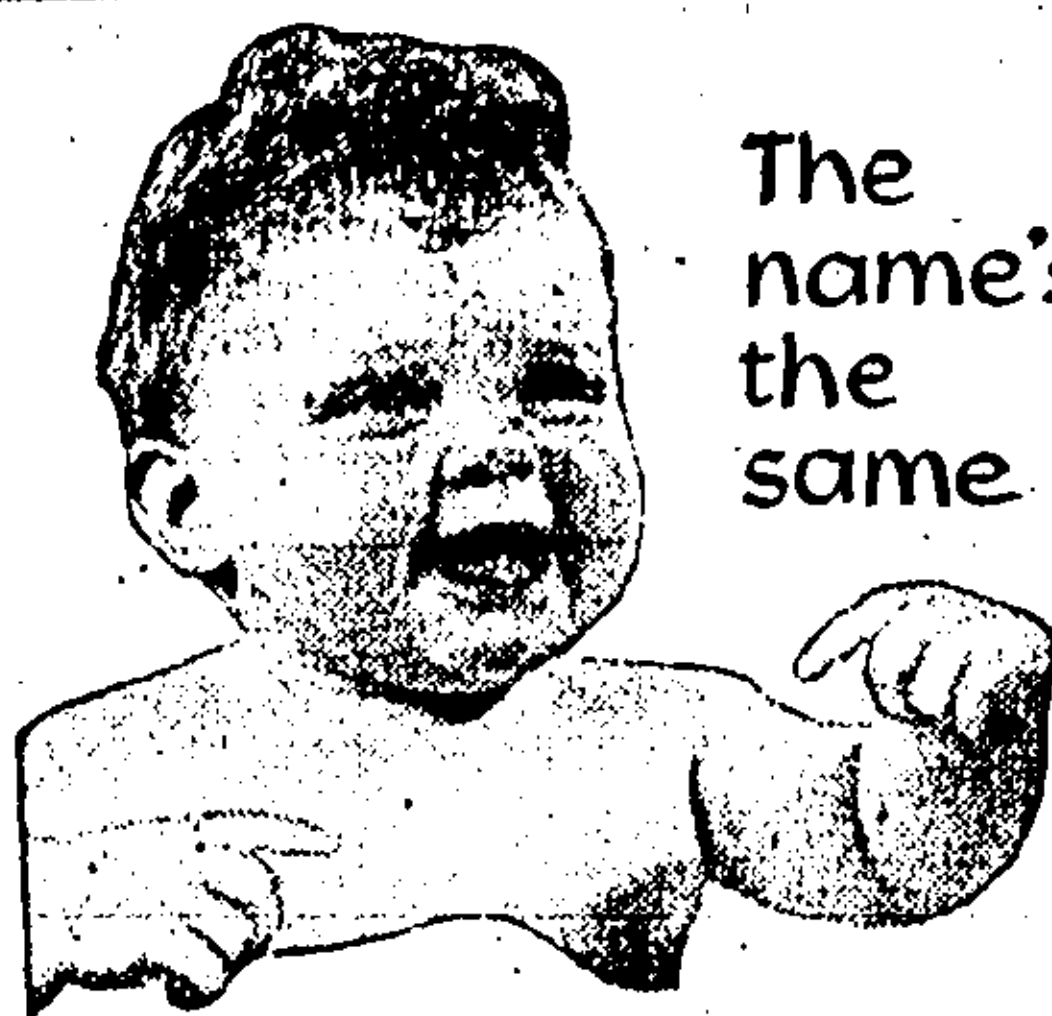
As Luss sees it, the house of the future won't be constructed on one solid block of foundation. There will be no foundation—instead, a reinforced slab of something like foam rubber will sit on the ground.

Individual rooms will be set upon the slab, and snipped together. The rooms like liver-wurst will be available at your corner store.

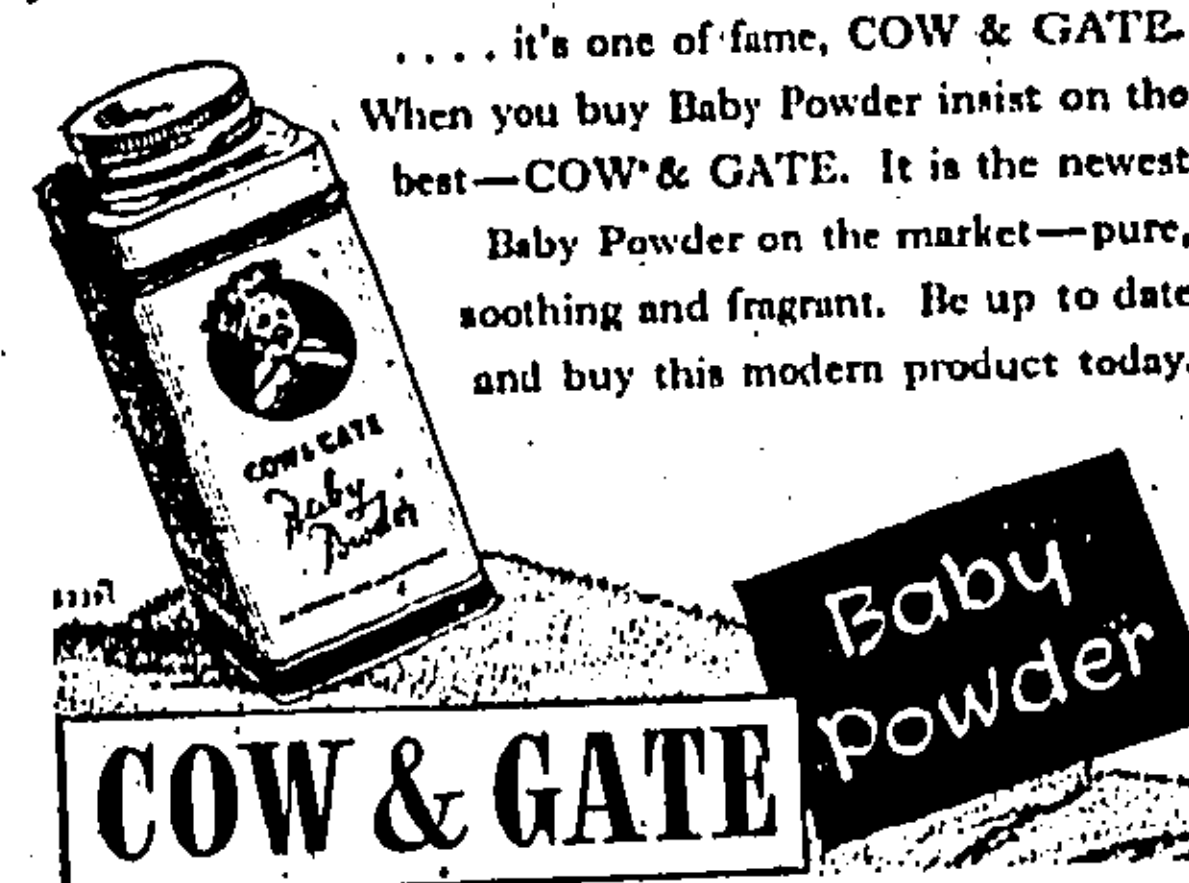
Luss says the rooms will come complete with fixtures and furnishings. What's more, the walls will be detachable, so you can change the shape of the house any time you wish. And if you want, you can build up or sideways.

According to this architect, the dream house of the future will be cheaper to build and keep up. It will be sun-heated, dirt-proof and air-conditioned and some equipped with almost every mechanical contrivance except an automatic baby sitter.

Says Luss: "I'll be more colourful, too—maybe even stripes or polka dots. If the owner wishes, the house can be made to look like a giant's foot, a giant's hand, or a giant's head. It's all possible in the giddy world of the future, says Jerry Luss, a New York architect, who is convinced the house of say 2000 A.D. will be a real reflection of the owner's personality.



The name's the same



... it's one of fame, COW & GATE. When you buy Baby Powder insist on the best—COW & GATE. It is the newest Baby Powder on the market—pure, soothing and fragrant. Be up to date and buy this modern product today.

Baby powder

SUNDAY EXPRESS

Baby Book



Here it is ... the book that gives complete information on the care of the baby and small child from the prenatal period through to the sixth year ... detailed advice on Routines, Menus, Recipes, Training, First Aid ... Complete Record Section from Birth to the twelfth Year.

Illustrated by over 200 "how-to" photographs and drawings, some in two colours.

240 pages. Packed in attractive gift box.

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By Julius Gould

Lecturer on Sociology at the London School of Economics

Party tyranny, fear of deviation, fights for power among the bosses—all these lead to moral squalor. Fantastic charges are bandied about and as readily admitted. Then there is a pause—until' the cycle of lies and murder starts afresh.

★

The "capitalists" seem, in fact, to have been remarkably successful in seducing leading Communists! In recurrent purges since the war, 12 Russian leaders have met untimely deaths. In the satellite countries there have been 17 "official" executions (unofficial secret killings can only be guessed at) and another 30 have been sentenced to long prison terms—a fate probably worse than death itself. These "agents of capitalism" were so well-placed—Cabinet Ministers, Police Chiefs, Secretaries-General of the Party—that such skillful seduction would have been a remarkable achievement.

One point is crystal clear about these purges. Zeal for the Party's cause is no insurance against disaster. Once Comrade X finds himself on the losing side, his past sacrifices count for nothing.

There is a fine irony in all this. It was over Spain that the Communists once led a world-wide propaganda campaign. Hundreds were recruited for the International Brigade. Yet within 20 years

To get on under Communism Ideals are not enough. A well-oiled revolver is far more useful, and the right kind of luck—to be in on the winning side and to keep in with Moscow is a very tough assignment: A hero today and a corpse tomorrow—for the higher one rises the further one falls.

By Sir Beverley Baxter, M.P.,

On the day before her death in London the French newspapers let loose a violent bombardment. With rising scorn they declared "In England the only passion which is respected is for cricket and gambling." So violent was the attack that the British Foreign Office might well have asked our Ambassador in Paris to make a protest.

Then she took a lover without undue delay. But passion does not last like love, and in due course the lover tired of her and said that he was going to leave her.

Whereupon Ruth Ellis procured a revolver and six bullets. Waiting her opportunity she confronted him in the street and poured bullets into him. Three of them were where he was lying helpless on the ground.

At the police station she calmly stated that she acquired the revolver in order to kill him. When her trial took place she repeated that statement but pleaded not guilty to the charge of murder. In the circumstances her counsel did not address the jury and she was duly sentenced to be hanged.

Then she was taken to the women's prison known as Holloway, which is on the road that I have travelled a thousand times and more on route to my North London constituency. As a building it is grim survival of Victorian hideousness. By ironic coincidence it is just by the neighbourhood where Dr Crippen murdered his wife and acquired immortality by being the first murderer to be executed by wireless. He was on

Yet every day, following the sentencing of Ruth Ellis, he had gone to his room in the Home Office where the name of Ruth Ellis confronted him as the first problem of the day. He can discuss it with the Judge who sentenced her, he can talk with alienists, he can study every known fact about the condemned woman but eventually he alone must decide whether she shall live or die.

spirit. The Judge sentenced her to death and is finished with the case, but he knows that his sentence may be revoked by the Court of Appeal or the Home Secretary. But for Lady George there is no easement of the mind or of the spirit. Here is the court of last resort.

Although we have been friends for years I have not talked with him about this case, but I have done so with many others. I did my best, both in conversation and by letters to the newspapers, to try to secure a reprieve, but nothing that I published could compare in sincerity or eloquence with what was written by the communist Cassandra in the hard-boiled Daily Mirror. On the morning of her execution he wrote in his column:

"The secrecy surrounding her execution shows if compassion is not in us then at least we still retain the dregs of shame. The medieval notion of execution will have been rooted out of the prison gates and the usual security blanket of secrecy will have been torn away."

==LUDICROUS

But the good doctor was not content with that comforting statement. With a dignity that reaches ludicrous solemnity he added: "Mrs. Ellis was in good health at all times and in a fit state of health for execution."

How comforting to know that we, the community, did not hang a woman who was sickly or suffering from a weak heart or rheumatic fever. Apparently the rope is so fastidious that I would be reluctant to end a life that was not, in the terms of life insurance, a first class risk.

There was, however, a smell of brandy and it seems that the woman chose it in preference to the hearty breakfast which is usually mentioned in the Jar gon of judicial murder.

After the execution he conducted a post mortem. Let us read his expert and comforting words:

"There was a fracture and dislocation of the spine and there was an odour of brandy in the stomach. There were marks of suspension normally apparent, and injuries proper to the judicial execution from which it was clear that death had resulted."

There must be many readers at this moment who are saying, "Why should we be harassed with such flagrant moral delinquency? We have enough to do without having to take care of British ones."

Thus, we have the German advancing along the road of civilisation while Britain, America and Canada cling to their medieval standards.

But why be illogical about it? If hanging is a deterrent to murder then why not bring back the thumbscrew, the rack and the auto da fe? Why not bring back the fires of Split?

it still leaves the condemned criminal a chance to save his soul.

I want to be strictly fair, despite the fact that I hate, and denounce the death penalty with all my heart and mind. Therefore let us admit that the cruelty to save Ruth Ellis was not wholly logical in view of our silence in other cases where murder was committed by a woman.

The fact that Ruth Ellis was a young and pretty woman may have roused a latent chivalry that is as deep in men as life itself. I had a word with Winston Churchill about it, soon during his terms of office as Home Secretary no less than 4 murderers were executed. It was he who gave me the George

Naturally I cannot quote his words, but knowing his gallantry and delicacy of spirit; do you doubt that as Home Secretary he would have been deeply and personally sympathetic to those who relate to a young and common woman?

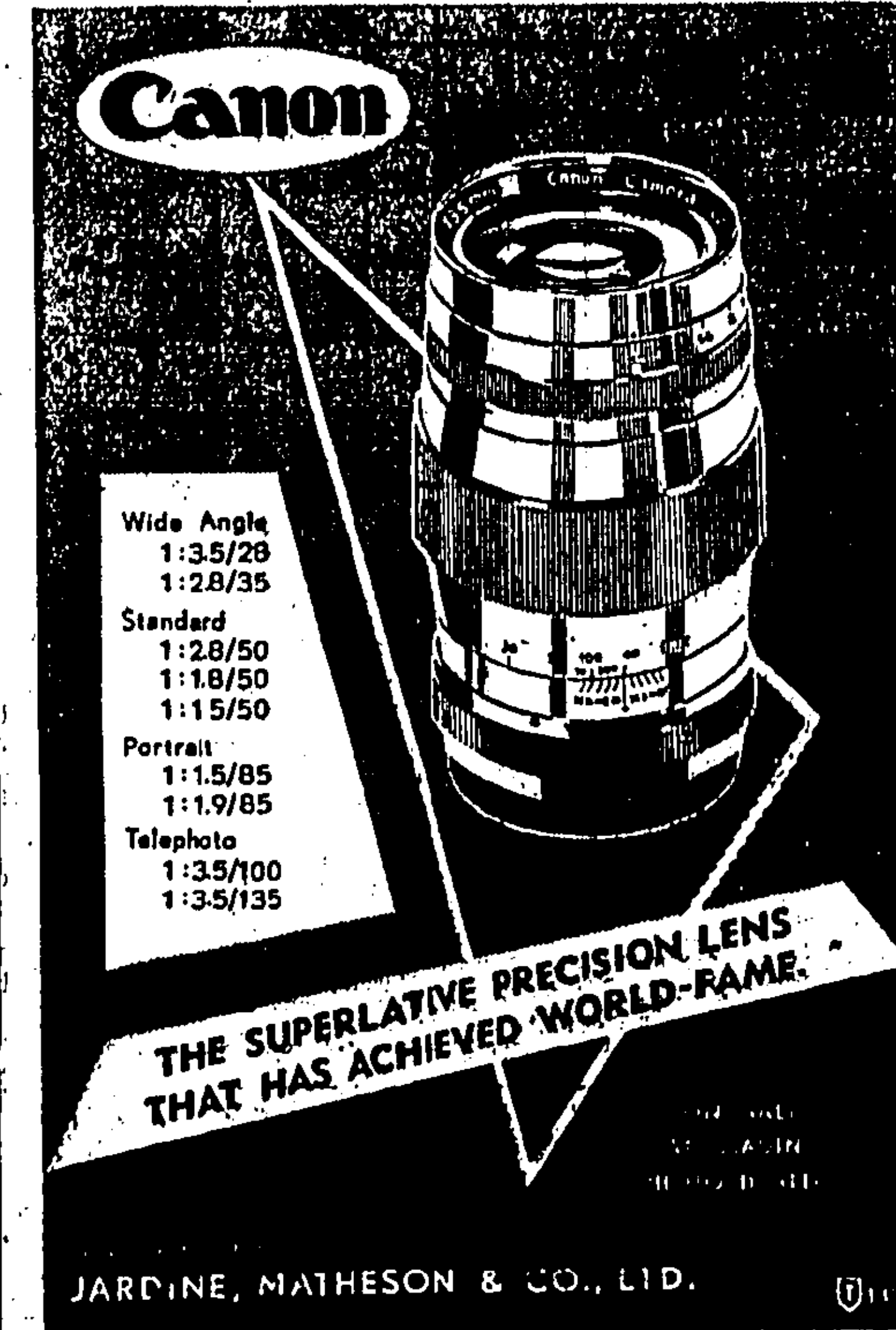
Unhappily the judicial process of Ruth Scurr does not deal with the commoners' medical statements, and she died in poor health. I have not seen the report, but I am sure that she was a very amiable and intelligent woman, and that she was a true and honest friend.

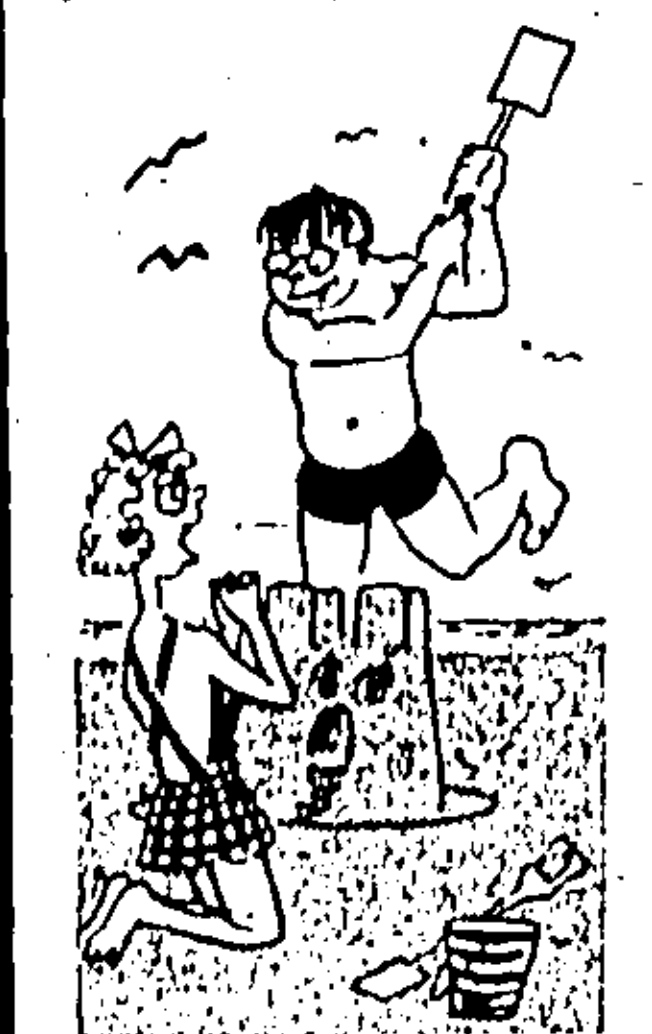


Distinction



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POCKET CARTOON
By OSBERT LANCASTER

"Guess what - I'm the County Planning Officer, and I've just issued a demolition order under the Act!"

WHO

...INVENTED MAUVE HAIR?
...FIRST BACKED THE FOXTROT?
...STOOD ON HER HEAD EVERY MORNING?

...AND INCIDENTALLY LIVED TO BE 92?

THE answer is Elsie de Wolfe, the wonderful Lady Mendl whose memory has now been made bright by her friend Ludwig Bemelmans in an enchanting book entitled **TO THE ONE I LOVE THE BEST** (Hamish Hamilton, 15s.).

Myself, I think it would have been more happily

entitled "Handsprings across the Seas...."

The dear old girl was certainly one of the amazements of the age. She went to parties "like a very complicated rich little Christmas tree, beautifully ornamented, delicate, glittering with jewels."

When she "did over" a house (apparently she was to do over Fort Belvedere for the Duke of Windsor, and there was happy rumour that she was going to do over Buckingham Palace for him too) she went to town on the bathroom, concealing the "unspeakable porcelain figure" behind a Louis XV cane chair.

Rigid with discipline, crackling with strange enthusiasms of diet she was an early Gayelord Hauser fan, said of soup that she would not build a meal on a lake.

In 1936 she was voted the best-dressed woman in the world. And also said:

- A great many dreams have come true in my life, but none has amused me more than having been able to create, live in and enjoy a bathroom that I myself conceived.
- Never, never in my life have I cried in bed.
- Hollywood is a fairyland peopled by gods and goddesses.
- To be too chic is not chic.

★ ★ ★

Elsie, our heroine, was born in 1858, presented to Queen Victoria (her mother's cousin was chaplain to Queen Victoria in Balmoral), and went on the stage in 1891 at a salary of £100 a week. Ethel Barrymore was her understudy, but Elsie was more renowned for Parisian chic than talent.

In 1904 she left the stage and with her good friend, literary agent Elizabeth Marbury, she opened up as Elsie de Wolfe Inc., interior decorator. She



LADY MENDEL
SHE MADE £992,057
GAYELORD LOST 60 DOLLARS

NANCY SPAIN looks
back at a Very Gay Old Girl

was a huge success (making £992,057) and early bought the "most beautiful bed in the world" for Henry Frick, founder of New York's famed Frick Museum.

Renowned as a lady bachelor she astounded everyone by marrying in 1920 gay Sir Charles Mendl.

Although she was renowned as an American hostess and business woman, she was in fact Canadian and did not become an American citizen until 1948.

When Bemelmans entered the scene, Elsie was living in a house called After All, in Beverly Hills. He had planned a happy hobo existence in a beach hut without plumbing but was fascinated by her and accepted her invitation to live in After All instead.

Later he fell off a horse while out riding, got pneumonia and then found that Elsie had done over his beach hut and ruined it. Later still he accepted an invitation to go to Europe with Elsie, Sir Charles (he had a

face like "a ripe plum lying on its side"), and Gayelord Hauser.

Because Elsie was so upset about Grace Moore's death in a plane accident she always carried with her a fatal cyanide pill in an emerald and diamond capsule. She instantly lost it, but Hauser managed to make her sleep by saying softly:—

Sleep, Elsie, sleep; see the little black sheep; see the little black butterflies fluttering over black velvet; see the black sheep softly sailing over black rocks; watch the black frogs climbing out of black bogs; watch the blue light, the only star in the velvet night.

Which would be enough to give me screaming nightmares.

★ ★ ★

But not to Lady Mendl. She just sent Gayelord Hauser a bill for his passage money. "Good Lord," he groaned, "I was invited, Elsie said to me, 'Gayelord, you're my guest. But I'm just a butler. She's taken over 60 dollars from me, playing gin rummy. I always pay for the drinks. There's nothing like mother love!'"

Astounding woman. She had such a head for business that she did over the suite in the Hotel Plaza in New York when she stayed there and did the same for a hospital in Hollywood where she had an operation. Then she sent both managements bills, and they paid. But on my word, how tiring it must be to live to 92.

Hypnotic, fantastic, like some astonishing drawing by master macabrist Charles Addams, Mr Bemelmans has achieved a squawking glibber likeness of his dear old pal.

His book is one of the finest pieces of indigestible reporting that I have read in years. Indeed, so rich is it that one of its finest chapters is completely irrelevant, has nothing to do with Lady Mendl at all. It is about William Randolph Hearst the newspaperman, and how he looked at a movie of President Roosevelt and said: "Looks like a plate of tired whitebait."

—(London Express Service)

PARADE

A COLUMN OF THE UNUSUAL ABOUT
PEOPLE AND PLACES AND THINGS.

DONALD DUCK Donald Duck is doesn't think it is so funny. Someone keeps forcing open the heavy timber door of the cave and he has to keep putting it back on its hinges.

The keeper suspects couriers are the culprits. He fears that one day love's young dream will finish up in hospital through wandering about the cave and potholes without a guide, so the authorities have fixed up a con-

tinued flashlight camera to photograph the couriers.

ALFRED'S BATTLE Ever since 1802 an obelisk has stood on Swanage (Dorset) seaford commemorating a "great naval battle fought with the Danes by Alfred the Great in Swanage Bay, AD 877."

Now Mr Ernest F. Oppe, a retired actuary, of Worth Matravers, Dorset, has discovered there never was such a battle. Mr Oppe has asked Swanage Council to alter the inscription, but the council decided to take no action. "Today," said the chairman of its works committee, Mr J. Swaine, "the scholar knows it is false; the layman does not care."

The council's chairman, Mr A. E. R. Gray, said: "It is of little importance."

But the chairman of Dorset County Education Committee, Sir Theodore Tasker, thinks a correction should be made. "Accuracy should be established at any price," he said.

So does Mr Bernard Sturdy, a member of the Purbeck

Society. "Some of the Alfred stories, like the one about him burning the cakes, are quite harmless," he said. "This one, however, perpetuates an unfair myth, and the council should take action."

EDEN JUST A SWAMP The legend of a valley "Garden of Eden" in the Papua Highlands has been shattered by a patrol officer's report. "What at first appeared to be grassland," said Mr J. P. Sinclair, "turned out to be belts of swampy ground."

Reports of the "Garden of Eden" spread after aerial surveys of the New Guinea jungle. The valley is between the Karim Range and the New Guinea border, about 400 miles north-west of Port Moresby. "Our patrol was met by a band of about 70 men armed with bows and arrows. They were friendly and escorted us through the valley," Mr Sinclair said.

The patrol's object was to find possible sites for an airfield. But most of the area proved unsuitable because of ground conditions.

The patrol found traces of oil in the streams running through the valley.

"One oddity which we found in the Lavani Valley was a river which plunged into a cavern in the face of a sheer limestone ridge," Mr Sinclair added.

Another Australian patrol will be leaving for the area to establish friendly relations with the people.

Nuclear Gadget
Aids Research

By ROBERT CHISHOLM

TWO or three times a year, a car leaves Scunthorpe in Great Britain for the Atomic Energy Research Establishment at Harwell. It makes the 320-mile return trip in the one day and carries on its front and rear windows notices warning other road users that it has radioactive material on board.

Here its precious cargo is unloaded and stored with all the precaution and respect due to a miniature atom bomb. It is not, of course, a bomb. It is a piece of artificially-created radioactive material from the atomic pile at Harwell. It is no bigger than a pea, yet its radiations can penetrate the toughest steel—and that is the precise use of the company makes of it.

The isotope is used to take photographs on the same system as X-rays—of steel weldings. It shows up internal faults and flaws, and its rays, gamma rays, do no harm to the steelwork.

"It is an extremely simple, non-destructive method of testing," says a company spokesman. "Industrial radiography is increasingly widely used."

Beamed Rays

Its advantages over X-ray apparatus (which would produce better pictures) are that it is comparatively cheaper and infinitely easier to handle.

In the place of cumbersome apparatus, the only piece of equipment is a small container, in size and shape like the head-lamp of a small car, and a T-shaped handle to carry it about.

But the system is the same as the X-ray which will reveal broken bones in the body.

A photographic film, behind which is a lead shield, is placed on one side of the steelwork to be tested. The container stands on the other side. A half-turn on the T-shaped handle swings back a shutter and brings the radioactive pellet to the aperture.

Through this its rays are beamed. They pass through the steelwork and impinge on the photographic film. The lead shield behind prevents stray radiation attacking the film and there is a protective capsule enclosing the pellet.

According to the thickness and density of the steelwork under test, so do the degrees of light and shade vary on the photographic negative. When the film is developed in a dark room, trained eyes can detect the slightest flaw in the weld.

Two types of radioactive material are used at the Scunthorpe company whose prefabricated steelwork goes into bridges in foreign lands, into West End of London shops, into schools, into power stations, and indeed into every kind of building imaginable all over the world.

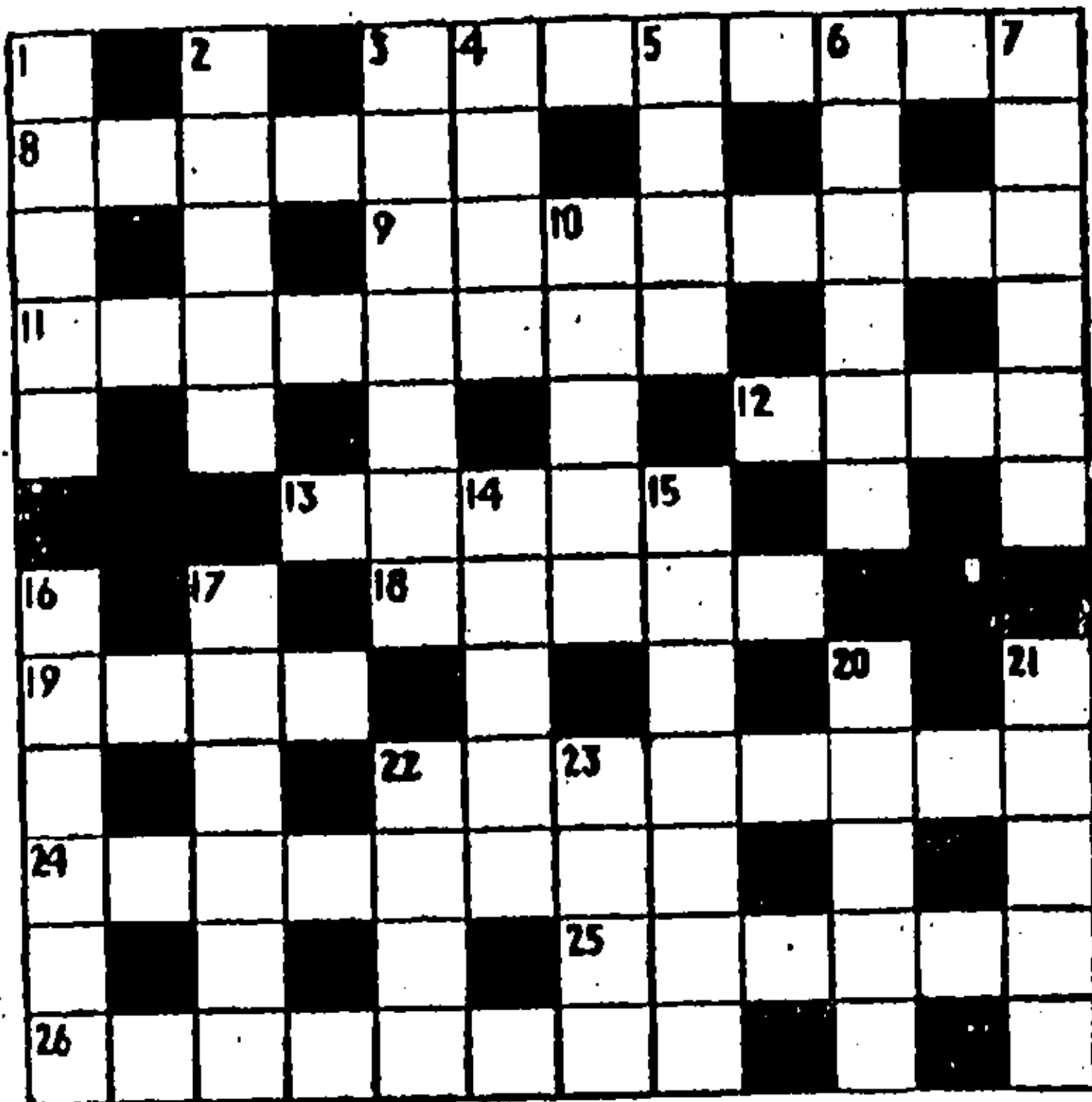
Highly-trained

These are the powerfully-radiant Cobalt 60 for thick test materials, and the less-powerful but more sensitive Iridium 192 for thinner steel structures.

Their use is confined to a handful of highly-trained operators who work in a secluded corner of the vast structural shop, surrounded by giant bolts which warn: "Keep Clear. Radioactive Test." They are among the "backroom boys" of safety in structural engineering.

As the company spokesman says: "There's no more to atomic energy than that."

A British Crossword Puzzle



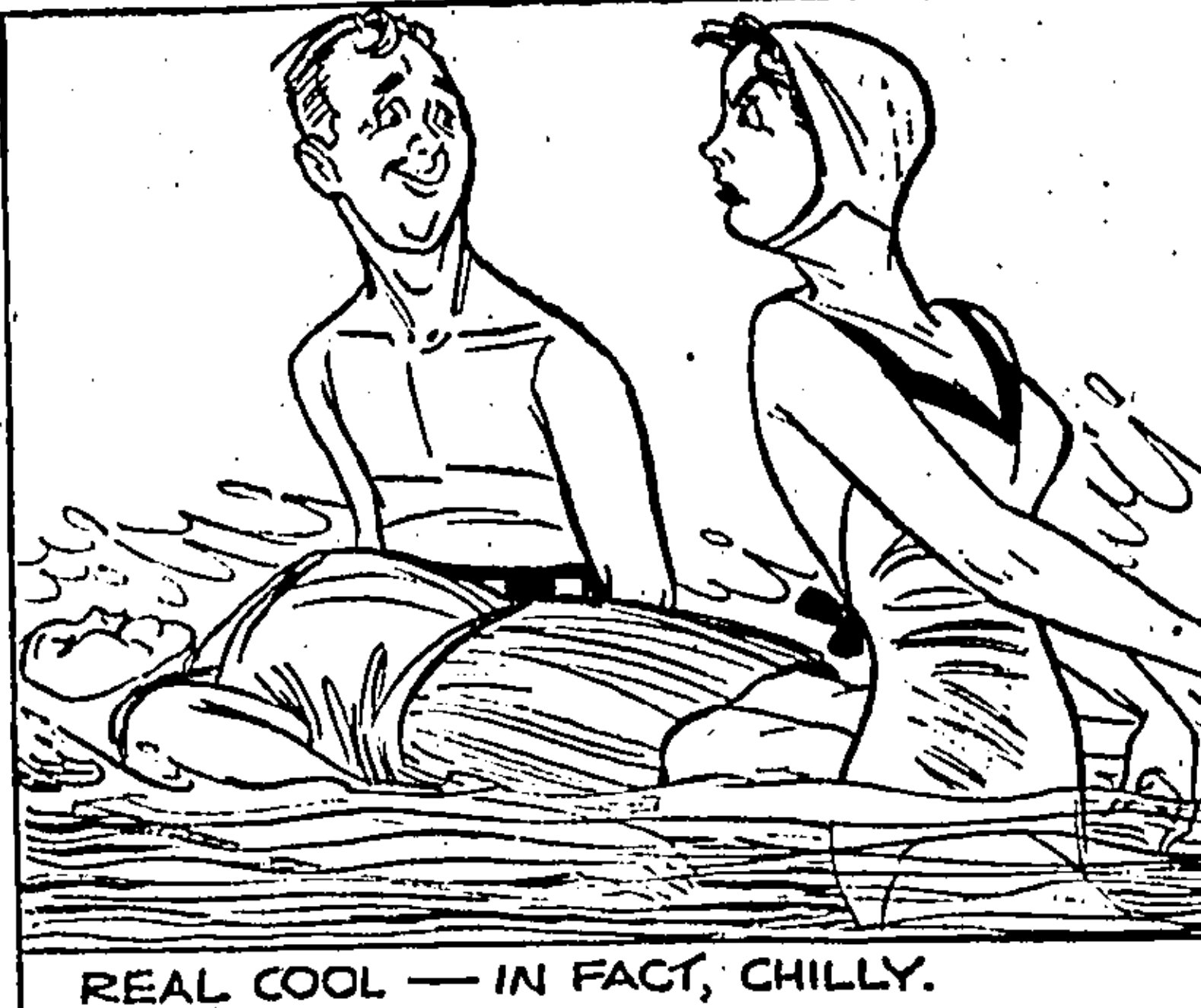
- ACROSS**
- Kept (8).
 - Motor spirit (6).
 - Felish illness (8).
 - Lowered (6).
 - Symbol (4).
 - Disdain (5).
 - Boredom (5).
 - Accustomed (4).
 - Chose (8).
 - One who leaves a will (8).
 - Sword (6).
 - Musicalian (8).
- DOWN**
- Implement (5).
 - Details (5).
 - Love affair (7).
 - Impetuosity (4).
 - Parched (4).
 - Dram (6).
 - Venturesome (6).
 - Get to know (5).
 - Attack (5).
 - Figure (5).
 - Habit (6).
 - Motive (6).
 - Denude (5).
 - Worship (5).
 - Sailor (4).
 - Learning (4).

YESTERDAY'S CROSSWORD.—Across: 3 Arranged, 7 Plumb, 8 Artesian, 10 Create, 13 Systems, 16 Chat, 17 Terrace, 18 Recluse, 20 Oral, 21 Sordid, 26 Leased, 27 Trolley, 28 Lounge, 29 Dungeons. Down: 1 Epics, 2 Cures, 4 Abuse, 5 Gelsin, 6 Denote, 9 Remiss, 11 Ryder, 12 Atoll, 14 Steals, 15 Crude, 16 Atoned, 18 Routed, 19 Cavern, 22 Reels, 25 Irons, 24 Edged, 25 Stays.

VIGNETTES OF LIFE

Cool And Collected

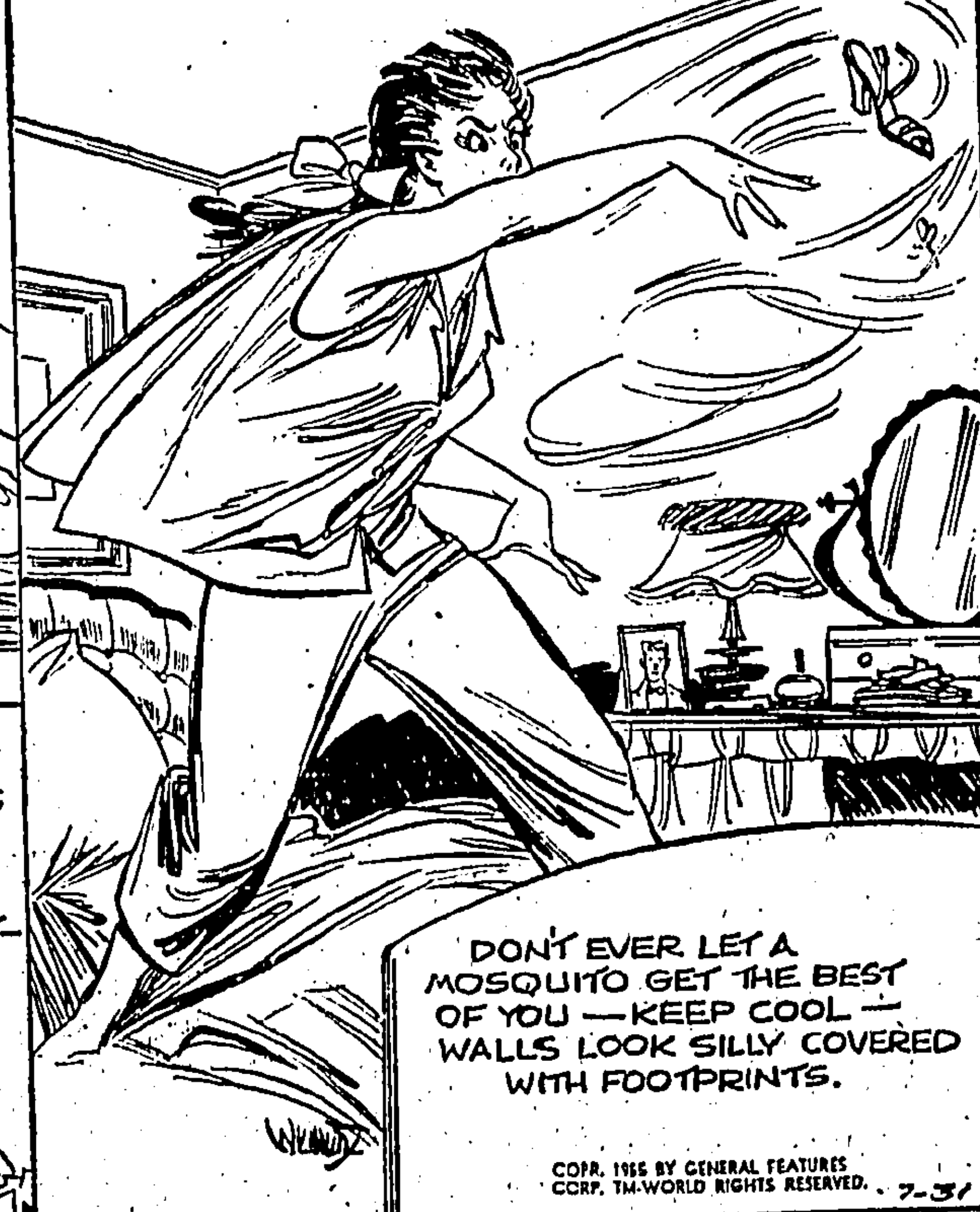
BY HARRY WEINERT



REAL COOL — IN FACT, CHILLY.



SOME AUTHORITIES SAY THE MINT SHOULD BE CRUSHED — OTHERS SAY NOT — A HOT DAY IS A GOOD TIME TO MAKE TESTS.



DON'T EVER LET A MOSQUITO GET THE BEST OF YOU — KEEP COOL — WALLS LOOK SILLY COVERED WITH FOOTPRINTS.



GRANDMA MIGHT HAVE BEEN PROPER, BUT SHE WAS NEVER SO COMFORTABLE.



THE BEST RESULTS ARE OBTAINED BY HOLDING SOMETHING COLD IN FRONT OF THE FAN.



TRACK 6 THE MELTING POINT IS AROUND FIVE-FIFTEEN.



YOU CAN ALWAYS DEPEND ON A POSTCARD FROM SOMEONE SAYING: 'WE SLEEP UNDER BLANKETS EVERY NIGHT.'



FIGHTING FIRE WITH FIRE.

Your Radio Listening For Next Week In Detail—A "China Mail" Feature

A Decade Of Destiny—Tokyo Bay And After

JAMES BRIDIE PLAY ON WEDNESDAY

At 10 o'clock this evening Radio Hongkong will be broadcasting "Tokyo Bay and After" — a BBC programme to celebrate the tenth anniversary of the momentous VJ-Day — introduced by Admiral The Earl Mountbatten, who was Supreme Allied Commander in South-East Asia from 1943 to 1946.

This programme, which will also be heard by listeners in Britain, is edited by Robert Reid, and will illustrate the vast changes brought about in the last ten years in some of the places which were headline news for nearly four years during the war.

This anniversary feature will include on the spot reports from observers at Pearl Harbour, in India, Pakistan, Malaya, Sarawak, New Guinea, Burma, Japan and a report from Donald Brooks in Hongkong.

Dr S. M. Bard will be giving a violin recital from the Concert Hall of Radio Hongkong on Wednesday evening at nine o'clock. Dr Bard, with Isobel Ahwee, will play Handel's Sonata No. 2 in G minor for violin and piano, followed by Allegro by L.H. Flocco. Valer Triste by Cyril Scott and Ciaconna by Tommaso Vitali.

WEDNESDAY THEATRE

The play to be heard in Wednesday Theatre this week at 9.30 p.m. is James Bridie's "Susannah and the Elders", adapted for radio, and produced by Colin Shaw for the BBC. The play, which was first produced in London in 1937, is a dramatized story from the Apocrypha, but Bridie has changed the emphasis to throw particular light on the behaviour of the Elders of Babylon, Kasdai and Bel-Kablitu.

These two old men gaze on Susannah as she is bathing and then try to lure her for the incident by giving evidence that she was in the company of Dionysos of Corynth who was killed while escaping. Daniel, however, proves them both liars.

Perhaps, Bridie suggested, Susannah was a little at fault herself. She knew that a correct lady should be on guard against the silliness of impressionable young men, but the idea that grey beards were not immune had never occurred to her. Comedy and tragedy walk hand in hand in true Bridie fashion, and there is some sprightly dialogue in the play.

(Broadcasting on a frequency of 860 kilocycles per second and on 3940 kilocycles, 70.14 metres.)

Today

12.30 p.m. PROGRAMME SUMMARY.
12.32 MUSICAL SCRAPPBOOK.

1.15 NEWS, WEATHER REPORT AND SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENTS.

1.30 LUNCHEON MUSIC.
2.00 OLD TIME BALLROOM.
With Sydney Thompson and his Orchestra.

2.30 DIXIELAND STYLISH.
Panama-Jet, featuring his Chicagoans, Dustin off the Ivory—Armed Hug and his Pontchartrain Four Boys, Muskrat Humble—Eddie Miller & his Band; Somebody stole my gal—Sharkey & his Kings of Dixieland; Sweetheart on Parade—Marvin Ash & his Mason-Dixon Music; Suite—Ray Baude & the Bob-Cats; Shiny—Shirley—Pee Wee Hunt & his Orch; South Hampton Street Parade—Nappy Lamarr & his Little Henry; Twelfth Street Rag—Clarinet Mania.

3.00 STUDIO: HOSPITAL REQUESTS.
Presented by Jean.

4.00 STUDIO: FORCES' CHOICE.
Presented by David Shrover.

4.30 "THE BRIDE OF LANMERMOOR."
By Sir Walter Scott.
Part 7: "Haste with the wedding."

5.00 THE MAN WITH THE GOLDEN TRUMPET—EDDIE CALVERT.
Malaguena—With Ray Martin's Orch; Tenderly—With Ray Martin's Orch; Monophonia—With Ray Martin's Orch; Oh, Mein Papa—With Ray Martin's Orch.

5.15 "COUNTRY AND HILLBILLY" ALL TIME FAVORITES.
Shotgun Boogie—Tennessee Ernie Ford (vocal); Dumpty Heart (vocal); One has my name—Jimmy Wakely (vocal); Dick of Cards—Rita (vocal); Hot Rod Race—Rambler; Jimmie Dolan (vocal)—Merle Travis (vocal).

5.30 A POPULAR CONCERT.
Nocturne, Op. 9 No. 2 (Chopin); Saravali—John McNeil (vocal); Arion—Al Goodman & his Orch; Entr'acte—Gavotte from "Mignon"—Columbia Salon Orch; (Rubinstein); Columbia Salon Orch; Two hearts in three-quarter time—The Sky-Blue Waltz; On those Dark Days—A Musical Snuff-box—Edmundo Gatocho—Columbia Salon Orch.

6.00 TIME SIGNAL AND PROGRAMME SUMMARY.

6.00 TIME SIGNAL AND PROGRAMME SUMMARY.
6.03 TIME SIGNAL AND PROGRAMME SUMMARY.
6.30 VOYCE EVENING SERVICE (CONCERT HALL).
Conducted by the Rev. J. E. Hurst, C.F., and the Forest Choir cond. by Major Hild.
7.00 THE DE PAUL INFANTRY CHORUS SING NEGRO SPIRITUALS.
Swing low, sweet Chariot; Nobody knows no Trouble I've seen—Luther Saxon (tenor solo); I want Jesus to walk wid me; Who built de Ark?; Soon Ah will be done—Leonard de Pair (soprano).
7.15 "MY FAVORITES."
Tells Kretzer (violin) with piano accompaniment.
Andante Contabile from "Quartet for Piano, Op. 11" (Chopin); Humoresque, Op. 10 No. 7 (Dvorak); with Franz Rupp (piano); The Turner (soprano); Carl Hansen (piano); Londonderry Air (Grieg); with Franz Rupp (piano).
7.30 "THE TWELVE-POUND LOOK" BY JAMES BRIDIE.
Produced by Frederick Bradburn.
7.50 WEATHER REPORT.
8.00 TIME SIGNAL AND PROGRAMME SUMMARY.
8.03 COMMENTARY (LONDON RELAY) OR SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENTS.
8.15 NEWS, WEATHER REPORT AND SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENTS.
8.30 CHEA A LUNDIE CARAVAN (O Prince, who hath long caravans) (from "Turandot")—Eva Turner (soprano); O Scava Fanciulla (Oh, lovely maiden) (from "La Boheme")—Benjamin Gligli (tenor); Hilde Gueden (soprano) with the London Symphony Orch; conducted by Joseph Krips; Visi d'arte (Love & Music) (from "Tosca")—Kestala Tobioli (soprano) with the London Philharmonic Orch; conducted by S. Robinson.
8.30 FEUDINAND LOPEZ.
Adapted from the novel by Anthony Trollope.
8.35 TIME SIGNAL.
8.40 THE SUNDAY CONCERT—DIAMOND JUBILEE SONGS.
Conducted by Sir Malcolm Sargent.
8.45 HENRY AND BEATRICE (from "The Creation")—Henry and Beatrice (soprano and tenor).
8.50 FROM THE WEEKLIES (RECORDED) (LONDON RELAY).
Credo (Score Nos. 19 and 20); Scena—Benjamin Gligli (soprano); Manoug Parkian (violin); from "Dances in B minor" (Bach)—Nicolai Goldstein & Chorus of the Friends of Music with Organ and Orchestra.
9.00 TOKYO BAY AND AFTER (RECORDED) (LONDON RELAY).
A Decade of Destiny, introduced by Admiral the Earl Mountbatten, K.C., G.C.B., P.C., D.S.O.
A programme commemorating the tenth anniversary of VJ-Day.
9.03 WEATHER REPORT.
9.10 TIME SIGNAL AND PROGRAMME SUMMARY.
9.15 TAKE YOUR PARTNERS.
In walking behind you; Swedish Rhapso; Tango; Carnation; Protege—Now and forever; Harlem Nocturne—Armand Bernard and his Orch.
9.20 GOD SAVE THE QUEEN.
9.25 CLOSE DOWN.

Monday

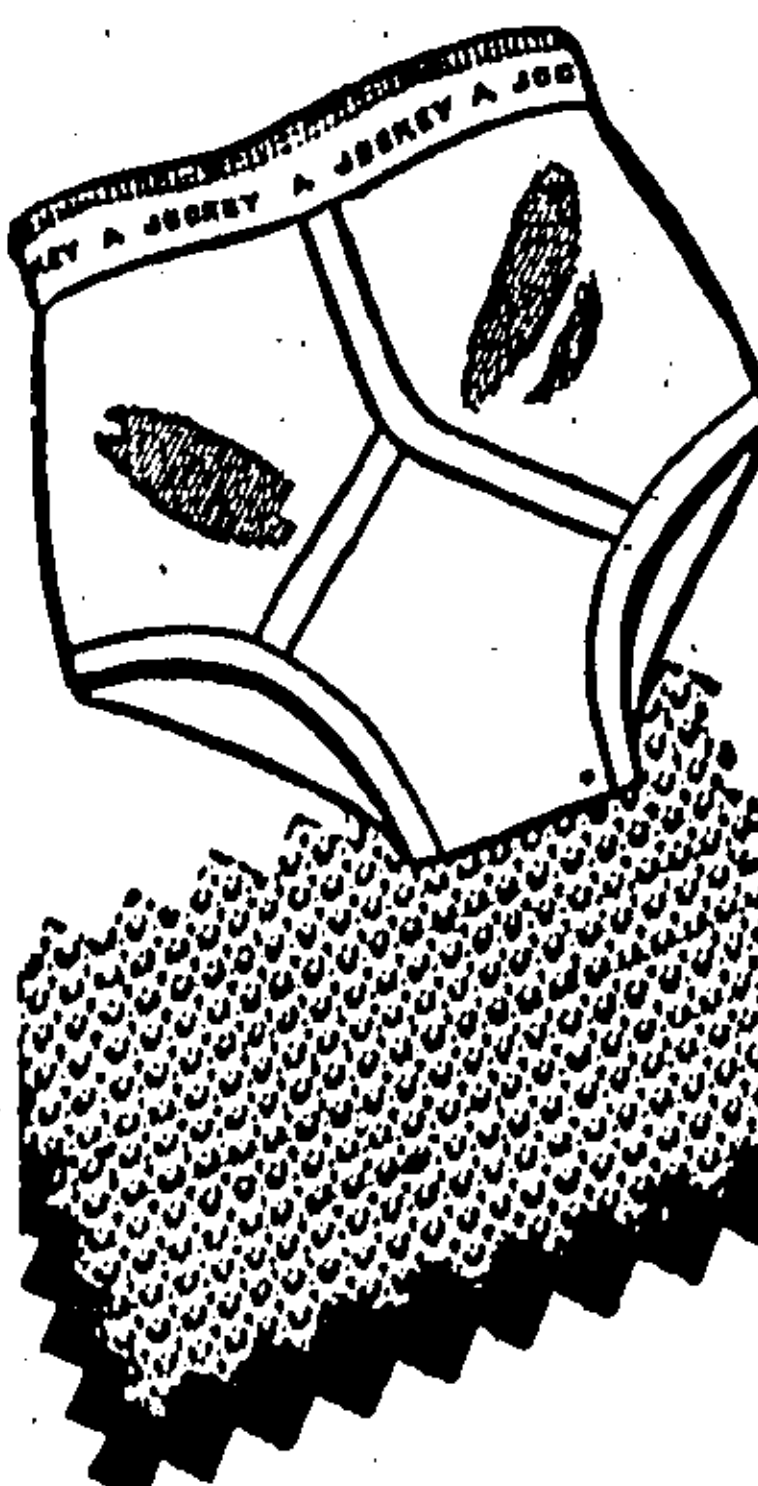
7.00 a.m. TIME SIGNAL AND OPENING MARCH.
7.02 LIGHT MUSIC.
7.05 NEWS SUMMARY.
7.10 TOP OF THE MORN.
7.15 WEATHER REPORT.
8.00 TIME SIGNAL AND NEWS.
8.03 SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENTS.
8.10 MUSIC IN THE AIR.
8.20 CLOSE DOWN.

8.30 P.M. PROGRAMME SUMMARY.
8.35 DOUBLE ATTRACTION.
Presented by Jackie Gleason and his Orchestra with Bobby Hackett (trumpet).
9.00 DINO OLIVIERI WITH HIS STRING ORCHESTRA AND HAMMOND ORGAN.
9.15 NEWS, WEATHER REPORT AND SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENTS.
9.20 MUSIC FOR YOU.
9.25 CLOSE DOWN.

6.00 TIME SIGNAL AND PROGRAMME SUMMARY.
6.03 STUDIO: CHILDREN'S HOUR.
Presented by Sally Ann.
6.30 AUSTRALIAN TRADE CATALOGUE.
The fortnightly review of Australian industry.

6.45 ACCENT ON RHYTHM.
I'll always be following you—Gimpy Dorsey and his Orch; Sandy Evans (vocal); Memories of you; Goodnight (Hobbs)—Footlight—Small—Fela Sowande Rhythm Quintet; Waiting my baby back home—Fela Sowande (vocal) with Billy May's Orch; Capitol Blues—Dorsey Jackson's Peacock Orchestra; Mr. Tobioli (soprano); Roll Morton's Levee Serenade; It's you who taught it to me—Fela Sowande (piano); She'll be coming round the mountain—The Hill Billies (vocal); The King of the Swing—Goodnight (Hobbs)—Footlight—Small—Fela Sowande Rhythm Quintet; Waiting my baby back home—Fela Sowande (vocal) with Billy May's Orch; Capitol Blues—Dorsey Jackson's Peacock Orchestra; Mr. Tobioli (soprano); Roll Morton's Levee Serenade; It's you who taught it to me—Fela Sowande (piano); She'll be coming round the mountain—The Hill Billies (vocal); The King of the Swing—Goodnight (Hobbs)—Footlight—Small—Fela Sowande Rhythm Quintet; Waiting my baby back home—Fela Sowande (vocal) with Billy May's Orch; Capitol Blues—Dorsey Jackson's Peacock Orchestra; 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THREE CRUCIAL MATCHES IN THE LAWN BOWLS LEAGUE THIS AFTERNOON

By "TOUCHER"

Three crucial matches will be played this afternoon — two in the First Division and one in the Second Division — as the Lawn Bowls League season approaches its close.

In the First Division, champion Recreio "Blues", with already a lead of 5½ points over Craigengower Cricket Club, take on their Happy Valley rivals on their home ground. Only a five-nil win for the Valley bowlers can put them anywhere near within reach of the Championship.

Even then their chances are extremely slim as in addition to Police Recreation Club they still have Kowloon Cricket Club to contend with in their two remaining matches.

On current form it looks as if today's match will only consolidate Recreio Blues' already almost solid position. I doubt that Craigengower can manage to take more than one point from their hosts.

The other Senior Division Championship contenders, Kowloon Cricket Club, will be at home to Kowloon Bowling Green Club in one of their two remaining matches. They must win this match by a 5-0 margin to keep alive whatever slender hope they still have of winning the title.

Commanding probably as much interest as the battles of the leaders is the match between the two lowest-placed teams, "Whites" Club and Recreio "Blues". Both teams are fighting desperately to avoid relegation and a decisive win for either side today may spell the end of the other.

In the Second Division, former League leaders Kowloon Dock Club will make a strong bid to gain ground on the current top team, Talkoo Club, by collecting as many points as they can against Craigengower Cricket Club this afternoon.

With ground advantage in their favour, the dockmen have a very good opportunity of improving on their 4-1 score

against CCC earlier in the season.

Unless the Kowloon Dock bowlers lose this afternoon, it is almost certain that the deciding match in this division will be played between the two dock clubs, probably at the end of the season.

RINKS QUARTER-FINALS

From tomorrow and throughout the coming week there will be a mounting interest in the various events of the Colony Open Championships. Tomorrow the quarter-finals of the Rink event will be played off at Recreio.

Best of the four games should be that between the KBGC four of E. J. Liddell, P. Kavanagh, P. Hughes and J. McKelvie and the IRC combination of A. R. A. Rahman, K. M. Rumjahn, R. M. V. Ribeiro and U. A. Rumjahn. Much will depend on the day's form, but the IRC four seem to enjoy a slight superiority in ability to play a more aggressive game.

The highly favoured IRC four of J. Hoosen, A. K. Minu, I. Ali and A. M. Omar take on J. A. Victor, A. V. Lopes, R. G. Laurel and C. R. Rosset.

One KCC four at least will, I think, figure in the semi-finals of the event. D. Symons, G. Madar, S. Ramchand and F. R. Kermant may, however, be pushed to the limit of their ability before overcoming the tremendously improved Talkoo four of B. Douglass, W. D. McHardy, J. B. Baxter and R. B. Marshall.

Two of the weakest rinks, on paper among the quarter-finalists

clash in the fourth game. Of the two combinations, Craigengower's L. Silva, G. F. Santos, R. Tay and P. K. Lau have already earned themselves the right of being termed this year's giant-killers as they eliminated Bodle's Police rink and followed this up by defeating C. E. Passos' redoubtable four. They should hold a slight edge over their Kowloon Dock opponents of W. Chambers, R. Morrison, W. Riley and A. E. Elliott.

On Friday the quarter-finals of the Singles will be played at the Hongkong Football Club. These should see a very high standard of bowls.

My pick for the semi-finalists berths are W. Hong Sing, M. B. Hassan, C. C. Mo and R. F. Luz.

The hardest fight, I think, will be that given by F. R. Kermant to R. F. Luz and an upset is very probable.

TODAY'S GAMES

First Division

Recreio "Blues" v. CCC.
IRC "Blues" v. PRC.
FC v. Recreio Whites.
KCC v. KBGC.
IRC "Gold" (bye).

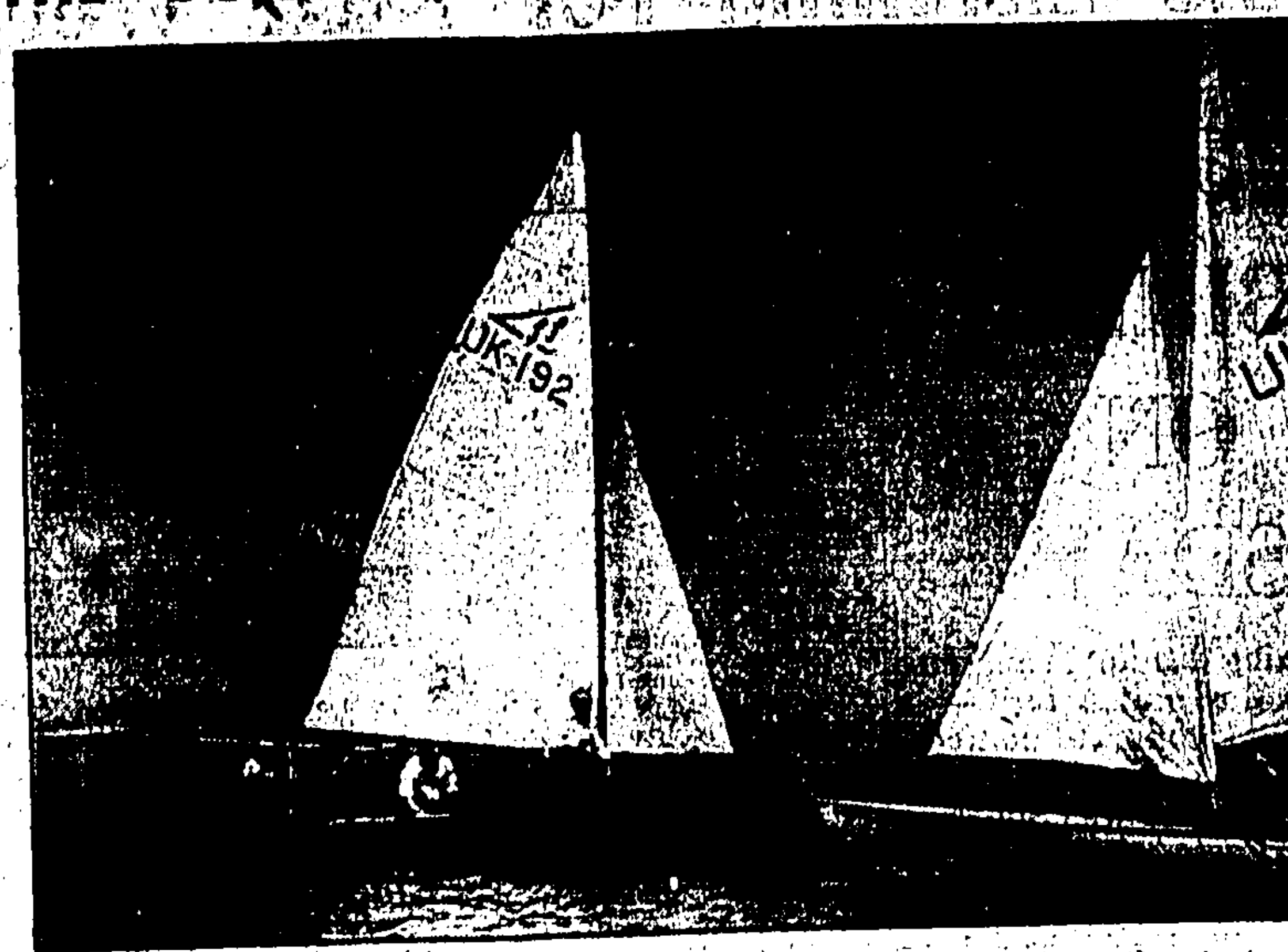
Second Division

HKCC v. KCC.
PRC v. HKFC.
KCC v. CCC.
FC v. USRC.
TC (bye).

Third Division

KCC v. HKERC.
HKFC v. PRC.
USRC v. POC.
KBGC v. KDC.
FC (bye).

THE DUKE RACES GOWESLIP AT COWES



The Duke of Edinburgh at the helm of Coweslip (UK192) at the start of the Flying Fifteen Class event at Cowes. With him is the yacht designer, Mr. Uffa Fox. UK 107 in the background is the Grania, owned by Mr. P. de Laszlo. —Reuterphoto.

Springboks' Physical Fitness Has Helped Them To Achieve Such Magnificent Results

Says BRUCE DOOLAND

The England selectors have got into hot water again; self-appointed critics have angrily denounced the team they chose for the final Test.

But to my mind it was a shrewd combination. The crowding in of left-handers in form helped spike the tactical guns used so well by the Springboks. Left-hander Trevor Goddard found it pretty tough to keep them as quiet as he can keep the right handers by his method of steady attack on the leg stump.

I know that when Ernie Toshack specialised in this same kind of attack in Australia it was only our left handers who could find an adequate answer. On one occasion the whole New South Wales team decided to "have a go" at Toshack's leg-stump stuff in the hope of hitting him off. But we failed. We fell to him one after the other.

Trevor Bailey is the player who has most reason to feel aggrieved at being left out of the original selection. In his own inimitable way he has been a tremendous servant of England. As for Lock or Wardle, my selection would have been Lock. Wardle is a fine player, but I feel that Lock has that little bit of extra power and personality which counts especially on the Oval wicket.

SUPERSTITIONS

South Africa's star bowler, the likable and shrewd "Tooy" Trayfield, went through a superstitious ritual every day of the match.

I can't think of any company of people who are more addicted to superstitions than cricketers. Nearly all of us have little routines which we insist on performing. I myself, for instance, always insist on putting my left pad on first. Denis Compton has spasms of playing with his shirt sleeves buttoned at the wrists—because he played one of his best innings that way and doesn't want to tempt providence by playing any other way.

My Nottingham colleague, Cyril Poole, hit one of his best hundreds earlier in the season when he was wearing his MCC sweater. And not all the heat of the hottest week of the year could make him disperse with it in the next game—where he hit another hundred!

Bill Edrich, of Middlesex, also used to think a great deal of an MCC sweater. It was one he wore on a number of dangerous operations during his years as a war-time pilot. It became his symbol of luck, even survival. So for many many years Bill never moved to a match without that sweater in his bag.

However, of all superstitious players, I think Hugh Tayfield goes to the top of the class. Many of you may have seen his

ritual. Before he starts any over of bowling, he kisses his cap badge as he hands it to the umpire; he then stubs his toes into the turf before starting to bowl. And he also stubs his toes into the turf when batting. —before he receives every ball. But even that's not all. He also stubs his toes against the dressing room skirting board and kisses the wall before he goes out! If things get really tight at the Oval I can see they'll need a new skirting board there.

SPRINGBOKS' LESSON

Are all these foibles childish and ridiculous? I don't think so. They are little things which help to settle the mind for the concentrated effort which lies ahead. And anything that helps concentration is worth doing, for concentration and singleness of purpose are essential for success in big cricket.

But another essential is physical fitness. The Springboks have proved the point this season. It is their tremendous fitness which has helped them to achieve such magnificent results.

Frankly, for first-class cricket in England, I don't believe in over-training. I know that when I came from League cricket into the County game I trained to peak fitness for the first match. But before the season was three-quarters over I was jaded, tired and ready to pull muscles every day.

Now I work my way gradually to peak fitness and I find it helped me last the season far better. But don't get me wrong. While I don't believe in over-going physical training, I do feel we have all a great deal to learn about it. And the Springboks can teach us much.

Before they left home, every man was carefully advised on how he, personally, should keep his muscles in good condition. According to his build and job, whether a bowler or

batsman, he was specially advised. This individual treatment for each player has paid big dividends.

TOO MUCH CRICKET

The science of physical fitness has progressed so much in recent years that the application of proper training methods can completely transform a player. It is these methods, for instance, which have produced the four-minute miles and the other athletic records which are hitting the headlines day after day.

Certainly, for a team going on tour, I consider this high-degree physical training an essential—though I am less sure about it for ordinary players afflicted by six days a week cricket year after year. For too much cricket doesn't give physical training a chance. In Australia the Board of Control always insisted that their Test players should be in the town where the game is to be played for two full days before the start.

That, at least, ensured two days of reasonable rest. Here in Britain the usual allocation is one day, while this week a number of players turned up straight from a County game. The sooner the Australian two-day rule is applied here, the better.

COACHING HINT

Both batsmen and bowlers—especially bowlers—should remember the bowler has a four foot return crease at his disposal. A ball bowled from close to the wicket comes into the batsman at a very different angle from the one bowled from the extreme edge of the return crease.

I personally favour the one from close to the stumps as the stock ball, for it gives the bowler more chance of hitting the wickets if the ball deviates one way or the other: off the seam. Anyway, think about it—that crease gives a bowler plenty of scope.

SPORTS QUIZ

- Where are the headquarters in Britain of the following games? (a) Golf (b) Cricket (c) Football (d) Rugby Union (e) Rugby League (f) Polo (g) Water Polo?
- Give the cricket equivalents of these baseball terms: (a) Catcher, (b) Pitcher, (c) Striker?
- He has been vice-captain of England's cricket team; has scored more runs in first class cricket in one season than any player in the world; has won an Association Football Cup winner's medal. Who is he?
- What are the names of the two men who directly facing each other in a boat race?
- Disguised nicknames. Who were (a) James the Gentleman (b) The large slow-moving mountain?
- How long is a marathon course?
- In which game might you be (a) caught in the gully (b) sell a dummy?
- What is the height of a lawn tennis net at the centre? (a) 3 ft. (b) 3 ft. 6 ins. (c) 4 ft.
- Does it vary? If so how much? (Answers see page 17)

Gremlins' Hockey Practice On Tuesday

Gremlins Hockey Club will be holding a hockey practice on Tuesday, August 23, at the Police ground, Boundary Street at 5.30 p.m. All are welcome to attend. Members unable are asked to contact Mrs. Muir, telephone number 63405, on Monday.

Sports Diary

TODAY

First Division: Recreio "B" v. CCC; IRC "B" v. PRC; FC v. Recreio "W"; KCC v. KBGC. Second Division: HKCC v. KCC; PRC v. HKFC; KCC v. CCC; FC v. USRC. Third Division: KCC v. HKERC; HKFC v. PRC; USRC v. POC; KBGC v. KDC.

TOMORROW

Open Rinks quarter-finals at Recreio. Shooting Rifle Association: Spoon and Practice Shoot at Silvercreek. Golf Deep Water Bay, Fourth Round.

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SKIPS' TABLES

FIRST DIVISION

Rink of	P	W	D	L	F	A	U	D	Pts.
R. F. Luz (Rec. "B")	13	11	1	1	312	207	105	—	11½
C. E. Passos (Rec. "B")	10	9	1	—	248	153	88	—	9½
A. E. Coates (CCC)	13	9	—	4	268	228	80	—	9
J. F. V. Ribeiro (Rec. "B")	13	9	—	4	268	240	22	—	9
A. M. Omar (IRC "B")	12	8	1	3	271	186	75	—	8½
A. V. Ribeiro (CCC)	13	8	1	4	268	235	51	—	8½
E. W. Brindley (KCC)	12	8	—	4	256	226	30	—	8
W. Hong Sing (KCC)	12	8	—	4	240	231	15	—	7½
A. A. Liddell (Rec. "W")	12	7	—	5	230	235	—	5	7
A. Harvey (KBGC)	12	7	—	5	250	211	39	—	7
J. M. McKelvie (KBGC)	12	7	—	5	237	227	30	—	6½
T. E. Baker (KCC)	12	6	1	5	267	163	24	—	6½
D. Phillips (KCC)	9	6	1	2	187	163	24	—	6½
K. Bodle (PRC)	11	6	—	5	216	192½	22½	—	6

SECOND DIVISION

Rink of	P	W	D	L	F	A	U	D	Pts.
R. Gourlay (KDC)	12	10	—	2	272	179	93	—	10
W. B. Brown (TC)	13	10	—	3	310	225	85	—	10
J. B. Baxter (TC)	12	10	—	2	275	207	68	—	10
J. H. Kinard (TC)	13	9	1	3	289	218	71	—	9½
D. Greenwood (HKFC)	13	9	—	4	315	193	122	—	9
D. Agnew (USRC)	13	8	—	5	265	256	—	1	8
F. D. Angus (HKCC)	14	8	—	6	269	273	—	4	8
P. K. Lau (CCC)	8	7	1	—	192	143	49	—	7½
W. M. McCall (KDC)	11	7	—	4	262	187	88	—	7
B. J. Bickford (HKFC)	12	7	—	5	250	224	32	—	7
J. Leonard (CCC)	12	7	—	5	250	229	30	—	7
A. E. Elliot (KCC)	12	7	—	5	247	243	4	—	7
K. Forrow (HKFC)	13	7	—	6	247	272	—	15	6½
R. Hetherington (USRC)	13	6	1	6	257	272	—	15	6½
W. J. Howard (KCC)	13	6	—	7	264	241	23	—	6
D. Trail (HKCC)	13	6	—	7	267	248	19	—	6
R. Toy (CCC)	10	6	—	4	206	200	6	—	6

THIRD DIVISION

Rink of	P	W	D	L	F	A	U	D	Pts.
R. Lapsley (KDC)	13	11	1	1	326	189	137	—	11½
J. McKilrick (KDC)	13	10	1	2	312	218	94	—	10½
A. G. Gardner (HKERC)	12	9	1	2	291	213	88	—	9½
V. A. V. Ribeiro (FC)	12	8	1	3	270	227	43	—	8
W. C. Higgin (POC)	12	8	—	4	264	241	23	—	8
R. Rosten (POC)	12	7	—	5	249	240	4	—	7
A. Hutton (KBGC)	11	6	1	4	230	214	10	—	6½
J. Revie (KDC)	7	6	—	1	173	110	63	—	6
L. J. McTavish (POC)	11	6	—	5	252	192	60	—	6
M. N. Rakusen (HKFC)	12	6	—	6	271	218	53	—	6
A. Ribeiro (FC)	10	6	—	4	220	19	26	—	6
L. Cosgrove (KBGC)	11	6	—	5	213	19	10	—	6
E. Champelovier (KCC)	12	6	—	6	231	255	—	24	6
H. Shields (HKFC)	12	6	—	6	231	255	—	24	6
W. A. J. Bayne (KDC)	6	5	1	—	188	87	49	—	5½
C. E. Terry (KBGC)	12	5	1	6	238	242	—	4	5½
R. Mackenzie (PRC)	10	5	1	4	180	208	—	18	5½

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A SPATE OF FLOODLIGHT FOOTBALL MATCHES AS AUTUMN APPROACHES

Says ARCHIE QUICK

The autumn approaches and with it a spate of floodlight football matches. Never before have so many been arranged, and the obvious reason is that clubs are so hard-up that this is the one outlet to which they can look for additional income. Those with the "lights" installed have full evening fixture lists; those not so lucky search in all directions to get matches.

And, of course, there will be the usual invasion from Scotland, bringing with it the anomalous position of Football League players being restricted to a £2 win and £1 draw bonus with no added wages while the Scots walk off with anything up to £20 a man!

The voice of the President of the Football League, Mr Arthur Oakley, was heard at Barnsley FC's promotion — celebrating dinner, and this is what he had to say: "I condemn floodlight football for its adverse effects on Saturday afternoon attendances."

The game will never stand this multiplicity of matches, which is to the detriment of the clubs in the long run. The working man cannot afford the extra calls on his pocket."

PUBLIC'S POCKET

But Mr Oakley's Football League, which refuses to consider more wages for the professional, is holding two floodlight Inter-League matches of its own during the coming 1955-56 season. As for the call on the public's pocket it was again Mr Oakley's League, at its summer annual meeting in the delectable Torquay sunshine, which passed a threepenny rise on the minimum "gate" admission money the same workman will have to pay in the winter of his discontent!

The clubs are forced to play these matches for their own salvation and most of them would willingly pay their players extra for their evening services. But Mr Oakley and the League stands firm facing the other direction.

One club which will have nothing to do with floodlighting home or away is Leyton Orient. Says Manager Alec Stock, most knowledgeable of officials: "Forty-six League matches are quite sufficient a winter's programme. If we played in the evenings I should want four more professionals at least on my staff and that would run away with £2,500 in wages on their year's contracts." So Mr Stock gets on with his main purpose in life — winning the promotion to Division Two he so narrowly missed last season.

HIS OWN CONVICTIONS

Just at a time when Mr Jimmy Guthrie, Chairman of the Players' Union, has tabled a motion urging the Trades Union Congress to discuss proper and

Answers To Sports Quiz

- (a) St Andrews (b) Lord's.
- (a) 15 (b) 13 (c) 4 (d) 7.
- (a) Wicket-keeper (b) Bowler (c) batsman. (d) Denis Compton.
- The Cox and the stroke.
- (a) "Gentleman Jim" Corbett (b) "The Ambling Aip"—Primo Carnera.
- 26 miles 385 yards.
- (a) Cricket (b) Rugby.
- 3 ft.
- At the side posts the net is 3 ft. 6 ins. high.

reasonable conditions of employment for professional footballers, Don Revie, the keystone of Manchester City's new plan of attack, comes along and makes his own conditions.

Revie, "Footballer of the Year" whose genius materially helped his club to get to the Cup Final, was called up by his club for training but he had gone to Blackpool with his wife and family for a holiday.

Manchester City promptly suspended Revie. With equal promptitude he asked for a transfer. Within hours it was announced that he was going to be an Arsenal player. Manchester City's Board of Directors met and decided not to release him. Revie's back with "I stand firm." Thus we are faced with

a furious quarrel between club and man.

Manchester City argue that Revie signed his contract for 1955-1956 season, and accepted two months' summer pay, and that it is hardly reasonable after that to go off on a week's holiday without telling his employers.

Revie has been reported as saying he "worked his legs off" putting into practice the roving style of centre forward play that stood Manchester City in such good stead in Cup and League. But he could hardly have been so successful without ten colleagues—and they all turned up on the stipulated date for training. Moreover, Revie only did what his employers told him to do, and it brought his International glory and cash!

SPORTS SURVEY

The Youngest Full Time Club Groundsman In Britain Is Only 14

Says "ALL-ROUNDER"

Pat Stevenson holds the responsible job of groundsman at Barrowfield Park where Bridgeton Waverley (Scotland) play football. He also holds another distinction—the youngest full time football club groundsman in Great Britain, for, you see, Pat is only 14 and just left school.

But he has been such an enthusiastic honorary helper to the groundsman who has just left that he knows all about the job already, and the club had no hesitation in employing him. He also plays football for a junior side at outside left.

For ten long years goalkeeper Peter Taylor has waited patiently for a first team place with Coventry City. In that time he has played only 80 League and Cup games for the senior eleven. First of all, he was putting up a sequence of 261 appearances without a break.

At the end of five seasons Peter made his League debut. Then when Wood went to Northampton along came Reg Matthews, now an English International, and back went Peter to the Reserves. Now he has really lost patience and signed for Middlesbrough.

OLD MEMORIES

There should be some conjuring of old memories at the Queen's Hotel, Bolton (Lancs) in the near future when licensee Mr Charles Haslam receives a Mr Miller as a guest. Both of them were former Champions.

Famous "Dusty" Miller is now around the seventy mark, and first won the Army Featherweight Championship in

1908 and from that year until 1922 when he retired was never beaten. In fact, he was asked by the Army B.A. to stand down for the title Twenty-one years in the Royal North Lancs Regt. he was twice badly wounded. In World War I, but took part in the 1918 Great Britain v. United States Services Tournament at the Royal Albert Hall, London.

He was the only boxer not a Champion of his country or the world taking part but he beat Willie Ritchie. Like Haslam he was also Inter-Services and ABA Champion.

Six members of Portsmouth Football Club staff did not turn up with the other players for the start of training. No bother though. They had been given permission to attend the FA coaching coach in Staffordshire, and two of them were Internationals—Reg Flewin and Len Phillips.

ARMY CYCLING

No. 4. Training Bn. REME are the present leaders in the

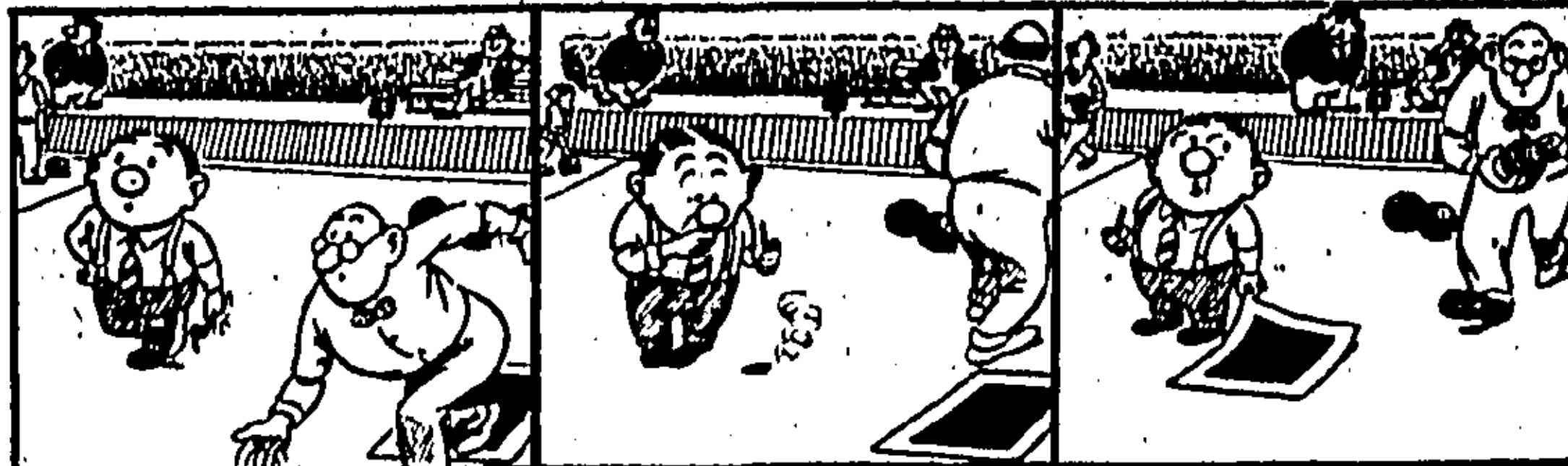
Army Cycling Union's Inter-Unit Cup competition for 1955. They have 1,214 points. Only seven points behind them come No. 6. Training Bn. REME and third are No. 3. Training Bn. RAOC, a further 35 points in arrears.

Twenty-eight units are competing, and there are three more events to be held—the Northern Command 50 Miles Championship, the Army 100 Miles Championship and the Army Messed Start Championship.

Seven years ago a young New Zealander worked his passage to England on a cargo boat from Christchurch intent upon becoming a first-class cricketer. The road has been long, but at last he has reached his goal.

Ray Hitchcock is now an established member of the Warwickshire County first eleven, has hit two centuries in a week, and scored the fastest hundred of the summer so far. He is also a set man half for Nuneaton Rugby Club and has been "capped" by North Midlands Counties.

SPORTING SAM By Reg. Wootton



A London Daily Mail Investigation

Soccer's Missing Millions

How can League football win back the crowds? Last season attendance dropped by more than 2,000,000 and the London Daily Mail has been investigating the cause and remedies.

This second article of the series begins with a discussion between Jack Oxberry (trainer) and Albert Tennant (coach) of Chelsea who look forward to another good season for their club and air their views on the soccer problem of the moment.

OXBERRY: Gates have fallen, but the successful clubs have not been affected. We at Chelsea start this new season as Champions. We start in a happy, optimistic mood. We know that only hard work will keep things that way.

TENNANT: The slump that has got so many people worried comes after years of slackness

and taking things easily. Some players and officials were content to muddle along. Naturally, people began to stay away.

OXBERRY: There is so much more to attract them these days. When I was a boy at home in the Durham coalfield our only recreation was to take a ball out and kick, or hit it, around — and watch Sunderland. No, cinemas, few radios, and certainly no television.

TENNANT: Who can blame them for staying by the fire-side or going to a nice warm cinema if the alternative is to watch teams who are not making every effort?

MUST GIVE ALL

OXBERRY: Well, Albert, you will always get the keen types. But I agree that we must give everything if we are to get the crowds back. We have got to build for the future too.

TENNANT: In the old days boys used to queue up for trials with their local clubs. Now we have to go out and find them. Because being a footballer is not all that better paid than many other jobs youngsters can do now.

OXBERRY: But it is still a wonderful life for any boy to come into. Catch them young, instill club spirit into them from the start, and your main worries are over.

TENNANT: That is certainly the line we are taking at Stamford Bridge. Our youth team had a wonderful run last year. Now they are all full-time professionals.

OXBERRY: These boys believe in Chelsea. They believe they belong to the greatest club in football. Older players like Bentley, Armstrong, and Harris have been invaluable in helping the lads to feel that way.

TENNANT: Get this spirit going, keep it, and you have the foundation of a successful club. But I wonder how many clubs realise it. Every experienced player should make it his job to encourage the youngsters.

CONTINENTALS

OXBERRY: And every trainer should try to brighten up his training schedules. Things have improved a lot since we realised that the Continentals were not only outsmarting us on the field, but out-thinking us in their approach to coaching and training.

TENNANT: I wonder how many other clubs are using those logs of curs, Jack? Get six players exercising with one

log, 12ft. long and weighing 120lb., and you get them really toughening up their bodies.

OXBERRY: This toughening-up is certainly important. Our ability to stay every minute of our games last season helped us to the Championship. But ball work is just as important.

TENNANT: The boys have certainly got plenty of it. Very different from the old days. I remember when the only time we saw a ball was for an hour on Tuesday morning and during the matches. Now, the boys get ball work every time they train.

MOVING RIGHT WAY

OXBERRY: It will still be some time before the bulk of our players in Britain can match the Continentals in ball play. And we are still some way behind them in team planning.

TENNANT: I agree, Jack. But we are moving the right way. The first thing to do is to fire the lads with club spirit and enthusiasm. Make them realise that the club is the most important thing in their lives, and that they are important, too.

OXBERRY: Which brings us to this business of players putting their clubs second and taking other jobs. It does not work. Football is a full-time job. You cannot have divided royalties.

TENNANT: I don't want anyone to think I am crowing because we won the First Division. But if every club puts as much into their football as we do, everyone can forget about the Missing Millions. There just won't be any.

PETER DOHERTY, famous Irish forward, now Doncaster's manager says:

Switch On The Lights To Help

Reasons for the missing millions? There are dozens of reasons. More people have cars and can go farther afield.

I think some inexperienced journalists can be blamed too. And that those World Cup games on television had some effect.

People expected the same quality when they went to see League matches. They forgot they had seen the best the Continentals had to offer and not the worst.

Then, one of the big reasons for keeping down the gate is the winter. 2.15 kick-off, plus the weather.

The ideal kick-off would be 3.30, giving football followers time to have a meal and get ready for a match without hurry.

The answer is to cut out the three bad months of the winter, and, when daylight fades with a 3.30 kick-off, switch on the floodlights for the remainder of the match. I am certain that some sort of League football under floodlights will come, anyway.

GIVE THEM A HAND

Now the weather. We could put 20,000 under cover, but there is the problem of getting from home to ground in bad weather, with the lure of television as a reason for not going out.

The standard of football is not as bad as it is made out to be. There are still many good young players coming on. Patience is required, and the public should be more sympathetic towards these youngsters.

Most of our players are on top wages and we have a sliding scale. I am all for a sliding scale. I must have an incentive for players to rise from the second to the first team! That is part of our policy.

A winning team will bring back supporters. It is up to players, all over the country, to put more loyalty into the game than in the last four or five years — to fight for their clubs.

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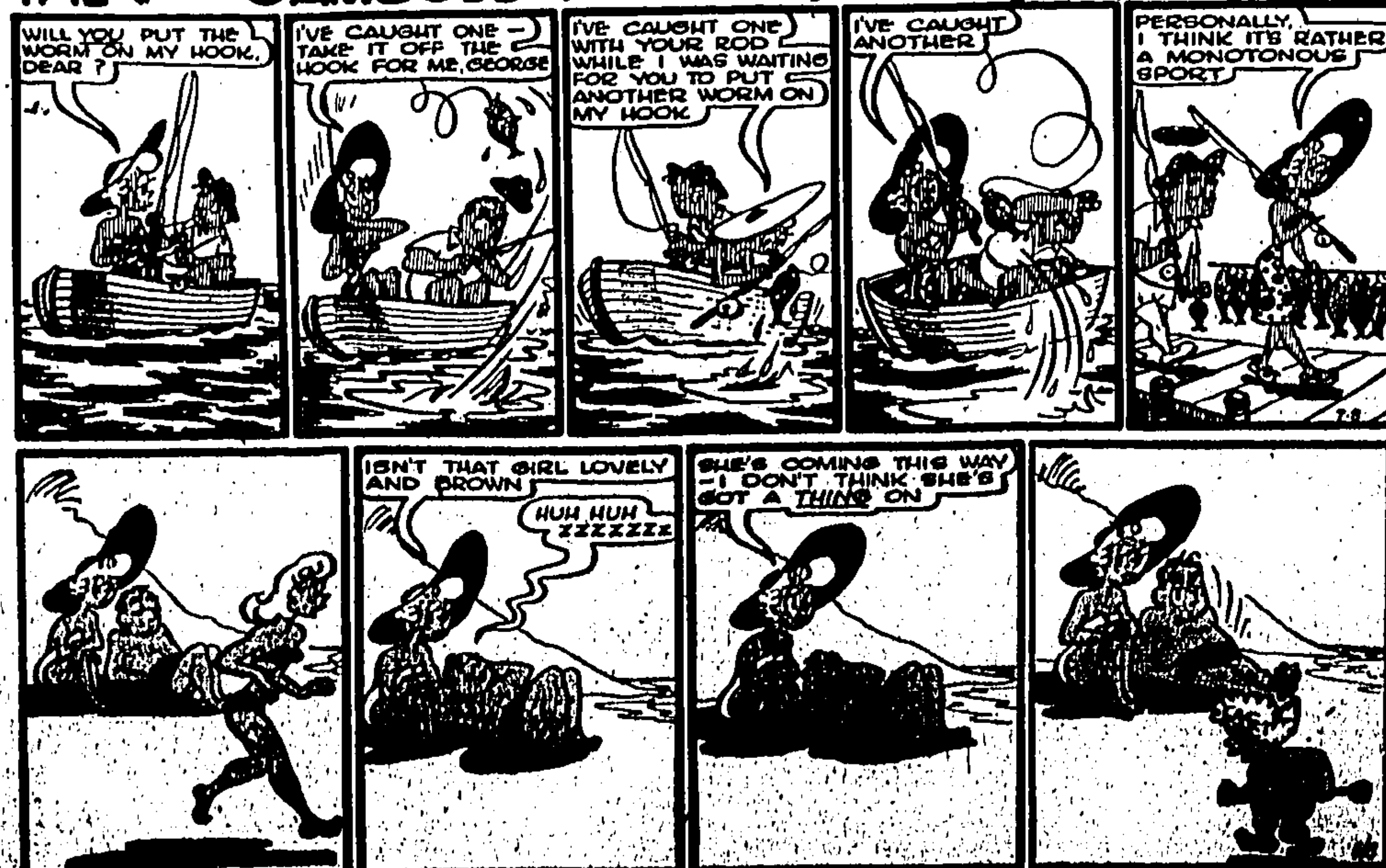
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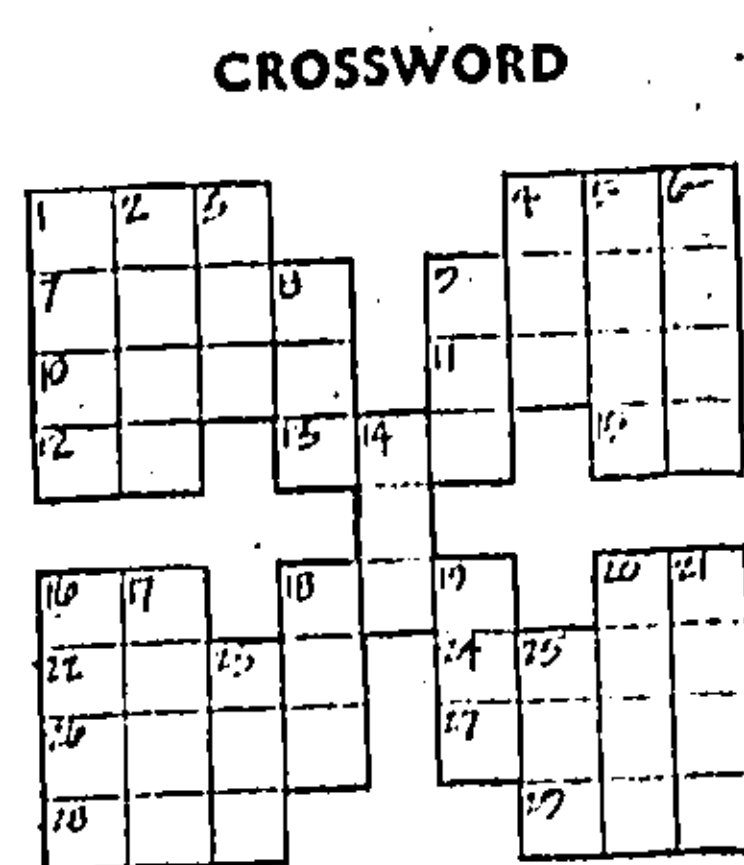
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THIRST QUENCHER



FEATURES FOR BOYS AND GIRLS

YOUR PUZZLE CORNER



CROSSWORD

WORD CHAIN

As a remembrance of school days, can you change BLACK to SLATE in five moves? After only one letter at a time, without changing the position of the other letters, and have a good word with each change.

TRIANGLE

The Puzzleman has hung his triangle from CARESS. The second word is "to idole"; third "decey"; fourth "blitter vetch"; and fifth "a compass point". Complete the triangle from the given clues:

ACROSS

- 1 Craft
- 4 Worthless table scrap
- 7 Peruse
- 9 Heavy blow
- 10 Colic comes from here.
- 11 Unaspirated
- 12 Article
- 13 Slight bow
- 15 From
- 16 White
- 18 Stray
- 20 Pronoun
- 22 City in Nevada
- 24 Above
- 26 Prayer ending.
- 27 Mountain pool
- 28 Bird part
- 29 Golf mound

DOWN

- 1 Scope
- 2 Check
- 3 Paving substance
- 4 Individual
- 5 Tear
- 6 Large plant
- 7 Low haunt
- 8 Aged
- 9 Flowing implement
- 10 Nomad
- 11 Half (prefix)
- 12 Eternity
- 13 Decay
- 14 At this place
- 15 Sea eagle
- 16 Selue
- 17 Huge tub

WORD SQUARE

Rearrange the letters in each row and then rearrange the rows to find you can read your answers the same down as across:

E	E	E	R	V
E	O	R	T	T
E	E	D	R	R
E	E	D	R	T
A	E	O	D	R

ADD-A-GRAMS

Add a letter and scramble "a group of matched pieces" to have "permits"; repeat the addition and scrambling to have "musical instruments"; again for "a province of the Irish Free State"; once more for "a bunch"; and finally for "disorderly messes".

SOLVE THIS EMPIRE PUZZLE AND

Find Eight "Lost" Lands!

Place name	Map clue	Origin of name
MAURITIUS	1 GULF OF MEXICO	CECIL RHODES' COUNTRY
MALTA	2	MOUNTAIN OF THE LIONESS
JAMAICA	3 CARIBBEAN ATLANTIC OCEAN	VAN DIEMEN'S LAND named by Abel Janssen Tasman
TASMANIA	4 AFRICA INDIAN OCEAN	XAYMACO Isle of Springs
RHODESIA	5 MEDITERRANEAN SEA TUNISIA	KANNATA. A hut village by the river
CANADA	6	TRINITY Christened by Columbus
TRINIDAD	7 AUSTRALIA	MAURICE. The Prince of Orange
SIERRA LEONE	8 ATLANTIC OCEAN AFRICA	MELITA. The Romans prospered here

By JOHN BODLE

What do you know about the Empire? Well, see if you can solve this Empire picture puzzle. In the first column are the names of parts of the Empire, next there are maps of these places, and last, the origin of their names. But the columns

do not read straight across; they are all jumbled. For example, take Sierra Leone. You see it on Map 8, and the origin of its name is B in the 3rd column. So your answer is "Sierra Leone, B." Now try to match all the others in the same way. Answers on Page 20.

ZOO'S WHO

THE INDIAN ONE-HORNED RHINOCEROS IS IN DANGER OF BECOMING EXTINCT. THE FAST GROWING POPULATION AND OVERHUNTING HAS TAKEN A HEAVY TOLL. PREHISTORIC IN APPEARANCE AND OF NOCTURNAL HABITS, THE INDIAN RHINOCEROS IS REPUTEDLY THE WORLD'S LARGEST AND MAY LIVE FIFTY YEARS.

THE LAST PASSENGER PIGEON DIED IN THE CINCINNATI ZOOLOGICAL GARDEN IN SEPTEMBER, 1914.

ARIZONA'S GRAND CANYON HAS ABOUT 150 SPECIES OF BIRDS, 60 SPECIES OF MAMMALS, 25 OF REPTILES, AND 500 AMPHIBIANS.

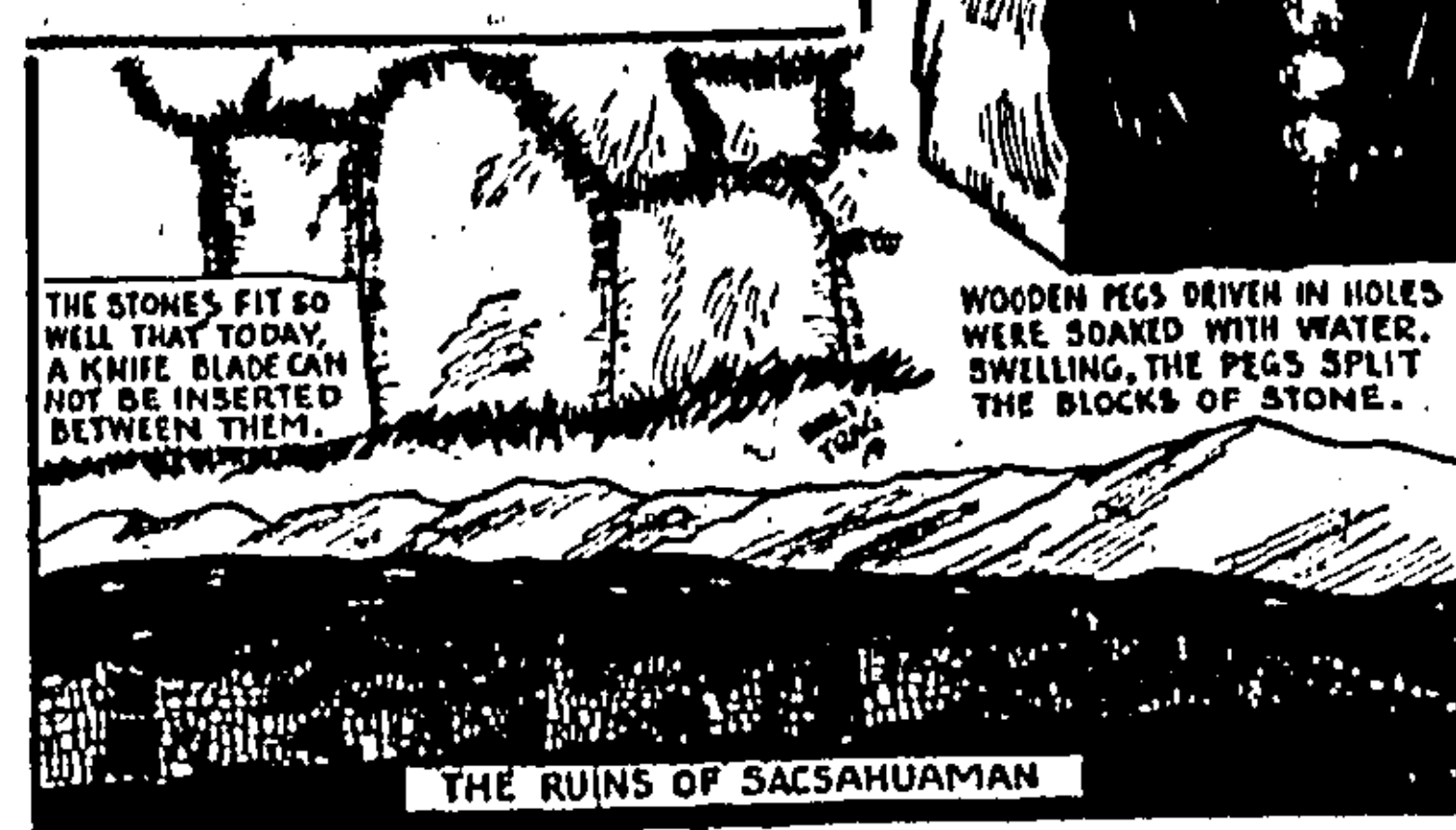
The Greatest Inca Fortress

THE fortress of Sacsahuaman at Cuzco, ancient capital of the Inca Empire (now Peru), is generally recognised to be the greatest of all structures in the New World before Columbus, and one of the greatest erected anywhere up until that time.

Sacsahuaman is not really "ancient" as we usually use the word, for it was begun only about 50 years before Columbus discovered America. It was at this time that the Inca Empire reached its greatest extent.

Professional architects designed the fortress, not on paper — for they had none — but by means of clay models. We know this because we have found actual models of similar projects.

Built on a hill and towering 700 feet above the city, the actual construction was a tremendous undertaking. Not only did the Incas have



THE RUINS OF SACSAHUAMAN

no wheeled vehicles (which means that they had no vehicles at all), but they were without beasts of burden, for the llama would not carry weights greater than 100 pounds, and the stones weigh more. This meant that the blocks of stone had to be dragged to the site and raised into position by manpower alone, and the biggest weighed over 200 tons!

Labour was no problem, for each taxpayer was required by law to work a certain amount of time for

the state each year. Lime-stone quarried close by was the material chiefly used, but when better quality material was desired, it had to be brought twenty miles.

The first job was to split the rock. This was done by inserting wooden pegs in drilled holes and wetting the pegs to make them swell and crack the rock.

Then the massive block had to be shipped to the Incas and their subject tribes, despite their success as gold and silversmiths, had little but stone tools for building. Yet so well did the blocks fit together that even today not even a knife blade can be driven between them.

Sacsahuaman is over 1,800 feet long and it is estimated that it took about seventy years to build. Until the Spaniards came, it seemed designated to repel all invaders for centuries to come.

—JULIA WOLFE

Sprinter Must Make Fast Get-away to Win

LET'S take up sprinting. A famous sprinter has given us a few facts about this fine sport. We pass them on to you.

Sprinting may be defined as "running at the highest speed." It is the most natural style of running. Boys who challenge each other to run on the spur of the moment always run short distances at top speed.

As a boy continues his running he will find he performs certain actions unconsciously. He develops what is called "form." This form, or style, may be good or bad, but wrong habits, once they are acquired, are hard to overcome.

Perfect form is comprised of many small details, but the principal features are: quick starting, correct arm-and-leg movement, body angle and balance.

In every action of physical speed, the natural inclination is to bend over, to lessen the air pressure, and the term "body angle" describes this action when used in running.

In sprinting, the angle will be more pronounced than when longer distances are run at a slower pace. Get a diagram of a sprinter on his mark. Study the correct body angle employed when running.



In sprint races the crouch start is the correct method. You will note that the sprinter raises his left leg almost as high as he can; his head is almost erect. Then he starts with his right arm and left leg raised high. He gets what is called "the forward angle."

Note how the feet are placed when "On your mark" with sufficient brace to the toes and ball of the right foot, so that a good push-off can be obtained.

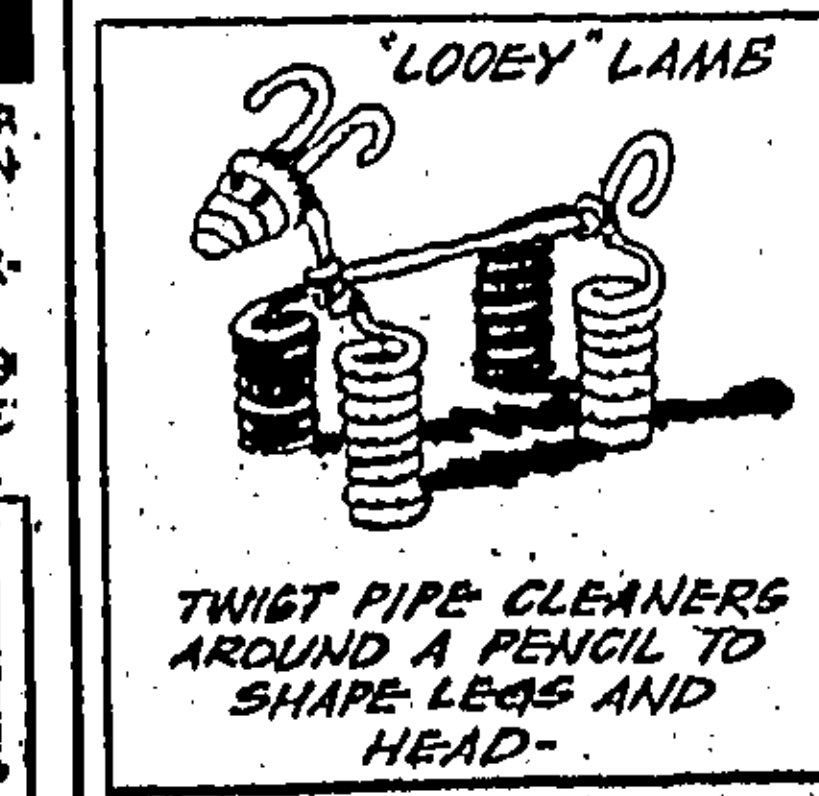
In the "Get set" position (the second command) the weight of the body should be on the forward foot and the arms with fingers spread, while the upper body leans slightly over the start line.

At the report of the pistol the runner should give himself a good shove with his left foot in a sort of slanting upward position, his left arm going upward much like an uppercut in boxing. The right arm goes to the rear for balance. The rear leg assists by a lifting push.

The first stride, with the right foot, is short and chopped. The second stride is much longer. The third and fourth are of the length that the runner naturally uses.

Starting requires much practice, but a quick getaway is half the race.

Pipe Cleaners Take New Twist

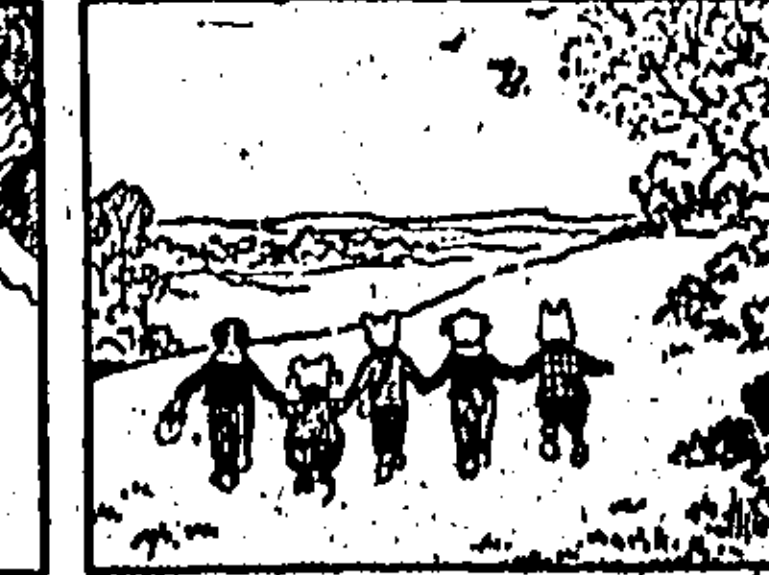


With a little encouragement, pipe cleaners can be made to gambol like lambs. Just twist four round a pencil to form the legs. Then attach them to one bent into body, tail and centre of head. Speedy's lambs are held in place by coll that completes the head. Make a pipe cleaner manager.

Rupert & the Distant Music—42



The long shell that Rupert has chosen leads to broken rocks near the bottom of the cliff so that Bill and Algy have to remain handy to encourage the worried little mouse down the last few yards. Then they reach eagle ground. "Phew, I'm glad now!"



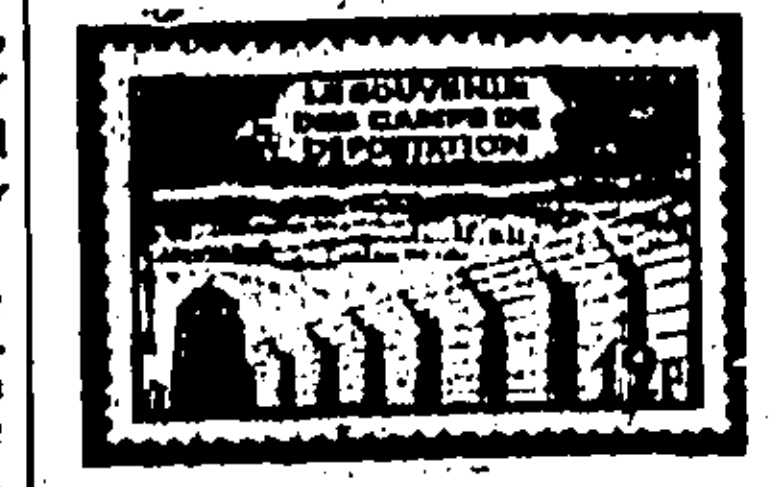
says Podgy, "Who would believe we had so far to go? It seemed no distance at all while that music was drawing us!" They jog along, holding hands and singing songs to keep each other's spirits up, and at last Murdoch comes in sight.

A Grim Reminder

THIS is the summer of peace and goodwill. Hands stretch out from Moscow and Germany to greet former enemies now sought as friends.

But Franco—an ally of the Germans in the North Atlantic Treaty Organisation—finds it difficult to forget the brutalities her people suffered when the Nazis invaded.

182,000 people deported from France on political or racial grounds died in captivity. Little roadside memorial stones mark the places where brave French-



men faced a firing squad or fell in direct battle with the German army.

Now a new French stamp adds its quota of memory-prodding to the basic national sentiment of distrust for all things German.

The new stamp shows the barbed wire and machine gun tower of a camp like that in which the 182,000 perished. It is a reminder of what could happen again in this age of political quibbles and somersaults.

The stamp is perforated 13; recess-printed and sells in London at 6d.—J. A. A.

Willy Toad's Decision

—He Makes up His Mind Not to Hop Any More—

By MAX TRELL

"OH yes," Willy Toad was saying to his friend Knarf, the Shadow-boy, "I've just decided on something very important, the most important thing I ever decided on in my whole life. You'll be surprised when you hear about it."

Knarf said very quietly: "What did you decide about, Willy?"

"What I decided about is this," said Willy. "I've decided about not doing any more hopping."

It's Not Etiquette

"You mean," Knarf exclaimed in astonishment, "that you aren't going to hop any more, Willy? You can't mean that!"

Willy, who was sitting on the top of an old tin on the other side of the road, nodded his head. "That's just what I do mean, Old Boy! No more hopping for me. It's not etiquette!"

At that moment, Glive the Snail came along carrying a bag full of groceries, mostly heads of lettuce and cabbage and cauliflower and broccoli with some mulberry leaves sprinkled among them. He stopped to wipe some perspiration from his forehead, for it was very hard work sliding all the way home from market.

"Now what did I just hear you say about not hopping any more?" Glive asked.

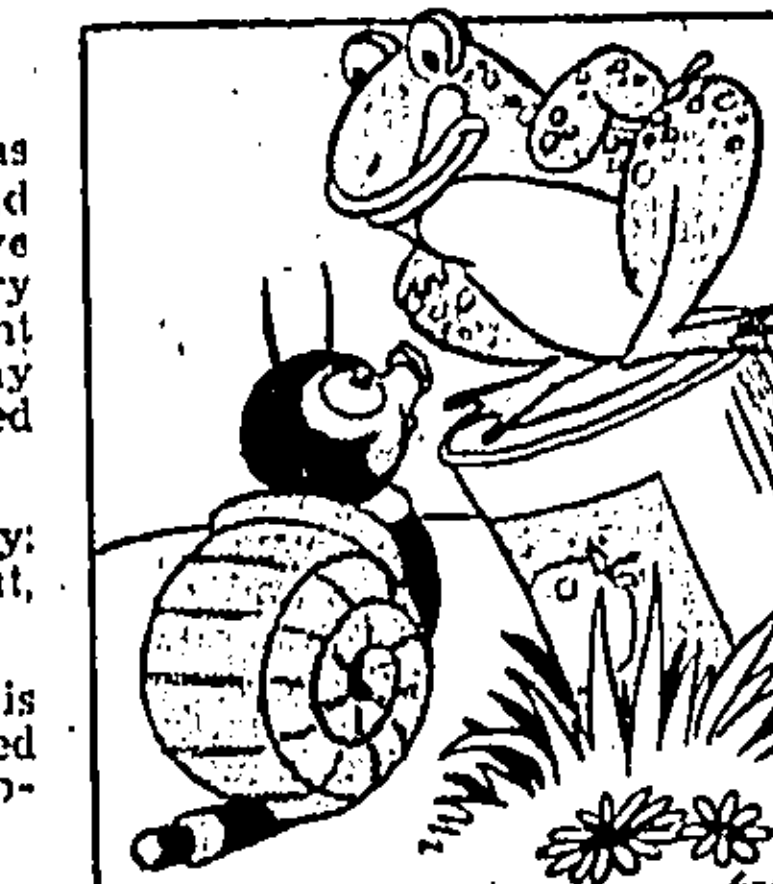
Glive Is Puzzled

"You heard right," said Willy. "I've decided to give up hopping."

"Why?"

"As I told Knarf a moment or so ago," Willy, "hopping isn't etiquette."

A puzzled look came into Glive's snailish face. "Etiquette?" he said. "What's etiquette mean, Willy?"



"You heard right," said Willy to Glive.

"Well, it means—it means it's against the rules. It isn't polite. It's odd."

"I don't see what's so odd about it," said Glive. "Grass-hoppers hop, crickets hop, sparrows hop, kangaroos hop."

"Even children hop," said Knarf.

Stuff And Nonsense

"It's not etiquette to hop," Willy repeated. "From now on, I'm going to walk. Yes, I'm going to walk. Lots of folks walk, don't they?"

"But toads don't," said Glive, as he slid off again.

Willy looked at Knarf and shrugged. "I don't understand that snail," he said. "He doesn't hop himself and yet he doesn't want me to 'stop hopping'."

"I guess," said Knarf, "that he doesn't think you're able to walk."

"Stuff and nonsense!" said Willy. "I can walk as well as anybody else. Here, let me show you."

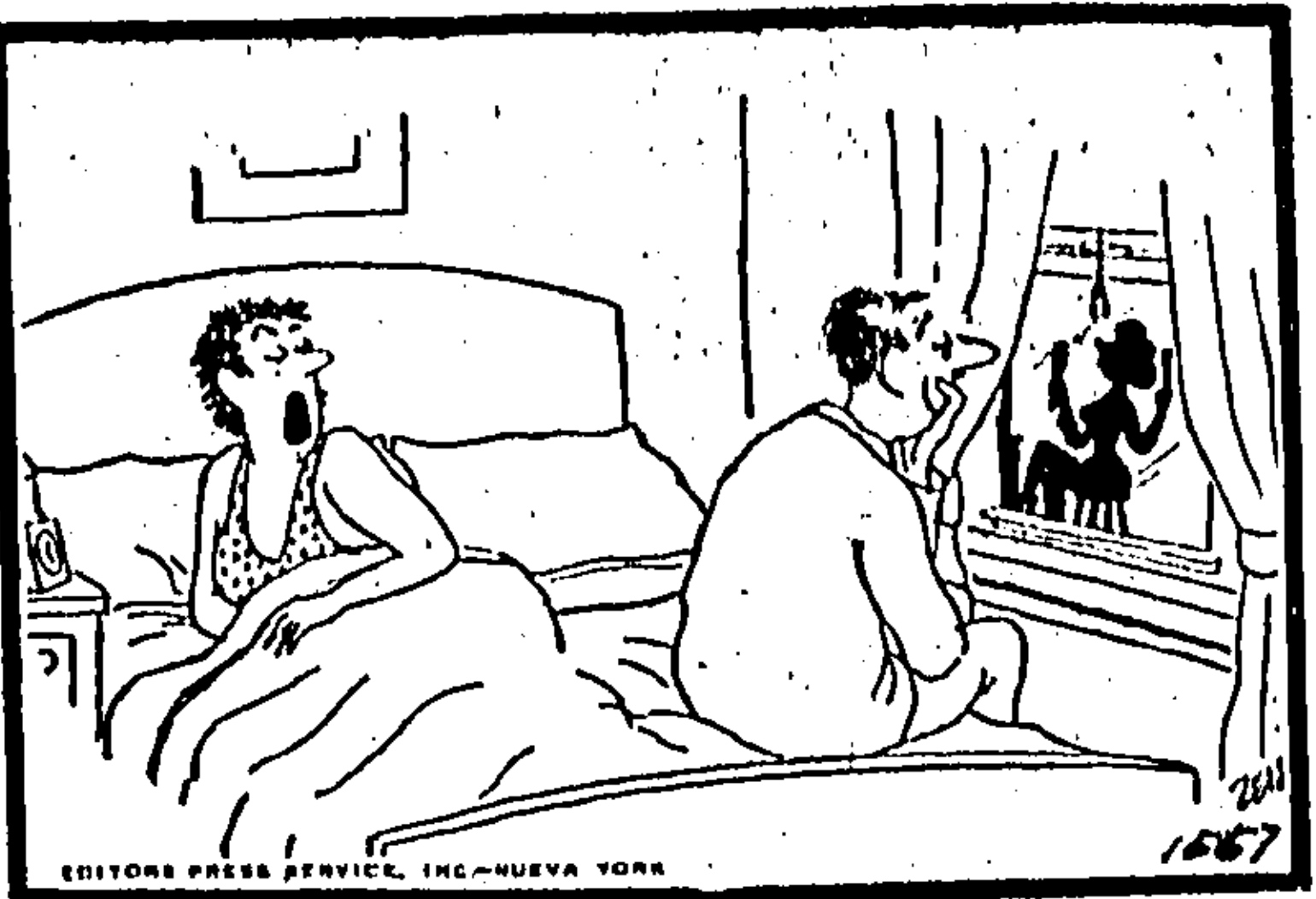
Head Over Heels

With that Willy started to walk off the old tin. He put one foot in front of him and stepped out, but he stopped in the middle of empty air and fell head over heels off the top of the tin. Then he picked himself up and took another step, and wobbled and lost his balance and went rolling all the way down the hill right into the middle of Glive the Snail and his bag of groceries!

"Etiquette!" grumbled Glive, after all his scattered groceries were put back in his bag. "It's not etiquette to walk without looking where you're going."

"I'm terribly sorry, Glive," said Willy. "I wasn't walking. I was falling. And I'm not going to do any more walking or falling. From now on I'm going to hop and I don't care whether it's etiquette or not!"

Then Knarf and Glive smiled because they knew it was right for a toad to hop no matter how wrong it might be for other folks.



"Sometimes I believe you enjoy sitting up worrying."

YOUR BIRTHDAY... By STELLA

SATURDAY, AUGUST 20

BORN today, you have a tremendous store of energy that keeps you interested in a large variety of subjects. You have an exterior calm that is quite disconcerting for while those who know you only casually believe that you are cool, calm and collected, you have inner fires that are sometimes impetuous and even difficult to control. Your emotions are nearer to the surface than you would like to admit. But to admit it—is to learn the first lesson of control.

You have literary talent, especially for poetry and this gift should be developed early in life. You have the ability, also, to meet the public and you men, especially, might be attracted to politics or the stage. You of the fair sex may also find that the theatre beckons. You have a peculiar type of beauty and charm, which makes you singularly attractive.

You are a born diplomat and this enables you to help in bringing conflicting elements together into a harmonious and working whole. This is a valuable asset and you should take full advantage of it.

Among those born on this date are: Benjamin Harrison, U.S. President; William R. Mead, noted architect; Bishop Francis Asbury, churchman; John M. Niles, statesman; Edgar A. Guest and Robert Herrick, poets; Samuel L. Mitchell, scientist.

To find what the stars have in store for you tomorrow, select your birthday star and read the corresponding paragraph. Let your birthday star be your daily guide.

SUNDAY, AUGUST 21

LEO (July 24-Aug. 23)—If you are driving on crowded roads, be cautious in heavy traffic. Watch out for the other fellow too.

VIRGO (Aug. 24-Sept. 23)—If you have a problem that seems insoluble, it's within the rules of the game to ask for help.

LIBRA (Sept. 24-Oct. 23)—The stars are in favour of whatever you believe should be done, so go ahead with your plans.

SCORPIO (Oct. 24-Nov. 23)—Divide the day into three sections: morning, for church; afternoon, for relaxing; evening, for entertaining friends.

SAGITTARIUS (Nov. 23-Dec. 22)—If you are driving home from vacation or a long weekend, get an early start to avoid the crowd.

CAPRICORN (Dec. 23-Jan. 20)—"Let nothing you dismay" and you can thoroughly enjoy this day. Be carefree and gay. Relax.

AQUARIUS (Jan. 21-Feb. 19)—Avoid any accident by being cautious and not rushing around too much.

PISCES (Feb. 20-Mar. 20)—Plan a family outing for the day. You will find that you seem an exceptionally happy ask for help.

ARIES (Mar. 21-Apr. 20)—Don't attempt too much in the way of entertaining. If you invite friends, let it be a casual affair.

TAURUS (Apr. 21-May 21)—Be sure that you get an early start home so that you don't need to hurry. That way you can avoid fatigue.

GEMINI (May 22-June 21)—If tomorrow is to be a busy day, take a few minutes to make careful, concrete plans of procedure.

CANCER (June 22-July 23)—Be sure that the spiritual side of your life is properly nourished. A good sermon might prove inspiring.

BORN today, you are interested in the field of science and invention. You also have talent in the field of the creative arts and your natural gifts should be developed. Remember that even genius will not exert itself unless it is tenderly nourished from the very beginning. You have an extremely vivid imagination and this should be put to work in the field of arts and letters.

As a child you will have such vivid dreams and imaginative adventures, that sometimes they appear as real to you as actual facts. Parents of children born on this day should understand this, else they may fall into the error of thinking their youngsters are not always factual or truthful.

There is considerable travel in your life and you will no doubt visit most of the far places of the earth. In fact, you might even discover places, hitherto unknown. This sense of exploration and adventure is strong in you. If you are to reach the heights to which you are entitled, you must learn concentration to one thing, before going on to the next. Your interests are so varied, that you may "scatter-scatter" from one thing to another without any co-ordinated plan of action. Delay new projects until after the month of June has passed and anticipate one of the happiest days of your life on December 19, any year.

Among those born on this date are: Aubrey Beardsley, and Asher Brown Durand, artists; Frank A. Munsey, publisher; William IV of England and Prince Margaret Rose, "Enoch" Throop, early N.Y. governor; William H. Dall, naturalist and explorer; Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, author.

To find what the stars have in store for you tomorrow, select your birthday star and read the corresponding paragraph. Let your birthday star be your daily guide.

MONDAY, AUGUST 22

LEO (July 24-Aug. 23)—It may be your turn to do a good deed for a friend today. You might be paying back for one in the past.

VIRGO (Aug. 24-Sept. 23)—If you have a serious problem troubling you, seek expert advice in its solution.

LIBRA (Sept. 24-Oct. 23)—Be on the alert today so that you can avoid any possibility of an accident. Take plenty of time.

SCORPIO (Oct. 24-Nov. 23)—You may discover you have a touch of envy for what someone else has. Curb it! The idea is not worthy of you.

SAGITTARIUS (Nov. 23-Dec. 22)—You may get back to the end and find a lot to be done. If you're relaxed over the week-end, you're ready for it. You should be able to get a lot of important work done just there is real truth to the stars to now. Make it count toward your future.

CAPRICORN (Dec. 23-Jan. 20)—You should be able to get a lot of important work done just there is real truth to the stars to now. Make it count toward your future.

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CHINA MAIL

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SATURDAY, AUGUST 20, 1955.

SHEAFFERS
Skrip

US NATIONAL TENNIS DOUBLES

Davis Cup Team Withdrawn

New York, Aug. 19. Tony Trabert and Vic Seixas, the holders, were today withdrawn from the 75th National Doubles Lawn Tennis Championships, together with other members of the United States team, by Bill Talbert, America's Davis Cup captain.

This followed a new decision by tournament officials today that when the outdoor courts are ready the championships should continue there from the quarter-final stage.

Heavy Rain

Owing to three days of heavy rain the men's doubles had been transferred to indoor courts and today's meeting of tournament officials, and Mr. James H. Bishop, the United States Lawn Tennis Association President, decided that matches up to the quarter-finals should be continued on the covered courts.

But then play would go outdoors again. When this decision was being reached Talbert announced the withdrawal of the Davis Cup team. "We did all we could but we have no choice in the matter now," he said.—Reuter.

STEVEDORES WALK OUT

Southampton, Aug. 19. A number of the 1,200 passengers from Australia on the Orient liner Orontes had to carry their own luggage here today when stevedores staged a lightning strike in a dispute over unloading luggage from the ship's hatches.

The ship had arrived five hours late because of fog.—China Mail Special.

BOYS AND GIRLS PAGE SOLUTIONS

CROSSWORD:

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WORD CHAIN: BLACK, plank, plane, plate, SLATE.

TRIANGLE:

CARESS
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ADORE
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OTTER
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ADD-A-GRAMS: Set, lets, lutes, Ulster, cluster, clutters.

EMPIRE PUZZLE: Mauritius; 4. G. Malta; 5. H. Jamaica; 1. D. Tasmantia; 2. C. Rhodesia; 8. A. Canada; 2. E. Trinidad; 3. F.

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Freedom For Nuclear Scientists To Benefit Mankind

COCKCROFT'S PLEA

Geneva, Aug. 19.

Sir John Cockcroft, chief of Britain's atomic research, tonight called for continued freedom for scientists to develop nuclear energy for the benefit of mankind.

On the eve of the conclusion of the first international conference on the peaceful uses of atomic energy, he said everyone must "hope that the statesmen who control our destinies and whose vision had made this conference possible, will continue to liberate the creative ability of the scientific world," to enable it to produce the benefits of the atomic age.

Tracing the expected development of atomic energy in the next half-century, Sir John said that within five years, at least 10 nuclear power stations would be operating in different parts of the world.

Most of the next decade would be occupied in laying a sound basis from which nuclear power could expand rapidly to become the major power source of the world.

Later On

The cost of nuclear power should not be expected to be cheaper than power from coal in the next decade but there was "good reason to believe" that in the following decade it would fall below that of power from coal and oil.

Scientists expected that in the early atomic power stations, the heat equivalent of 10,000 tons of coal could be extracted from one ton of uranium.

There was also the promise of recycling fuel in thermal reactors several times so that the energy extraction can be increased five or ten-fold.

The "ambitious final goal" was to extract a great part of the fusion energy of the whole uranium. "In this way we expect to make one ton of uranium do the work of at least a million tons of coal," he said.

Sometime during the second decade of atomic power "breeding" was likely to be an important characteristic of nuclear power stations, Sir John forecast.

If the achievements of "breeding" was successful, only a few thousand tons of uranium or thorium a year would be required to supply the world's energy needs by the year 2000.

Supplies of atomic raw materials appear to be plentiful for the world's needs "until we achieve our primary goal of producing by fusion reactions in the light elements an inexhaustible power source for the world."

The British scientist said he was "not as bold" as Dr. Bhabha, the conference president, who predicted last week that fusion—the power of the H-bomb—would be harnessed for peaceful purposes within the next 20 years.

Sir John said early nuclear power development was essential for Britain.

"It comes only just in time for us," he declared. "We believe that by 1975 almost half our electricity will be developed from nuclear energy."

The position was different in other countries, where use of nuclear energy depended mainly on its cost relative to coal, scientists predicted atomic plants would supply only between one and 75 per cent of the total power by 1975.

Hawker Hunters In Middle East

Amman, Aug. 19. Eight Royal Air Force Hawker Hunter fighters arrived here today from Britain on a 5,500-mile tour of the Middle East.

They left Norfolk, England, on July 12 and visited Germany, Egypt, Iraq, Jordan, where some of the 700-mile an hour swept-wing jets are in squadron service with the Royal Air Force, this was the first time they had been seen in these countries.

The object of the tour is to discuss modern fighter operations and tactics with headquarters staffs and at wing and squadron levels.—China Mail Special.

Boy Out-Casts Professional

Scarborough, Aug. 19. A 17-year-old schoolboy from Oslo, Gerhard Schoop, out-cast the British professional angler, Captain Tommy Edwards at the international fly and bait casting tournament which opened here today.

The boy was first in the open trout fly distance contest with a cast of 43 yards, one foot and six inches, and second in the salmon fly distance even with a cast of 51 yards, two feet and six inches.—China Mail Special.

M.M. AWARDED IRISH PRIVATE

London, Aug. 19.

An Irish private in the Royal Hampshire Regiment, who, although badly injured, foiled a terrorist ambush on his platoon in a Malayan swamp last June, has been awarded the Military Medal, the official London Gazette announced tonight.

He is Private Patrick Paul O'Callaghan, of Macroom, County Cork, Eire.

The announcement said that it was raining hard and that the night was very dark when Private O'Callaghan, on the edge of camp, was awakened by someone moving his hands over his body.

He moved and was struck a heavy blow with a Malay knife which fractured his skull. But he rallied at once, gave the alarm, knocked over one bandit and caught hold of another.

He was further injured but as he fell the attackers fled.—China Mail Special.

DARTWORDS SOLUTION

SWALE Sale Tale Tame Tames Thame Father Father's Father's Bull's Eye Eye Ever Hewer Wood Good Nothing Venture Risk Rusk Musk Murk Murr Turn Burn Boats Coals Ascent Master Charm Harm Harp Warp Twist Oliver Silver Silver Salver Raveles Tangles Angles Saxons Jules Jules Verno Never Sever SEVERN.

The position was different in other countries, where use of nuclear energy depended mainly on its cost relative to coal, scientists predicted atomic plants would supply only between one and 75 per cent of the total power by 1975.

In India

In India, nuclear energy would have a specific role to play in areas where hydro-electric development would be slow or where cost of coal transportation was very high.

Sir John said he hoped for the early birth of an international atomic energy agency under the United Nations to ensure control of radiation dangers from atomic power.

Scientists had a great responsibility for seeing that nuclear energy was developed as a safe industry and that it did not "produce a substantial new hazard to the general population of the world."—Reuter.

Surrey Salvage Four Points MAY BE NEEDED

London, Aug. 19.

Surrey lost much of their advantage in the County Cricket Championship table today when beaten by Northamptonshire by six wickets. They did salvage four points for a first innings lead from the match and now head Yorkshire by those four points—but still have two games in hand of their rivals for the 1955 championship.

Yorkshire had won in good style today and have 244 points compared to Surrey's 248. Tomorrow's match at Lords where Middlesex receive Surrey takes on added importance when remembering that earlier this week Middlesex checked Yorkshire's bid by winning at Leeds.

Yorkshire meanwhile will be visiting Worcestershire, one of the present table's tail-end teams.

Surrey's last defeat was by Warwickshire in July. Hampshire, Middlesex and Sussex all won their games in the series which ended today to be next in the table with 186, 180 and 180 points while Northamptonshire's win enabled them to share sixth place at 136 with Warwickshire.

Owed Great Deal

Northamptonshire owed a great deal to George Tribe, their Australian former Test player, who took six wickets for 68 when Surrey were dismissed for 173 today, and then scored 80 not out after engaging in two big stands.

Tribe claimed four of his victims this morning for 28 and his county had more than 4½ hours to get 283 runs to win. Three wickets fell for 48 but then Tribe and New Zealand-born Peter Arnold put on 105 for the fourth wicket. Arnold hitting 74 in his 80, Vincent Broderick, Arnold and Tribe proceeded to win the match with an unbroken stand of 80. Tribe hitting a five and ten fours. Fiery bowling by Freddie Trueman, who took seven for 34, earned Yorkshire their victory. Gloucestershire began the day needing 72 but wickets

started tumbling early and Trueman maintained his pace to finish the match before lunch.

Some great bowling was also seen at Hove where Sussex shattered Lancashire, R. Marlar, the Sussex captain and off-break bowler, had the best performance of his career with nine for 46 in 23 overs and he had one spell today of four for six including three in one over.

His match figures were 15 for 110. Alan Moss, the Middlesex young right-arm medium fast bowler, also had three wickets in one over to finish with five for 28 and help his side to beat Glamorgan. John Dewes, whose scholastic duties have restricted his appearances as opening batsman for Middlesex, hit 85 not out to have an average of 63.75 for ten innings.

Essex Set 201

Essex with first innings points were set to score 201 in 112 minutes by Leicestershire. They went for the run all the while but failed and were beaten eight minutes from time.

Worcestershire moved off the bottom rung of the table by beating Kent, swing bowling accounting for the last five Kent wickets today when 105 were wanted for victory.—Reuter.

Rediffusion

8.15 p.m. News, weather report and special announcements; 1.30. Lunchtime music; 2. Old time ballroom—Sydney Thompson and his Orchestra; 2.30. Dixieland style; 3. Hospital requests presented by Jean; 4. Forces' choice presented by David Stewiger; 4.30. Birthday mailbag; 5.00. Unit requests. Presented by Linda; Calling No. 5 (Gib) Battery, 14th Field Regt. R.A.; 7.00. Parade; 7.30. London Town—Skyrockets orchestra; 8. Time signal and the news (London relay); 8.00. Weather report, announcements and interlude; 8.10. The melody dance band—old favorites; 8.30. Rediffusion's voice of sport; 9. The Shiro hit parade—top tunes of the week; 9.30. Penthouse party featuring Nelson Eddy with guest artists; 10. Tokyo Bay and after; 'A decade of Destiny' introduced by Admiral the Earl Mountbatten of Burma; 10.45. GCB, PC, DSO. A programme commemorating VJ-Day (recorded London relay); 11. Date for dancing—popular dance music; 12 mid. "God save the Queen" Close down.



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"ADRASTUS" Damaged cargo on this vessel will be surveyed by Messrs. Paulsen & Hayes-Dorey at Hoi's Wharf from 10 a.m. on August 22 and 23, 1955, and consignees are requested to have their representatives present during the survey.

BUTTERFIELD & SWIRE, Agents. Hong Kong, August, 19, 1955.

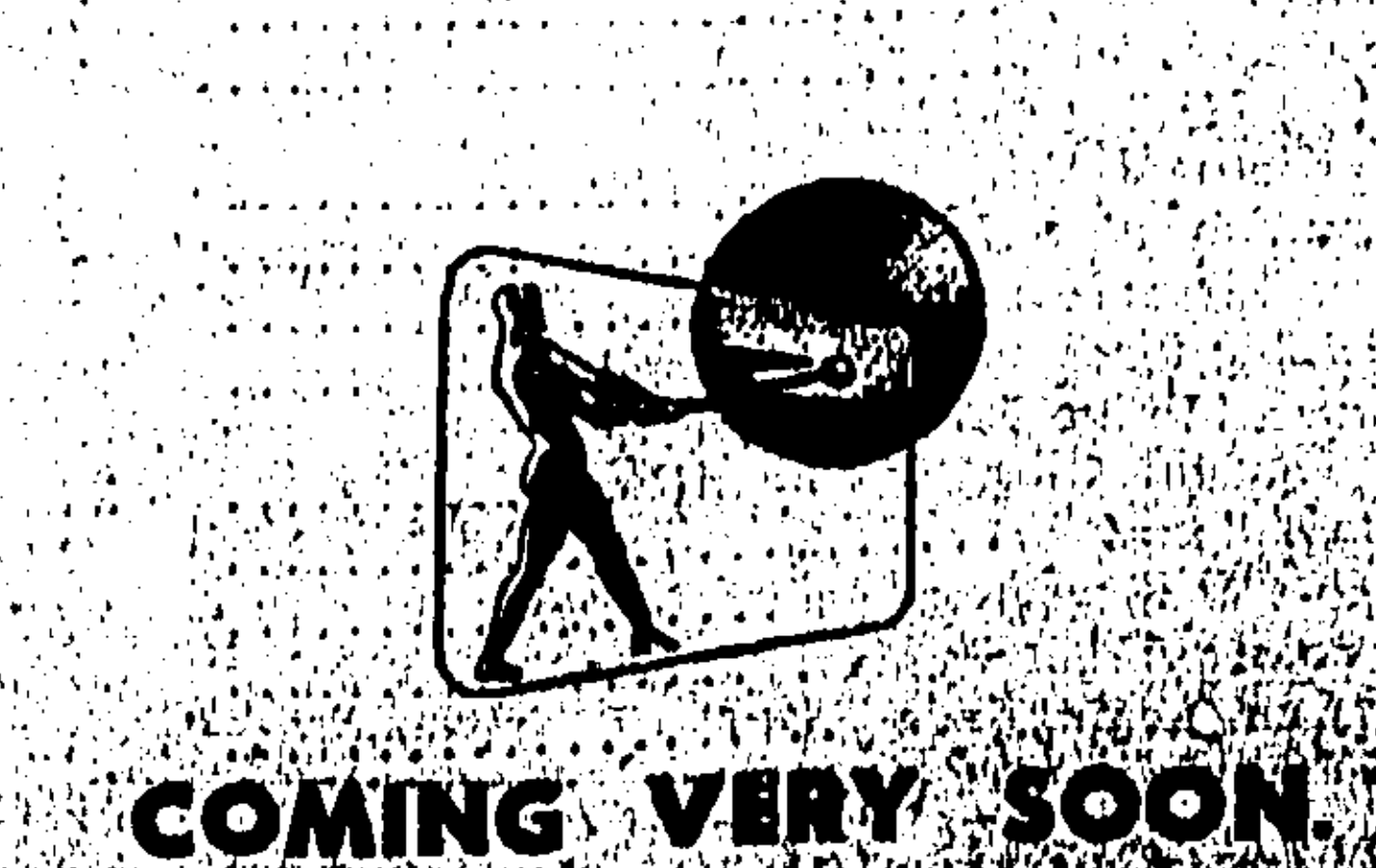
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